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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

*A Full Gospel Paper,
Devoted to Young People Everywhere*

VOL. 1.

AUGUST, 1929

NO. 1.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

MY HIGH RESOLVE

I dedicate my life to redeeming deserts into rose gardens. I shall take time to feel the tragedy of emptiness in the lives of people I meet. I shall seek by all means to bring showers of refreshing to fall upon sands of truth and kindness. I shall seek to turn deserts into rose gardens.

The unawakened are everywhere. They are asleep to their possibilities. Equipped for lives of service and a great destiny, they wander aimlessly on.

Hedged in by the stone wall of their own frailties and faults, they see not the world of opportunity that reaches beyond the stars.

It shall be my high resolve to awaken and inspire

It shall be my aim to lift them up to where they shall see the great world of beauty, love, and inspiration.

Desert minds and barren hearts shall be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I shall bide my time, though it may take years of effort and sacrifice. I am resolved to see every desert within my reach and influence become waving fields of grain and gardens of flowers, and landscapes of rich vintage.—Heart Throbs of Truth.

"THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."—Ps. 119:105

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper Devoted to Our
Young People Everywhere

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor

P. O. Box 511
Knoxville, Tennessee

AUGUST 1929

EDITORIAL**FINANCIAL PLAN**

We have studied and prayed much about the financial plan for the paper as we are anxious to put it in the homes of those who cannot afford to pay, as well as those who can, so we have decided to make this first month free-will offerings, and anyone desiring the paper can send in an offering and we will count you a subscriber. Now if you believe that this paper will be a blessing to you, I know you will want to encourage me with a good offering if you are able to give it. If you are not don't stand back on that account for we want to help you.

If you receive one of these papers remember it is an invitation for you to subscribe if you are interested and get as many others to subscribe as possible. Anyone sending an offering however small or however large, will not be turned down. Send name and address plainly written. Anyone writing a letter expecting a personal letter in return, please send stamped, addressed envelope.

Should any Young People's Society or group want to use the Bible lessons and desire a roll, we will send them at the rate of 5c each, making it possible for the lessons to be put in the hands of each person, and will make it much easier for the leader.

We are not permanently located just now, we will ask you to send all mail and contributions to P. O. Box 511, Knoxville, Tenn., and it will be forwarded to me. This will be my permanent address, and mail addressed to me there will be sure to reach me wherever I may be.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Be sure to send in your questions for our question page. We feel this will be very helpful to

you. If I feel that the question is not one to be answered through the paper, I will write you a personal letter.

WHAT WE BELIEVE

As we launch this little paper forth into the homes of the people, the first question that will likely come to the minds of its readers, is this, what does the editor of this paper believe? And in this day of higher criticism, infidelity, formality and fanaticism, we do not blame you for demanding an explanation along this line.

First, we believe that the Word of God is infallible and that it is our waybill from earth to Heaven. "A lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path."

We believe in a full Gospel for soul and body, that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever, and that the New Testament is our guide.

We believe that God is doing wonderful things today, but we are living far beneath our privileges, and that the call of God is upon us to launch out into the deep.

We believe in three distinct dispensations—The Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The dispensation of Father and Son are passed and we are living in the last dispensation, the dispensation of the Holy Ghost.

We believe that, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you, into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1:11.

We are very emphatic in our belief in keeping in the middle of the great Highway of Holiness, and turning a deaf ear to formalism on the one hand and fanaticism on the other, for both are leading men astray and blinding their eyes to the beautiful truths of the Gospel.

We believe there are good people in all denominations, but that God is calling us to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Jude 3

We are giving you just a sample of our Bible lessons for Young People's Meetings in this issue. We expect to publish four lessons each month, beginning next month, if you will make it possible for us to have a 12 page paper so we will have room. Now don't you see that this is a good chance for you to help the young people by making this 12 page paper possible?

A Challenge to Youth

I challenge you young men and women to go with Christ as He goes down into the midst of the problems that must be met and solved, down where life is hard and men must toil, down into the thick of the battle with selfishness and greed, into the common place, made gray by the deadly grind, into the midst of mad pleasures where souls seek to find release, into the homes where men and women struggle to be true, and fail.

Leave your ceaseless round of self-indulgence, your drifting days where safe and well content you may draw down the shades, say your comfortable prayers at even-tide and easily forget.

Let your prayers be like Christ's as you kneel alone in the night, when the day's work is done. Go out from this place and this house into the problems of your own house, your office and school, your city streets, your country lanes; go out to lift burdens, knowing that in the ultimate plan of the eternal God, you have a part.

I pray you turn to the Christ of Calvary, the Man of Galilee, and say to Him, with joy, "I see the need. I take it upon myself."—Sel.

The Lifting Touch

One day a drop of water lay in a pool on a city street. It was stained and soiled, but looking up, it saw the blue sky and the pure heavens, and white sunbeams dancing everywhere and it began to long for purity and for a nobler, worthier life. It looked up into the sky and its longing became an earnest prayer to be made clean and beautiful, and its prayer was heard. Presently the little, soiled drop was lifted up, out of the gutter into the air, higher and higher. Then the breeze caught it, and it was wafted away, away, and by and by it rested in the bosom of a rose, a drop of pure, crystal dew. So God answers our prayer for holiness. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Sel.

You will find as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out, the moments where you have really lived, are the moments you have done things in the spirit of love.—Selected.

Small Beginnings

In introducing our little paper, "The Lighted Pathway" to you, we use this poem to bring the thought of what small beginnings sometimes mean. For several years God has been laying the Young People of our land upon my heart and has given me such a desire to help them that this desire has blossomed into this little paper which I am sending forth into the world to touch the lives of the precious young people who are groping in darkness along the way.

SONG OF LIFE

A traveler on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at eventide,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased in heights of
noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling
twigs,
The birds sweet music bore —
It stood a glory in its place
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle on the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched
tongues
And saved a life besides.

A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
Oh germ! oh fount! oh word of
love!
Oh thought at random cast!
You were but little at the first
But mighty at the last.
Charles Mackay.

We see so few boys and girls — that are giving their lives to the service of the Master these days, that we feel there is a reason somewhere, and that if the right chord was touched in their lives multitudes of them would surrender their lives to the Master. The aim of this paper is to touch that chord and help the hungry hearts to find their place in the great harvest field instead of spending their lives aimlessly with the pleasures and frivolities of this life with no sheaves to lay at the Master's feet when this life is ended.

There is a great wave of criticism sweeping through our churches today in regard to the younger generation and truly it is sad to see so many beautiful lives being wasted in this day of wonderful possibilities for lives of usefulness, but what are we doing to give them a glimpse of this beautiful side of life? Our criticism will not bring results. It is only the love that beams out through our very countenance and actions toward them that will give them a desire to reach out for better things.

We so often hear the expression "Oh this younger generation," but perhaps God is not censuring them as much as you and me. I have been in some localities where the young people have no young people's meetings and where seemingly no interest whatever is being taken in them and this is one thing we hope to stimulate through this paper.

We plan to publish each month prayer meeting topics for the young people, so that the most backward community may carry on their own young people's meetings.

Oh for leaders in the different localities who will get them on their hearts and pray and work until a training class of some kind is organized and the young people put to work, where they will feel they have a part in the great work of evangelizing the world. What are the young people of your church doing? Are you pushing them forward and training them so that they will be ready for your mantle to fall upon, when you are

called away. Let us pray, Lord raise up consecrated leaders filled with the Holy Ghost, who will launch out in transforming deserts into rose gardens.

OUR AIM

In our great department stores we find they use system and order in displaying their goods. The farm tools and machinery is in one place, the automobile parts in another, the household goods in another, and so on down the line, until the needs of the whole human race, temporally speaking, can be found under one roof.

It is our aim to use this same system and order in our paper as it grows and develops. We want a page for the parents of these precious young people, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and whose hearts have grown weary and tired many times as they toiled and prayed for them to be all that they desired.

We want a page devoted to our precious children to enable us to plant a few seed in their little hearts that will save them from the pitfalls that are awaiting them out in the future somewhere.

A page will be devoted to questions and answers so that our puzzled and perplexed young people can ask questions and they may be answered through these columns for the benefit of others.

It may take us a little while to do all we want to do, but this is our aim. I am sure that many of you who will receive a copy of this first issue are going to want to help me reach the goal I am longing to reach.

Now may I ask you to especially pray that like the acorn in our poem, this little paper may grow as the great oak tree, spreading out its branches so that many toil-worn, tempest-tossed ones may find shelter and rest, and as the little spring, that multitudes may drink from its pages and be refreshed and led on into a closer place with the One who has promised that out of our innermost being shall flow rivers of living water, which means that we can be so filled with the Holy Spirit that this Spirit will flow out to others.

We especially desire that love spoken of in the last verse, will be our theme throughout its pages until every word will be saturated with it, for it is love that is going to win the world for Christ.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Dear children: I am sure that it would be out of the question for me to send out "The Lighted Pathway" without a message for the children. First, I want to tell you that I love you. If I did not I would not be spending my time writing to you, and every time you find a message in this paper for you, I want you to bear in mind this fact, that that message comes from the heart of one who loves you and wants to help you. Somehow, as I see the little tots playing on the streets I want to stop and put my arms around them and love them; with that love there is a great desire to win them for Jesus, away from this world of sin and sorrow. Now I want to ask you to try very hard to love me, so that you can help me in many ways, for you know we can not possibly help one another unless we love each other. That was why Jesus left us that commandment, "that we should love one another."

Now you know, children, our page is not just for pleasure but we want it to be one that will be helpful in our Christian lives, for God expects children to love Him and serve Him, just as much as He does grown people. Of course not in the same kind of work, because children can't go out and hold meetings, and do big things like grown people, but Oh, there are so many ways that children can help in the Lord's work. The Bible says that, "A little child shall lead them." That means that many times the Christian lives of little boys and girls lead papa and mamma to be Christians. Now wouldn't it just be wonderful for you to lead your dear parents out of sin and cause them to be real Christians and get to Heaven? That is just what you can do if you try. If papa and mamma are already Christians you can encourage them by your help, so that they will not faint by the wayside.

I believe if I could have you all out before me this morning and should ask you how many of you loved Jesus you would every one hold up your hands, and I don't

understand how any one could help loving Him, do you? when He has done so much for us. But if we love Him, what will we do? Jesus said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." Now you see what He expects us to do. Since He has told us to keep His commandments, I am going to mention just one, and we are going to dwell on that one for just a little while: "Search the Scriptures." Now I am wondering why He told us to do this. Because in this book He has given us instructions how to get to Heaven, and if we love Him we will want to go where He is some day. There are lots of folks with their name on the church book somewhere who do not love to read their Bible. It is a dry book to them because they are not in love with the Savior as they should be. Out of all my crowd of listeners and those who would hold their hands up I am wondering how many of you are going to study the Bible some with me.

Not long ago I had a little group of children before me, about ten or twelve in number, and I asked them who the first man was. Only two out of that number could answer. Well, this is the sad condition of our world today and what can we expect of the next generation if we don't study our Bibles? Now I want to whisper a little secret in your ear: You select out of your church the kindest, best woman you can find and ask her to organize the children and have children's meetings. We don't see how she can refuse.

The next thing we will want to know, is what to call our little band. Well, just anything you choose, but we are going to suggest calling them, "Boosters." Do you know what a booster means? One who boosts instead of knocking and growling and grumbling all the time about everything. Now if I want to put a thing over right, I would rather have a band of children help me than anybody else, for they will boost the thing along right. They go home and stir up Daddy and Mother and they boost until Daddy's pocket book flies

open and out comes the finance to carry on the work. They go home and do not rest till the whole family is on their way to church for this special occasion for which they are boosting.

What are we going to do, children, for Jesus? Now if you can get a children's meeting started in your church, write me and I will have a roll book here and put down your society on that roll book, with the name of your leader and Secretary. I wonder who will be first on that list.

Here is some work I want you to do for me this month. We want to begin right at the beginning, for many of our children are not acquainted with the way God created the great world we are living in. Some of these questions may seem simple, and will be for some, but you will find many who will need these questions.

OLD TESTAMENT WORK

Who was the first man God made? Who was the first woman God made?

What were they made of?

Where did God place man?

What was in the garden of Eden?

Who was the first child born into the world?

Who was the first murderer?

What did God make on the first day?

2d day? 3d day? 4th day? 5th day? 6th day?

What did He command us to do on the 7th day?

NEW TESTAMENT WORK

Find how many commandments there are of Jesus in the first seven chapters of the New Testament, Matt. 1st to 7th chapter. Memorize Matthew 5:3-13; John 14:1-3; John 10:1; Matt. 5:16; Matt. 6:33; Matt. 7:7; John 3:16.

Now I want to tell you what to do. When you get all this memorized, you ask Mother to invite all the children in the church some day and have a Bible verse contest and see who can say the most Bible verses. Then tell her to serve you with ice cream and cake or something else nice, and let you play some nice wholesome games,

(Continued on next page)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

Influence of Mother's Prayers

More than thirty years ago, one lovely Sabbath morning about eight young men, students in a law school, were walking along a stream that flows into the Potomac River not far from the City of Washington. They were going to a grove in a retired place to spend the hours of that Holy Day in playing cards. Each of them had a flask of wine in his pocket. They were the sons of praying mothers. As they were walking along amusing each other with idle jests, the bell in a church in the little village, not two miles off, began to ring. It sounded in the ears of those thoughtless young men, as plainly as though it were only on the other side of the little stream along which they were walking.

Presently one of their number whose name was George, stopped and said to a friend nearest him that he would go no farther, but would return to the village and go to Church. His friend called out to their companions who were a little ahead of them, "Boys! boys! come back here; George is getting religious, we must help him. Come on and let us baptize him by immersion in the water." In a moment they formed a circle around him. They told him the only way to save himself from a cold bath, was by going with them. In a calm, quiet, but earnest way, he said,

"I know very well that you have power enough to put me in the water and hold me there till I am drowned; and if you choose you can do so and I will make no resistance, but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best.

"You all know that I am two hundred miles away from home, but you do not know that my mother is a helpless bed-ridden invalid. I never remember seeing her out of bed. I am her youngest child.

THE BRIDGE

An old man going a lone highway
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, deep, and vast, and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your time with building here,
You never will pass this way again,
Your journey will end with the closing day.
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at even tide?"
The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the way I've come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This stream that has been naught to me
To the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

My father could not afford to pay for my schooling, but our teacher is a warm friend of my father and offered to take me without charge. He was very anxious for me to come, but my mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life she had left. At length after many prayers on the subject she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving were soon made. My mother never said a word to me on the subject until the morning when I was about to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast, she sent for me and asked me if I was ready to go. I told her all was ready and I was only waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hand upon my head she prayed for her youngest child. Many and many a night I have dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe until the day of my death I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she spoke to me thus: "My precious boy, you do not know, you cannot know the agony of a mother's heart in parting for the last time from her youngest child.

When you leave home you will have looked for the last time this side of the grave, upon the face of the one who loves you as no other mortal can. Your father can not afford you making visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. The sand in the hour glass of my life has nearly run out. In the far off strange place, to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to give counsel in times of trouble. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sabbath morning from 10:00 to 11:00 o'clock I will spend in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during that hour, when you hear the church bells ringing, let your

(Please look on page seven)

CONTINUED FROM CHILDREN'S PAGE

and make life worthwhile for the children.

NOTE:—A good song book for children, "Sunny Songs For Little Folks," is published by "The Hope Pub. Co." and is only 15c; 12 copies \$1.50; 25 copies \$3.00; 100 copies \$12.00;

THE INNER CIRCLE

CONSECRATION PLEDGE

Explanation Of The "Inner Circle"

**O LORD: I present
myself unreservedly
to Thee**

My Time,
My Talents,
My Tongue,
My Will,
My Property,
My Reputation,
My Entire Being,
To Be and Do Anything
Thou Request of Me.

Pledge of Faith

Now as I have given myself away I am no longer my own, but all the Lord's.

I believe thou dost accept the offering I bring.

I trust Thee to work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and I will receive you.

As I give myself to Thee, I believe Thou dost receive me now.

Name

Date

We remember one time we were working with a church where they had a very high standard of religion, and we thought that many of them would sign this pledge, but we found that they were afraid of it, and nearly all refused to sign it. I found later that they did not understand what the pledge meant, and after I explained it more fully others were able to sign it.

Signing this pledge doesn't mean that you must leave home and go to the foreign field, or go preach the Gospel in the home field. It simply means that you are to be faithful in your calling, whatever and wherever that may be. It may be over the wash-board, it may be in the kitchen, in the office, behind the counter, on the farm, or it may be the little mother with her little brood of children around her to teach and train for the Master's service. All of these places are just as important as the call to preach the Gospel, and many who have toiled on the farm and in the kitchen and over the wash-tub and who have done it faithfully and for the glory of God and have given of their means to support the Gospel, will perhaps have a greater reward on the other side than some who have spent their lives preaching the Gospel.

What good is there in signing this pledge? Not a particle of good only just a little reminder to make us think. If we have ever become real Christians we had to make this consecration. Of course we can put our names on the church book without it, but it will do us no good (Please look on page eight)

We, thy children, humbly wait,
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us,
Till we enter Heaven's gate.

—Flora Kirkland.

Dedicated to J. Wilbur Chapman,
D. D. and sung first in the union
meetings at Mt. Vernon, in Nov.
1898.

OUR PLEDGE

Here, boys and girls, is a pledge that the Lord sent my way years ago, and helped me to sign it. It has meant much to me along the way. It is this thought that I want to hold out before the young readers of "The Lighted Pathway" and help them decide to make this complete consecration to the service of the Master.

It is not my aim, nor desire to entertain with amusing stories to increase the popularity of the paper, for, there are many entertaining magazines and papers in the world without another being published; but our aim is to develop good, consecrated laborers for our Master's vineyard.

Our Lord commanded us to pray that laborers might be sent forth into His vineyard, but we must, as we pray this prayer, put feet to our prayers and be instruments in God's hands in helping answer our own prayers. God could do every thing Himself, but that is not His plan. His plan is to use human in-

struments to do the work. We want you to understand fully our plan and purpose and then you will not be disappointed. We want to get a large book, for we hope it will take a large one, and we want to receive a letter from every young person who can sign this pledge. We will write your name down in this book and we are going to call this class the "Inner Circle." In my articles I shall call you by this name.

Have you heard the voice of Jesus, Whisper, "I have chosen you?" Does He tell you in communion What He wishes you to do?

CHORUS:

Are you in the "Inner Circle," Have you heard the Master's call? Have you given your life to Jesus Is He now your all in all?

As the first disciple followed As they went wherever He sent; So today we too may follow, On His leading still intent.

Or if He shall choose to send us On some errand in His name, We can serve Him as disciples Far our place is just the same.

Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling,



Our Young People



VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS BIBLE LESSONS

Lesson 1.

Topic:—

What is the Purpose of a Training Class?

Scripture Lesson, Gal. 5:22-26; 6:10.

HINTS FOR LEADER

Verse 22. The purpose of a training class is to deepen our spiritual life, to lead us on into the place where the fruits of the Spirit are visible in our every day life.

Verse 23. Our training class should raise the tone of the life of its members, give them beautiful ideals, and inspire them to high thinking.

Verse 24. Its work in our hearts should help us die to the lusts of the flesh and change our selfish lives into lives of unselfishness, and make us willing to sacrifice all we have to His service. Our training class should have as its purpose, to outline good things for us to do, that will give us training in Christian service, such as visiting the sick, encouraging the discouraged, and learning how to speak and pray in public.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION

Every lesson you study, and help give out to others should make you a stronger and better Christian. A good way to get something is to give something.

The pool of water that never leaves its own banks becomes stagnant and unhealthy. It will draw mosquitos and is detested by those who live near. If your life becomes stagnant, soon you will find yourself a detriment to Christian character instead of a blessing.

Let your Christlikeness flow out unto others in the meeting and great blessings will come to your own soul. Give love and love to your life will flow, a strength in your inmost need; have faith and a score of hearts will show their faith in your word and deed.

The purpose of our training class should be to stimulate interest in Bible study. Read and study the home daily Bible readings outlined in these lessons. Make it the rule of your life to read your Bible lesson each day, and when you come to the meeting you will have many thoughts stored up that you can give to others.

WHAT IS MY PURPOSE

It is my purpose to never say I can't, or I would rather not, if it is possible for me to do what I am asked to do, but to willingly assist the leader in any way to make the meeting a success.

It is my purpose to stand back of the president and other officers and committees in bringing success to our class and making it a blessing to our church.

It is my purpose if I am an officer in our training class, to be a good one and do my very best to serve my Master in the place He has given me to fill.

It is my purpose to pray much for guidance in the work, that I may not run ahead or lag behind the one with whom I am working. He has promised to lead and guide us into all truth.

It is my purpose to be loving and gentle and kind to all who come into our midst, so that I shall not drive them away, but can win them for Christ.

HOME DAILY BIBLE READINGS

BETTER DEVOTIONS	Psa. 63:1-8
DEEPER CONSECRATION	Rom. 12:1-2
LARGER GIVING	2 Cor. 9:1-5
MORE FAITHFUL STEWARDSHIP	1 Pet. 4:10, 11
EARNEST SOUL-WINNING	Jude. 23
WIDER SERVICE	Acts 1:8

Influence of Mother's Prayers

(Continued from page five)

thoughts come back to this chamber, where your dying mother will be agonizing in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming, kiss me. Farewell!

"Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth, but I expect to meet her in Heaven."

As George stopped speaking the tears were streaming down his

cheeks. He looked at his companions, their eyes were filled with tears.

In a moment the ring which they had formed about him, was opened. He passed out and went to church. He had stood up for right against great odds. They admired him for doing what they had not the courage to do. They all followed him to church. On their way there each of them quietly threw away his cards and wine flask. Never again did these young men play cards on the

Sabbath.

From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians and are now in Heaven. George is an able Christian lawyer in Iowa, and his friend, who wrote this account, has been for many years an active member of the church. Here were eight men converted by the prayers of that good Christian woman, and if we only knew all the results of their examples and their labors we should have a good illustration of a mother's prayers.—Bible Models.



Our Young People



VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS BIBLE LESSONS

Lesson 2.

Topic:-

Consecration

Scripture Lesson, Rom. 12:1, 2.

COMMENTS FOR THE LEADER

What is our reasonable service is not for us to say, but for Christ to say. Ours, to present our all to Him and turn our lives over to His service.

God asks us to live for Him rather than die for Him. If we live for Him when we come to die we will be ready for that also. God wants our lives, our strength, our talents, and our ability.

To be of use to God we must have our minds renewed, the old sinful mind full of selfishness is worthless to God.

Just as we are transformed are we able to understand what God's will is for us. Let us seek transformation.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION

Our consecration pledge shows us what God calls us to do. Nothing short of this satisfies Him. Oh yes, He may be patient with us with less than this, but if we are anxious to really please God, we will do our best to measure up to this pledge.

What is reasonable for one will be unreasonable for another. What is reasonable for each depends on gifts and opportunities. We are to present our bodies and let Him decide the rest. You are not your own, you are bought with a price, the blood of Jesus.

It meant much for Mary the mother of Jesus, to say yes to God that day when the angel came. It looked like her good name, her social position, and everything would be lost, but she made the consecra-

tion, and her yes to God's will brought salvation down to man and her name has been handed down through all the ages, as the greatest of women. Your yes to God may seem impossible, but God will make it possible, and make you able to accomplish great things for Him.

QUESTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED IN MEETING

What excuses are common among our people for not serving Christ?

Has the average Christian made this entire consecration? If not, what do you think is the hindrance?

Have you individually made it? If not, why not?

NOTE.—Let the leader ask these questions and insist on the different ones discussing them. It will bring out thoughts and confessions that will be helpful. Ask each question and give time for them to discuss freely.

HOME DAILY BIBLE READINGS

SERVE WITH GLADNESS Ps. 109:1
NO LIMIT TO JESUS' SERVICE Jno. 13:1-7
PAUL'S SERVICE Acts 20:17-38
THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE Mark 10:42-45
SERVICE IN DAILY LIFE Eph. 6:6, 7
PRINCIPLE OF SERVICE Gal. 5:13

NOTE:—These home readings may be all handed out to be commented on, not read, as it will take up too much time. Avoid long, tiresome meetings if you want young people to come again.

Explanation Of The "Inner Circle"

(Continued from page six)

at the judgment. The "Inner Circle" are those who keep close up to the Master's side and in touch with Him. Peter, James and John made up the "Inner Circle" among the disciples during Christ's sojourn on the earth, and were at His side at the transfiguration and in the garden of Gethsemane, and yet at the time Christ needed a friend most, Peter denied Him, showing us that however great the conse-

cration and determination to be true to God, we may fall if we do not watch and pray. Jesus had warned Peter with all his boasting that he must watch and pray lest he enter into temptation. Jesus knew his weakness and He knows ours and is constantly speaking to us by His still, small voice, saying, Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. This "Inner Circle" thought to me is beautiful and my greatest desire is to keep up close to the Master's side and that I may be an instrument in God's hands of leading others into this place which is the only place of peace, joy, and victory in the

Christian life. Hannah White Hays Smith says, most people have just enough religion to make them miserable, and I believe it is true holding on to Christ with one hand and the world with the other. What are we going to do about it?

It is a good, safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never obtaining an opportunity of doing kindness, speaking a true word, making a friend.—Ruskin.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me for for such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 1.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

NO. 2.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

∴ Great Decisions ∴

GREAT life decisions are in the making all about me. People are at the parting of the ways, choosing a life work, choosing companions and associates, choosing paths, some to rise, some to fall. It is my desire to live so close to the Master, that I may be duly under the spirit's guidance, so that in all places I may be led to do that which people need at the parting of the ways.

My soul! What a need there is for great lives. National ideals to sustain. The revolt of youth world wide, and who shall pilot them in their new day. The awakening world crying for the democracy of Christian brotherhood. Wealth is accumulating. Men are decaying. Poets for the new day should spring up. Men of might would for political leadership be developed. Powerful business men with high honor should be produced.

I must walk close to youth. I must be so true and earnest that I can counsel them. I am resolved that I shall give much thought and effort to help youth choose wisely, heroically and earnestly the path they are to take. Be this my one great aim—to counsel lives at the parting of the ways.—Selected.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.”—Ps. 119:105

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A Full Gospel Paper Devoted to Our
Young People Everywhere

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One Year — — — \$1.00

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor

P. O. Box 511

Knoxville, Tennessee

SEPTEMBER, 1929

EDITORIAL

We are this month putting a \$1.00 subscription price on the paper. We hope to soon be able to put it in the stations, hotels and all public places. We will do this as we are financially able.

We find few places where the false religions have not found their way. Why not wake up and put something out to the world that will hold up the blood stained banner of Christ to a dying world? Will you help me do this?

We are planning from now on indefinitely to give a cash prize of \$5.00 for every 100 subscribers, to the one who sends in the largest number in the 100. This will be a splendid way for you to work for the Lord and also give a donation to your young people's society or your church. If this is not plain enough and you do not understand the proposition write me enclosing a two cent stamp.

Not long ago a very dear friend said to me, "If you want your paper to be popular you had better keep the fact, that you believe in holiness, in the background." I wonder how I could do that and stand for the Word of God. My Bible says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." To be sure the word holiness has been besmirched with inconsistent living and fanaticism until it has become a stumbling block to many, but it's in the Word and it is plainly stated that without it no man shall see the Lord. I wonder if we should not go down on our knees and ask the Lord to reveal to us what it means for we might miss the way.

We have had some calls already for plans for organization of the Volunteer Training Class, so in this issue we have tried to give in as simple a way as possible some in-

formation along this line. This plan of organization and the Bible lessons published each month should enable any community to take up the young people's work and since it is undenominational, any church or community may use them. Any one desiring a roll of papers for your society may have them at 15 copies for \$1.00. Only a small contribution from each one will pay for them. Any community unable to pay may have a roll free.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

This is one of the puzzling questions men and women are asking themselves these days. How can we obey this scripture with all the cares of this life resting upon us I want to tell you how, because it can be done. Desire is prayer and we can have our desire so sanctified that though we should never speak a word we would pray without ceasing. I once heard of a servant girl who has solved this problem for us. She said, when I open mine eyes in the morning, I pray that the Lord will open the eyes of my understanding, and when I dress I pray that I may be clothed in the robes of righteousness, and while I wash my hands I pray that I may be washed clean in the precious blood of Jesus. As I begin work I pray for strength equal for the day. And when I kindle the fire I pray that God's power may be kindled afresh in my heart, and while preparing and partaking of breakfast I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the word. As I sweep out the house I pray my heart may be cleansed from all impurities, and as I am busy with the little children, I pray that I may be humble like a little child, and so on thru the whole day, everything I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer.

Dear reader, if we would do this there would not be much time left for gossip or unkind thoughts to enter into our lives and destroy the fountain of love that God is anxious to implant down in these lives of ours. Let us try the servant girl's recipe and see how the world will be blessed by our lives.

THE NEED OF THE CHURCH

The need of the church today is more power. Jesus' last command was, "Tarry ye in the City of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." That same sweet, gentle voice is still saying

"Tarry ye," but the church is too busy, doing other things to heed the call. Perhaps we should take a little more time studying 1st and 2d chapters of Acts and remember that, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever." His plans have not changed. His power has not been withdrawn. He is just as willing to baptize with the Holy Ghost and heal the sick as He was when he walked the shores of Galilee. A great responsibility rests upon those whom God has chosen as leaders of His people. We quote Paul on all occasions but are we teaching all that Paul taught? If one thing Paul taught is right and for us today, then why not take all of His teaching. If some of Christ's teaching is true and for us today, then why not take it all and honestly make a confession that we are not living up to the standard. I believe the unsaved people would have more respect for us.

If Mark 16:15, 16 is for us today, then why not the next two verses, 17, 18. I have heard the 15th and 16th quoted at all kinds of missionary meetings but the 17th and 18th are left out. Now I hope this will lead the reader to study this chapter and think this out for himself.

Is it any wonder that the great wave of infidelity is circling the globe these days? If the church does not believe and stand for the whole truth then how can we expect the unsaved world to believe? The Bible is our standard and why pull the standard down to our own inconsistent lives rather than confess our shortcomings and go down before the Lord and obey His last command, "Tarry ye," and let Him baptize us with power from on high and help us to climb up to His standard and be worth something to this sin-cursed world. It is high time for us to awaken out of our slumber and put on the whole armour of God, to meet the need in these perilous times that are upon us.

A tarrying room is what the churches need today. May I ask the question, How many of our churches have them?

NOTE:—A good song book for children, "Sunny Songs For Little Folks," is published by "The Hope Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill., and is only 15c; 12 copies \$1.50; 25 copies \$3.00; 100 copies \$12.00.

LAUNCH OUT

The mercy of God is an ocean
divine
A boundless and fathomless flood;
Launch out in the deep, cut away
the shore line
And be lost in the fullness of God.

And many, alas, only stand on the
shore
And gaze on the ocean so wide;
They never have ventured its
depths to explore
Or to launch on its fathomless tide.

And others just venture away from
the land
And linger so near to the shore
That the surf and the slime that
beat on the strand
Dash o'er them in floods evermore.

Oh let us launch out on this ocean
so broad
Where the floods of Salvation o'er
flow;
Oh let us be lost in the mercy of
God,
Till the depth of His fullness we
know.—Selected.

WADING OUT

By the Editor

FOR my little message to the readers of "The Lighted Pathway" this month, I will use as my scripture Ezek. 47:1-10. We will remember this as our Sunday School lesson a few weeks ago. If you have not read or studied this, please stop just now, get your Bible and read so you may understand.

I do not know what you have understood this scripture to mean, nor do I know how you interpreted it to your Sunday School class, but for years this scripture has truly been a light to my path, giving me a desire to wade out into the beautiful river of Salvation we are reading about in this chapter.

The purpose of this paper is to bring young men and young women, boys and girls, in fact, all ages, to see this beautiful, clear, sparkling stream of Salvation, brought down to us by the Savior of men, and help them to decide to step out into this stream. As I write I am praying that God may give you a revelation of the truths in this scripture.

Where are we today? Are we out on dry land, enjoying the pleasures of the world, living for self, think-

ing little or perhaps nothing of a life of service, drifting aimlessly along with no hope for the next life, little realizing that even tomorrow may find us on eternity's side? Or have we stepped out into the great river of Salvation and are playing around the river's edge, so that occasionally we may step over on the bank and enjoy the pleasures of the world again? Or have we given up the world and all its frivolities and worldly pleasures and ambitions and have waded out into the deep where our lives can be a channel of blessing in this world of sin and sorrow? This is where we strike the "Inner Circle" and the only place of peace and joy and victory in the Christian life.

Now I have been leading up to what I want to say in regard to our Volunteer Training Class work. We have launched this new class forth in order that we may be able to lead young men and women into the deeper truths of the gospel. We believe that in this day of higher criticism and infidelity there is a call to launch out into the deep, and cut loose the shore lines in order that we may be able to get away from the awful wave of sin that is surrounding us everywhere and is sweeping our young people in on every side. Not only young people but even older people who were once strong in the faith are getting weak-kneed and faint-hearted and many giving up and going down with the tide. There is no doubt in my mind that we must get back to the old paths and contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints or we too will drift with the tide. We believe that the neglected truths of the Bible must be taught in order that we may get back to the old paths. I am going to mention some of these neglected truths we expect to emphasize in our training class work so that you will better understand our motive and be able to determine whether or not you want to enroll your group of young people as volunteers.

1st. We believe that the New Testament with all of its teaching is for us today just as much as for the disciples of old; that if one part of it is for us it is all for us and we must make it our waybill from earth to Heaven and search it closely, that we make no mistake and miss the way.

2nd. If the New Testament is our guide then James 5:14-16 is for

us today and we are called upon to obey this scripture. This is one of the neglected truths of the gospel and because of its neglect Christian Science has found its way into the world and is leading thousands of men and women astray, denying the precious blood of Jesus Christ for the salvation of men and making man equal with the Son of God. What shall we do about it?

3rd. We expect to stand out very emphatic for the teaching of the Acts of the Apostles and the last commandment of our precious Savior before He ascended up into Heaven, Acts 1:4-9. We believe it just as necessary for us to be endued with power from on high today as it was in the beginning, as we see the awful condition of the world today and we must wade out into the depths of this river before we can be endued with this power that will enable us to be soul winners for Christ.

4th. We are living in the day of His preparation, spoken of in the Word of God so many places, when the Bride of Christ is being prepared for the second coming of our Lord, Acts 1:10, 11.

Now this is our motive for launching this Volunteer Training Class work. We want to do all in our power to enable men and women to launch out into the deep so that we may see a great wave of salvation sweep this country from sea to sea. Let us not be afraid of God's wonder working power, and call anything beyond the natural fanaticism and wildfire. Let us look back and get a glimpse of Finney, the man of such wonderful power that men and women would fall from their seats in his meetings, under the mighty power of God; whole factories would have to shut down their business and give way to the mighty workings of the Spirit. And as we read of Wesley, Moody, and John Knox it makes us wonder at the little power we see in the average church today.

What shall we do? Shall we shrink from the cross of taking our stand for a deeper experience, or shall we launch out into the deep for God? We are confident that we are living in the last days and are seeing 1 Tim. 4:1-2 and 2 Tim. 3d chapter (and many other scriptures along this line) being fulfilled right before our eyes and we are asleep spiritually and cannot see.

(Continued on page nine)

FRUIT BEARING

By the Editor

THE Lord has been bringing to my mind this morning the beautiful orchards of California. I lived there for nearly twelve years, and they made a lasting impression on my mind, and as the Lord brought to me this wonderful subject of fruit bearing I could see those beautiful rosy cheeked peaches, those golden and red apples, as they hung here and there in the orchard, with many other kinds of delicious fruit. I remember at times I would pass by these orchards and there would be only foliage on the trees and it would be hard to determine just which was the apple, which was the plum and so on down the line. But later on when the fruit came on it was no trouble to detect which was the apple tree for it had apples on it, of course. Then my mind began to look at the churches, and I could see large congregations assembled at the different churches over the country. As I looked on them in my imagination I saw just a bunch of foliage. All looked pretty much alike sitting in the pews. It was hard to tell the Christians from the sinner. But let us follow them from the church door through the Sabbath day and go with them Monday morning to their work and see the fruit they bear and then we can soon determine what kind of trees they are.

The word of God tells us, The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, patience, goodness, meekness and temperance. I call this scripture my spiritual mirror, and it would be a splendid idea for all of us to have it printed in large letters and hang it on our dresser where we can look into both mirrors before we enter into the duties of the day. Oh, it would be a terrible disgrace for us to neglect to look neat and clean, and have these physical bodies rightly dressed, before we go out to meet the world.

We stand before our mirror until we are satisfied that we have done our best, but what about our spiritual mirror. Do we think of looking into that and do our best to appear before the world according to this scripture.

LOVE.—Do we have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts un-

til the fragrance from our lives encourages the troubled hearts with whom we are called to mix and mingle during the day. "Do you know the world is dying for a little bit of love?" It is love, the opposite of hatred and malice that the outside world is looking for. They are looking for fruit.

JOY.—Do we have the joy of the Lord in our life or the joy of the world? Do we find our joy in serving him or is it in the things of the world. How much joy do we find in reading God's word, and finding his will for our lives and then in carrying out that will of his?

PEACE.—Do we possess that peace which passeth all understanding? Yes, a peace the world cannot understand. Unmolested, quiet and serene, in the midst of trials, testings and hardships. A peace which the world cannot give neither can it take away.

LONG SUFFERING.—Here is the greatest test. Can we be long suffering and patient with those who persecute, those who slander, those who bear false witness and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. Oh, it is easy, when the Holy Spirit fills us there is no room for anything else, but His Spirit, and His Spirit is long suffering always.

GENTLENESS.—The dove is a type of the Holy Spirit and if we are filled with the spirit we will be dovelike in our nature, gentle, patient and kind to all with whom we come in contact.

GOODNESS.—How can we be good when the Bible says "there is none good no not one?" It is only when we let Christ in, to live His life through us and subdue us like unto himself that we can be good.

FAITH.—Jesus said when I return will I find faith on the earth. No wonder he said this as he looked down through the ages and saw the condition of the world today. We believe we are living in the end of the Gentile age and that according to Acts 1:11 this same Jesus will return literally to the earth as he went away. What will he find when he comes. For as the days of Noe were so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. Matt. 24:37.

We remember at that time there were only eight saved out of all that multitude of people. Yes, there will be a remnant at his coming who have not denied the faith. The way is narrow and few there be

who find it.

MEEKNESS.—Just the opposite of the old fiery self life, retaliative spirit which exist in so many professed Christians in the world today. Willing to take the lowest seat, or even be just a door keeper in the house of our God.

TEMPERANCE.—We usually think of strong drink when we hear this word, but oh, how we need this along other lines as well. Temperance along the line of dress, eating, pleasure seeking, money making and a thousand other things. But all of these will be taken care of if we keep filled to overflowing with the spirit of Christ, for the overflow will keep out all evil from our lives and flow out to others and soon those around us will know we have met Christ and that he rules our lives.

I wonder if the reader of this little simple message can stand the test before this spiritual mirror? I hear some one say, Well I try to but I fail sometimes, I.e. perhaps that is why God has permitted you to go through that recent trial, for he says, "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." You don't understand exactly why God would allow this thing to come your way, but if you make these trials stepping stones heavenward, soon you will be bearing an hundred fold of precious fruit which nothing else could have helped you to bear.

Then you who are just getting your eyes open to the fact that you are not bearing fruit, let me give you this scripture for your consolation: "Then he spake a parable. A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree and find none. Cut it down why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also till I shall dig about it and dung it, and if it bear fruit, well; and if not then after that, thou shalt cut it down."

Oh, yes, justice would long ago have cut you off from the earth. But mercy says spare him just a little while longer until I dig about him. That trial and testing you are going through is just the Holy Spirit digging about you to make you a fruit bearing Christian. Your

(Continued on page nine)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Elizabeth Gives Her Best

By

KATHERINE THAXTER

ELIZABETH walked slowly down the street away from Miss Bond's house. Usually she danced along with a hop, skip, and a jump, for Elizabeth was a most cheerful person. But when she had stopped to put her rubbers on as she came out of the house she had heard Julia Prince say very distinctly:

"Of course, we can't expect any contribution from Elizabeth Grey. She's so poor she hasn't anything to give."

Elizabeth's face burned. It was true she was poor and she had nothing to give but not one of the ten girls in Miss Bond's class had enjoyed these meetings more than she had. Miss Bond had them at her house every other Friday after school. She told them stories about China and Korea and Japan and they had dressed dolls, making each garment just like what a little Chinese, Korean, and Japanese girl would wear. Elizabeth knew all about Li Bi Cu, the Chinese girl, and To-hong, the Korean, and Long Meadow San, the little Japanese. How she loved to hear about those far-off lands and how often she played to herself that she was grown up and going away in a big ship to those lands across the sea. Sometimes she was a doctor looking after little blind children in China, sometimes she was a teacher in Japan and sometimes she was a nurse in Korea. Oh, she felt as if she knew them all after Miss Bond's stories.

But now this had come and dashed all her joy. When the class first started Miss Bond had given them all little paste-board boxes, to put their stray pennies in, and now the lessons were nearly over and next week they were to have an open meeting, Miss Bond said. She

had invited some people in to hear them sing the songs she had taught them, repeat some of the stories of Chinese, Korean and Japanese life she had told them, sell the dolls they had dressed and—open their boxes. Then the money they had given would go to a hospital in China.

Now Elizabeth was poor. She had no father or mother and she lived with a woman she called aunt, but who was really a faraway cousin. Aunt Rhoda was as dear as any mother to her but Aunt Rhoda was poor, too, and had to go out sewing every day, though she was getting old and was so tired all the time. But some stray pennies had found their way into Elizabeth's box. She knew just how many there were—seven and one nickel—twelve cents. How much good would that do!

"Sure an' ye've got a glum face today," said Granny Sarge as Elizabeth turned in at her door. "What's gone wrong wid ye, Betsy?"

Elizabeth really hated to be called Betsy but Granny Sarge thought Betsy a beautiful name. Elizabeth carried parcels for Granny, who did up curtains for a living.

"Sure an' ye're ginerally happy when you come from your mission class," continued Granny, glancing sharply at the downcast face.

"Oh, Granny," wailed Elizabeth. "I'm so sorry I'm poor. Next time we open our boxes and I only have twelve cents."

"Twelve cints is it?" An' what fur?"

"To send to China to the little sick children in the hospital."

"Oh, an' didn't ye hoard and save that twelve cints when ye might have bought yerself some candy with it. Go on wid ye. That's enough for you to give."

"Julia Prince said I was so poor that I had nothing to give."

"Well, let Julia give a million dollars then and buy the who'e hospital."

But Granny's fun failed to cheer Elizabeth and taking the bundles that Granny had ready, she went off on her arrands.

"Sure it's a shame the little lass should feel so bad," said Granny, shaking her head as she watched her walk away. "An' ginerally she sits an' chats an' tells me all about those haythen people in Chiny—I, myself, learned a lot from her about the poor, ignorant crathurs, indade, an' I'd like to help them myself, they seem so forlorn. An' why not. I can do it an' it'll plase the little lass," and Granny chuckled with some pleasant thought.

"Libby cwied today, she did," said little Jean Scott as she sat on her father's knee to tell him the events of the day.

"Cried," said papa Scott. "Why I never saw Libby when she wasn't smiling."

"Yes, she cwied an' I asked her for why she cwied an' she said 'cause she had no money for the babies in China."

Papa Scott looked bewildered and mother, who was clearing the table, stopped to listen as Jean lisped on in her baby voice.

"Libby likes China babies. She dwessed my dolly like one an' some day Libby goin' take me to China with her."

Mrs. Scott nodded her head at papa.

"Yes, Elizabeth tells the baby all those funny missionary stories she hears at her class when she comes to take care of her and they play all sorts of queer games."

"But why does Libby want money for the China babies?" asked papa.

"Oh, Libby has a little box wiv a hole in it for pennies."

"Oh," said Mrs. Scott. "It's a mite box that the children have and I suppose poor little Elizabeth has few enough pennies."

"One, two, fwee, twelve pennies," said Jean, gravely counting on her fingers.

"Poor kid," said papa, looking at mamma. "Now, Jean, we can't have your nice Libby crying, that won't do at all. Suppose we give her a penny for her box," and he took a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket.

(Continued on next page)

Elizabeth Gives Her Best

CONTINUED FROM CHILDREN'S PAGE

Jean's soft fingers closed around it quickly. She laughed happily.

"Libby like this big penny." And papa said: "Tell her it's from Jean for the China babies."

"Well, Peggy girlie, you look very solemn," said Aunt Rhoda, as she put her feet on the fender of the stove and leaned back contentedly in her rocking-chair. Elizabeth's friends all had a particular name for her and Aunt Rhoda's favorite was Peggy. Elizabeth had just cleared the table and put away the dishes after their cosy evening supper which Aunt Rhoda always enjoyed because Elizabeth chattered and told her the events of the day, about school, and Granny Sarge and her funny sayings, about baby Jean and her cute ways, and about old Mr. Ingram, the lame soldier, who kept a little store and who liked Elizabeth to come in and trim his window for him. There was always some one to talk about. But tonight she had been so quiet.

"Let me see. Isn't this the day you had your missionary class?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth dully.

"And how was Miss Long Meadow San today, and Li Bi Cu?" Elizabeth suddenly burst into tears.

"Why, Peggy," cried Aunt Rhoda, alarmed, and her feet came down off the fender with a bang and eleven-year-old Elizabeth was not too big to be rocked in Aunt Rhoda's arms in the big rocker while she sobbed out her tale of woe.

"Now, Peggy, listen. I know you feel bad about those few pennies, perhaps we can scrape up more than just twelve but I want to tell you that the money isn't all you have to give and I'm just sure that you've been giving more than Julia Prince and many of those other girls. Why, you've remembered every one of those lessons and you've told them to me, and to Granny and to little Jean and to Mr. Ingram, too. I'll be bound, now haven't you and because of you, we're all just as interested in those

people of China and Korea and Japan as can be and we know them better. And more, if the Lord wants you to have money to give, why He'll give you money, some way, and if He doesn't give you money then you can be sure He wants you to give the other things you have—yourself, maybe, some day—and anyway your time and your interest and your love and you've given all of those. Everybody hasn't silver and gold to give and you have a cheerful heart and willing feet and kind words and eager thoughts and if they're the best you have you can always give them."

"Of course, I talked big to the child," Aunt Rhoda said to the lady she was working for next day, "and I soon had her laughing but my heart ached for her because all my life I've had a big heart to give and a little thin purse to draw from." But Mrs. Thorne, her customer, looked thoughtful and resolved to accept the invitation Miss Bond had given her to come to her little missionary class the next Friday. She wanted to see Elizabeth.

And Elizabeth was there with the brightest face in the room. She sang the songs with all her heart in them and Miss Bond had her hold Miss Li Bi Cu, the Chinese doll, in her arms and tell the whole story of her life. No other girl did half as well as Elizabeth, whose deep interest in her subject made her talk as if she herself were really a girl in China. And when the boxes were opened, Elizabeth's last, she spoke up proudly:

"I have only twelve cents," she said, "all I could save. But," she unwrapped a coin, "this is from Baby Jean Scott, she loves the foreign babies, too—and this," she unfolded a dollar bill, "is from Granny Sarge, she had me tell her all the stories and she said she wanted to help the poor heathen because they're so forlorn. Her son sent her five dollars at Christmas time so she could spare this one—and Aunt Rhoda gave me this," another bill was unwrapped, "because Long Meadow San's story made her cry—and old Mr. Ingram, who keeps a little candy store, squeezed a quarter into my hand today because he had enjoyed the stories too." She laughed happily. "I think my box turned out to be a real missionary one because so many people helped me to give."

Miss Bond turned aside to wipe

her eyes and she was not the only one who was touched by Elizabeth's little sermon. Mrs. Thorne could hardly wait, she was so anxious to buy the China doll, and when Elizabeth was relating the story of the whole afternoon in her usual happy manner to an interested Aunt Rhoda there was a knock at the door and a special messenger handed a parcel in, addressed to Miss Elizabeth Grey.

"Oh, it's my darling Li Bi Cu," cried Elizabeth, as she tore the paper off and then she caught sight of a card.

"Mrs. Edward Thorne," she read, and then "'For a real missionary who gave her best.'"

"Oh, Aunt Rhoda, aren't people lovely," she sighed as she hugged her China sister to her breast.

Old Testament Work

What was the little boy's name who heard the Lord call his name four times and he answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth?" Find out all you can about this little boy. Memorize Joshua 1:9; Psa. 1:5; Psa. 18:2; Psa. 27:14.

New Testament Work

What is a parable? How many parables in the 13th chapter of Matthew? Have some one explain each one of them to you. Memorize Matt. 26:41; Luke 11:9; Luke 12:40; Matt. 24:42; John 7:37; John 14:26.

NOTE: We hope the parents will encourage the children to get these lessons each month. Every boy and girl who will decide to get these lessons and send your name and address we will have a roll book and put your name on it and some of these times we'll publish our Booster Band Roll in the paper.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice holy, acceptable to God which is your reasonable service." Rom. 12:1. It is useless to expect God to do much for us along the line of leading us into paths of service for Him until we have obeyed this scripture for how can he lead us unless we put our lives in His hands.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

Through our imagination we are looking into the faces of thousands of deeply interested parents who are strong advocates of the young people's work, and are ready to sacrifice anything for the advancement of the Cause. To these we dedicate this department and hope it may be a great blessing. I am giving you in this issue this little story for your encouragement to keep on praying. God will answer prayer. And now may I whisper into the ear of those for whom you are praying, Don't wait till mother's and father's dear forms lie still and cold beneath the sod to repent. Do it while they can enjoy it and let them leave this world with joyful hearts, that their precious ones are all safe in His keeping. Do it now.—Editor.

Where The Old Man Used To Pray

I heard a story of two young men that were very wicked, yet their father was a very earnest, consecrated Christian. He held family prayers every night, kneeling down by a little table that stood in a corner by the hearthstone; but the two young men did not care to bow with their father at the little old table. Finally the father died and left the two wicked sons. He had prayed for them many a time and sometimes with tears in his eyes he had talked with them about their Savior, but they did not care to hear him.

Time went on, and in after years they decided, as they had gained in property, to remove the old house, and build a larger one. They were both carpenters, and undertook the job themselves. They took off the roof, and then the sides of the house, and then they took up the floor, plank by plank, and finally they got near the old hearthstone, and one of them stopped and looked at his brother. He said:

"Here's where father used to kneel and pray, there's where the

Send Them to Bed With a Kiss

Oh mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,

Complain of the noise and the play
For the day brings so many vexations

So many things go amiss;

But mothers, whatever may vex you,

Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet often wander
Perhaps from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief

To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,

And as thanks for your infinite blessings,

Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you

The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for their sweet childish voices,

For a sweet, childish face at the door;

And to press a child's face to your bosom

You'd give all the world for just this

For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,

Send the children to bed with a kiss.—Selected.

little table stood, and the Bible was always on it." The other said:

"Yes, it seems to me I can see the print of Father's knees on that old plank now!" He continued. "I can't take up the plank; you take it up." The other one said:

"No, I can't; I wish you would," and as they looked into each other's eyes, the voice of their old father spoke to them, and the Spirit of God vitalized the voice; and where the old man had prayed a thousand times, the boys prayed that day, and asked the old, old question, "What shall I do to be saved?" And the Spirit of God came down and revealed Jesus to their hearts, and before that plank was ever taken up, they gave their hearts to God.

PASS ON THE PRAISE

"You're a good little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you." And as he spoke he put his arm about her and kissed her and she forgot all the care in that moment. And forgetting it all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain and sang also and two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet old story, the story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang the butcher boy called for the order, heard it, and went out whistling on his journey and the world heard the whistle and thought, Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented. So because he kissed her and praised her the song came and the influence went out and out. And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept about the back door, the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew and a basket of good things to eat went over to that home with some money, with which to buy wood.

Pass on the praise. A word and you make a rift in the cloud. A smile and you may create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand and you may repossess a soul from hell.

Pass on the praise. Tell him he is a good clerk and he will appreciate it more than a raise. A good clerk does not work for his salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it, if he is better tell him again, thus you see good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call mother, don't plead, "Hear me, Mother, you were a kind mother; you were a good mother, and smoothed away, many a rugged path for me."

Those ears cannot hear that glad admission. Those eyes cannot see the light of eagerness in yours.

Those arms may not return the embrace you now wish to give. Why call so late? Pass on the praise today.—Selected.

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

God Uses Those Who Are Broken

Ps. 51:57—"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."

We may have our will surrendered to do His will, and yet miss a large part of the blessing He would give in our doing.

Our spirit must be broken also, so that we see in every test and circumstance of each day His loving hand permitting and gladly accept all from Him, because His all-seeing eye understands what will accomplish our "perfecting."

The trial can more quickly be removed, because as we accept it, asking for the lesson He would teach, and victory over Satan, He can then quiet us and show us the light we need.

God uses most for His glory those people and things which are most perfectly broken. The sacrifices He accepts are broken and contrite hearts. It was the thorough breaking down of Jacob's natural strength at Peniel that got him where God could clothe him with spiritual power. It was by breaking the surface of the rock at Horeb by the stroke of Moses' rod that it let out the cool waters to thirsty people.

It was when the three hundred select soldiers under Gideon broke their pitchers, a type of breaking themselves, that the hidden lights shone forth to the consternation of their adversaries. It was when the poor widow broke the seal of the little pot of oil and poured it forth that God multiplied it to pay her debts and supply means of support.

It was when Esther risked her life and broke through the rigid etiquette of a heathen court that she obtained favor to rescue her people from death. It was when Jesus took the five loaves and broke them, the bread was multiplied in the very act of breaking, sufficient to feed five thousand. It was when Mary broke her beautiful alabaster box, rendering it henceforth useless that the pent up perfume filled the whole house. It was when

Jesus allowed His precious body to be broken to pieces by thorns and nails and spear, that His inner life was poured out, like a crystal ocean for thirsty sinners to drink and live."

It is when a beautiful grain of corn is broken up in the earth by death, that its inner heart sprouts forth and bears hundreds of other grains. And thus on and on, thru all history, all biography, and all vegetation and all spiritual life, God must have broken things.

Those who are broken in wealth, and broken in self-will, and broken in their ambitions, and broken in their beautiful ideals, and broken in their affections, and broken oft-times in health, and those who are despised, and seem utterly helpless and forlorn, the Holy Ghost is seizing upon, and using for God's glory. It is "the lame that take away the prey," Isaiah tells us. It is the weak that overcome the devil. God is waiting to take hold of our failures and nothingness and shine through them.

"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."—1 Cor. 1:25.

Matt. 5:3, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—from Tract Society.

Yet Will I Rejoice

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Isa. 43:2.

"In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning you." Just when all is well and coming our way? Just when we are prospering and well treated and praised? Rejoicing in tribulation is not learned that way. Habakkuk caught the vision of victory in all

things when he wrote "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the field, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, YET will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Many of us confronted by such dire calamity would sink under the waters without a glance at the Lord. Victory is the product of adverse circumstances, of things gone wrong, of friends untrue, of loved ones gone, and we can yet rejoice in the Lord, and though the fire be seven fold hot, joy in the God of our salvation, instead of sinking into the Slough of Despond. It is said any dead fish can float down the stream, but it takes a live one to swim against the current of disappointment and despair when all seems to have dropped out from under our feet, as long as we watch the waters circling about us, and the fire flaming high in our souls, just that long shall we float down stream and give way to doubts and fears and distress. "Lo, I am with you always," whispers a gentle voice in our ear, why weep, why get downhearted, is He not with us? Are not the everlasting arms underneath?

Take courage wayworn pilgrim,
the mist and shadows hide
The face of Him thou lovest, He's
ever at thy side.
Reach out thy hand and find Him,
and lo, the clouds have flown;
He promised never to leave thee,
never to leave thee alone.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Have we believed it, and rested on Him; when all we hoped for was gone, have we sat down and given up? He will not upbraid us for our weakness but lead the weary and torn heart into quiet waters as they rest on His unchanging grace. "Fear not, for I am with thee, I will never leave thee," and as we believe we are rested and made strong, the rock feels firm under

(Continued on page 16)

THE LAD

1 The lad of today is the man of tomorrow
I know you will all agree,
But what kind of a man will this lad make
If he follows you and me?

2 Will he be a man that is loyal and true
To a cause that he knows is right,
And stand his ground in the midst of strife
Though the future look black as night.

3 Will he have a heart that is full of love
And respect for his fellow men,
And lighten the burden of some weary soul,
And help wherever he can?

4 Will his life reflect the light of the cross
By his love for other men,
And will he be true his whole life through
And have a victorious end?

5 Now this lad of today and the man of tomorrow
Is following you and me.
And we are the link uniting this lad
With the man of Galilee.

Oh let us be true to this trust each day
And walk in the light that we have,
So that we may be to the lad of today
A mounting influence toward God.—Sel.

NOT YET

"Not yet," said the youth, while busy with his pleasures. "When I have seen the world, and grow older, I will seek salvation."

"Not yet," said he when a young man, "I am now beginning my business career, but when prosperity is sure, I will be religious."

"Not yet," said he when prosperity came, "my business and family require so much time and care; but when I retire from business, I will have nothing else to attend to, and will then make up for the past."

At last (one of the few who live and succeed) on reaching his desired haven, in what condition did he find himself? Without convictions, for they were long dead. With opinions and habits of life fixed, and holding him like a vise. With no real concern of heart even when face to face with death, for God had said, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone!" To be without God in life, he found meant also in death and forever!

Like millions he was eternally lost because he had failed to promptly follow his religious convictions early in his life when they were strongest. "Those doing like him are practically claiming to be wiser than God! He says, 'Seek first the kingdom of God,' but they act as if it was best to seek something else first and chiefly. When God says 'Now is the day of salvation,' He means it. Those who choose any other time, do so at fearful peril. 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.'"

"Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Isa. 1:18.—Sel.

FRUIT BEARING

(Continued from page four)

friends who are praying for you are crying, "spare him just a little while longer." Our dear Savior who sits at the Father's right hand making intercession, is saying, "spare him a little while longer," but some day, the door of mercy will be closed for ever and you will be too late.

Dear ones, you long to be soul-winners, there is no other way only by seeking God for a double portion of his Holy Spirit until those around can see the fruits of the Spirit in your life, then a hunger will arise in those with whom you associate for these fruits to be manifested in their lives, and you will have an opportunity to win them for Christ.

"WADING OUT"

(Continued From Page Three)

One thing that is plain before us is that two great armies are rising up, the one army standing for the whole Word of God and the other denying its inspired pages. Which side are you on?

Life at its best is a fight. At its noblest it is a struggle. Not at its poorest and meanest. One may drift, or idle, or sing one's care-free way along any of the innumerable avenues that lead to failure and the ultimate disappointment. But if we are going anywhere which is worth the going, we have need to take a new grip on ourselves day by day, to hold ourselves steadily in the patience of effort and self-restraint.—Henry Kingman.

All the days seem alike as they come to us, but each day comes with its own opportunities, its own call to duty, its own privileges—holding out hands offering us radiant gifts. The day passes and never comes again. Other days as bright may come, but that day never comes a second time. If we do not take just then the gifts it offers we shall never have another chance to get them, and shall always be poorer for what we have missed.—Heart Throbs of Truth.

THE INNER CIRCLE

The God Planned Life

Dear Young People — Are you choosing your own way or are you letting God choose for you? God has a beautiful plan for your life, and if you miss His plan it will mean a wasted life.

"The tragedy is that so many lives are not planned at all. We plan everything else. The girl plans her new spring wardrobe, the cook plans her meals, the politician plans his campaign. No captain sets sail without a chart of his voyage; the mountain climber hires a guide. The traveler secures a railroad guide and chooses his route. The Bible tells of a foolish man who started to build a house without counting the cost—but the house was a failure. The architect plans every detail of his house before it is built. He must know whether it is a family residence or an apartment house, a church or an office building. He must know how large it is to be and the dimensions of the lot on which it is to stand. He must know the building materials adapted to that section of the country and how much money he may spend in its construction. All these things and many more does the architect consider and then he carefully plans it all before the carpenters begin their work.

The artist plans his picture and when he takes up his brushes every stroke adds something to the effect which he desires to create. "I take the same brush and the same colors, adding one here and one there as my fancy dictates." What a pitiful contrast! One picture was planned by an artist, the other is a haphazard mixing of colors by one who knows nothing of how it should be done.

The modiste takes a few yards of silk, some ribbons and laces and

fashions a beautiful dress. An inexperienced girl takes the same materials; but having neither skill nor pattern, she fails, and the result reminds us of the child who said: "Mother, I started to make my dolly an apron but it turned out a bonnet."

Just as the house, picture and garment not planned may turn out to be anything so the life that is not planned is likely to turn out almost anything. The boy or girl who drops out of school to take the first job that is offered, or who studies law or medicine or goes into the ministry because his parents have chosen for him, may achieve a successful life, but the chances are against him.

Even those who plan their own lives with an earnest purpose will miss the best when they leave God out of their planning. To leave God out is to refuse the service of the master architect, who is eager to help us plan our house of life. There can be no doubt that the God-planned life is the happiest life possible. We cannot know what the future holds. We find it difficult to find our own strong and weak points. God knows our disposition, our strength and weakness better than we know ourselves. He knows all that lies back of us and all that is to come. He sees as we cannot see the rough places in the path we would choose because it looks to us so fair. He sees the glorious ending of the path that looks dark and narrow to us, who can see only its beginning. Not only is God all-knowing but, being an all-loving father, He desires for and can give His children the best.

How often we are disappointed in not having our own way, only to realize later that God's way was infinitely brighter and better.

"He knows, He loves, He cares
Nothing His truth can dim;
He gives His very best to those
Who leave their choice with Him."

A Lesson of Service

In the cool of the glad spring morning

The Master came to me;
"My seed of truth must be planted,
Will you help in the work?" asked He.

And I answered, "Wait but a little,
The day is so fair—so fair;
When the mornings are less enchanting,

In Thy fields I will do my share."

At the dawn of a summer morning
I heard the Master say,
"My truth must be watched and tended;

Will you work in my field to-day?"

But I said, "The days are so dreamy,

And summer has just begun;
I will do my part in Thy labor
When the glory of June is done."

In the dew of an autumn morning,
The Master came once more;
"My harvest is white," He whispered,

"And reapers are needed sore."
"But this autumn joy," I pleaded,
"I must quaff off, ere it wane;
Just a few more draughts of sunshine,

And I'll help Thee garner thy grain."

In the chill of a winter morning,
The Master came to me;

The ice-bound river was silent,
And snow lay white on the lea.

"O Master, I now am ready
To work in Thy fields," I said;
But the Master smiled in pity
And sadly shook His head.

"The harvest is over," He answered,

"And winter comes apace;
But some wheat lies all ungarnered,

Because of your vacant place;
You have spent the year in pleasure,

I have pleaded all in vain;
But what of your own remorse,
And what of the wasted grain?"

—Edith Porteus Thayer.

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS



Bible Lessons



Lesson 1.

Topic: "Using Our Talents For God"

Scripture Lesson, Matt. 25:14-30

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

Our gifts are God's goods. We have nothing that God has not given us. Every good and perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Jas. 1:17.

Talents vary in size and quality. We are responsible only for what we have, much or little, and we should be careful not to underestimate our talents however small they are. Remember they grow and increase with the using. The big thing about life, is to be faithful in the little things and this will lead on to greater service.

A good servant is one who puts his whole soul into his work whatever it may be.

If the little lad had refused to let the Master have the five loaves and two small fishes, the multitude would have fainted by the wayside. Give the little talent you have to the Master and let Him increase it until you can feed the hungry hearts around you.

Some talents are given for our temporal needs to help us in making money for our own support and for the support of the Lord's work. Think how much good the man can do, who has the talent for making money, if he should give a tenth of it to the Lord. Think even what we, with our small income, could do if we would give a tenth. We had better do it, for God will get it some way, and we must suffer for disobedience. Some have a talent for friendliness. This is a much needed talent for the world is dying for a little bit of love, a word of cheer, and a friendly smile. It seems to me that any

Christian should be able to cultivate this talent, until they could be a blessing to the world.

QUESTIONS FOR OPEN DISCUSSION

Am I using my talents for God? . . .

What talents have I to use for Him?

Why am I not using them for Him?

NOTE.—Have an open meeting and try to uncover each other's talents. You may encourage someone and help them launch out for God. Do not be afraid to speak words of praise to those who are weak. All some people need is just a little word of encouragement. This may be your calling, to boost someone else along.

If you cannot speak like angels,

If you cannot preach like Paul,

You can tell the love of Jesus,

You can say, He died for all.

There is a little word of four letters that often spoils our usefulness and keeps us from making progress along the line of developing our talents. That word is "can't." Don't get in the habit of using it or you will never succeed in anything you undertake.

HOME DAILY BIBLE READINGS

TALENT TO INVENT	Gen. 4:21-22
TALENT TO ORGANIZE	Num. 1:1-4
TALENT TO SPEAK	Exod. 4:10-17
TALENT TO BE FRIENDLY	Acts 11:19-26
TALENT TO PREACH	Acts 18:24-28
TALENT TO ADMINISTER	Acts 6:1-7

Lesson 2.

Topic: "God's Urgent Call"

Scripture Lesson, Mark 16:15-18

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

"Go ye" is the call of God to His chosen ones, to bear the message of salvation to a lost world. This scripture lesson does not say go ye into the United States, but it plainly says, "Into all the world."

The world longs for something, but many do not understand what that longing is for, and God's call to us is to open up their understanding and let them into the secret of this longing for the soul for Christ Jesus our Lord.

Let us look at Acts 1:8 for a moment. "But ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost has come

upon you: And ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Have we received the power? If so, are we staying too long at Jerusalem, Judea and Samaria? Let us launch out into the uttermost parts of the earth with our prayers, our money, and our lives.

Some are expected to go and others to send. What does He want me to do? What does He want you to do? Let us think seriously on these questions and remember we are to give an account at the last great

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VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS



Bible Lessons



(LESSON TWO CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

day for the way we have dealt with this command, "Go ye."

Yes, there is much to do at home but that does not change the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Some can go, others give, and all can pray.

There was at one time a church divided over this question. The one believing in this last command made rapid strides toward success and is one of the great denominations today, while the other has almost become extinct. God demands that we obey this call.

Our constant cry when God calls us to do something out of the ordinary is, we are too poor as a church, or as an individual to do this, I almost hear the sad voice of Jesus as of old, "Oh ye of little faith. How can I bless and prosper you when you continue to look at the waves? According to your faith be it unto you."

Jonah was called to go to Nineveh, but he disobeyed and got swallowed by the whale. If God is calling you to go or send, remember the story of Jonah.

HOME DAILY READINGS

Ready for the message Jonah 3:5-10
Obstinate refusal Ezek. 2:1-8
Seeker's Welcome John 12:20-26
Thousands who wanted Christ Acts 2:41-47
People self-satisfied 1 Cor. 1:18-31
Refused for trade's sake Acts 19:1-29

NOTE:—There are always a few in every church who can make talks. Search them out and give them one of these home readings and ask them to make a talk. It may have to be sometimes some

of the parents until the young folks are trained to talk. Ask them to give a short talk as they are apt to talk too long. Have a special piece of music each time if possible. Have sentence prayers so as to teach the young folks to pray. As they are led out in this way they will soon be delivered from the fear of their own voice. Occasionally have a scripture show-er to encourage your young people to memorize scripture. They will soon see how little scripture they know.

Lesson 3.

Topic: "Submission to The Will of God"

Scripture lesson: Matt. 21: 28-32

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

"And he answered and said, 'I will not,' but afterward he repented himself and went." How often God calls us to do something and we rebel and refuse to obey and God has to put us thru the fire before we will listen to His voice.

If we are in that inner circle of consecration we must be willing to listen to the still small voice and let our will be lost in His or our names will soon be erased and we will be back in the great army of unfruitful Christians.

If you are a half-hearted, luke-warm Christian and want to move up with God and find that place of constant rest and peace and the sunshine of God's love in your heart, submission to God's will will put you there.

Matt. 13:44. "The kingdom of heaven is like a treasure hid in a field which a man found and hid, and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field."

The kingdom of heaven means the rule of God in your life. That means if He rules that you must submit to His will. You take Him to be King over your life, and each man must settle His relations to God himself. No man can do it for him. The five

wise virgins had their lamps trimmed and ready. The five foolish did not. Which kind are you?

Jesus said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." It is impossible for you to be soul winners without perfect submission to God's will and obedience to His command. We must be just a little tool in the hand of the Great Architect.

The carpenter takes with him to build the house, his tools, and lays them at his side. They must be submissive in his hands, always in their place before he can make any progress in building. So it is with the Great Builder, He must have tools who will wait patiently in their place, always ready to be used of Him, submissive to His will.

Jesus must have formed His life purpose at a comparatively early age. The baptism both in water and with the Holy Ghost and the approval of God, doubtless confirmed and strengthened Him in it. He lived so close to His Father, in such perfect relationship and obedience to Him that He knew absolutely what God's will for Him was. The same baptism of the Holy Ghost and obedience will make you sure of His will concerning you.

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VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS



Bible Lessons



(LESSON THREE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

It is a fact that a man who refuses to do God's will cannot succeed in the truest sense because he is working alone, while a man who is doing God's will is more sure of success because he is working in co-operation with God. The supreme purpose of every Christian is to discover God's will and do it.

HOME DAILY READING

Relationship	Mark 3:31-35	David's submission	2 Sam. 12:15-23
Jesus' submission	John 4:31-34	Job's submission	Job 1:9-22
In the Garden	Luke 22:39-46	His will for us	1 Thess. 5:14-23

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Have I individually surrendered my will to Him?
Have I ever repeated the Lord's prayer without realizing what it meant to say, Thy kingdom come,

thy will be done?

NOTE:—Make these questions personal and insist on an open discussion.

Lesson 4.

Topic: "Wanted:—Leaders"

Scripture lesson: Num. 27:15-23

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

In this scripture Moses realized his time was short and there was need of selecting and training some one to take his place. This is a good thought for the older workers, and should stir them up in regard to the training of our young people.

It was Elijah who had Elisha in the school of the prophets to train in order that his mantle could fall upon him. We need some more Elijah's.

I have an idea that in both cases, with Joshua and Elisha, they had made the consecration and belonged to the "Inner Circle," and were only waiting for a chance to serve. Elisha had learned the secret of successful leadership and prayed for a double portion of God's power. If all of our ministers and workers would tarry for the power, obeying the command in Acts 1:4-9, we would see a mighty revival sweep this country of ours, and millions of hungry hearts satisfied.

Not long ago I heard a Sunday School missionary say, "If I had leaders I could organize many more Sunday Schools than I do. But in so many communities there are no leaders to leave in charge."

When we are training a group of people we do not realize how many communities this group will represent after a while. We may not train many who will rise to heights of honor or fame but we may train many community workers who are as impor-

tant as the great preacher or evangelist we hear so much about.

"Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with all your might." This must first be the attitude of one who desires to be a leader. We must be willing to do the small things well before God can entrust us with leadership. Good leaders are made out of good followers.

FACTS THAT ARE REAL

Real leadership must be earned by serving. It cannot be conferred.

"Do you covet honor? You will never get it by serving yourself. Do you covet distinction? You will never get it except as a servant of mankind."—Woodrow Wilson.

"The greatest need of the day is right leadership. Vital problems press upon us for solution, and changing conditions are constantly creating new problems. We have the questions of labor and capital, popular government, education, immigration, health, home, individual and social reform and scores of others."—Frank O. Kochler.

The schools of our country must produce an increasing number of leaders fit to grapple with the conditions in modern society. This means as boys and girls they must discover the highest ideals of leadership, and exercise them in every day life.

HOME DAILY READINGS

Joshua trained under Moses	Deut. 34:1-12
Timothy trained under Paul	2 Tim. 3:10-17
Train by faithfulness	Matt. 25:14-30
Train by taking counsel	1 Kings 12:6, 7
Train by fellowship with God	Jer. 1:4-10
Train by unselfishness	Gal. 4:12-20

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Are all called to be leaders?
What qualifications have I for leadership?
What are some of the things demanded of leaders and what one thing is most important?
NOTE:—Insist on different ones discussing these questions.

How to Organize a Volunteer Training Class

The first and most important thing in organizing the young people into a training class is to find some one in the church who is really interested in the work and who knows how to sympathize and deal with the young. Better let them alone unorganized than to put some one over them who is harsh and critical toward their faults and failures. It is not a light thing to work with young people. If you are anticipating taking charge of a class, pray much for guidance and wisdom to know how to lead instead of drive. They must be loved into the kingdom. Remember many of them will be only babes in Christ and many will have no knowledge of Him whatsoever and we know that with a babe we must deal very gently, patiently and wisely if we expect to raise them to manhood or womanhood. Now the one who takes this place will be called a sponsor. The duties of a sponsor are to be a parent over the group of young people for counsel in time of need, to keep order and try to create reverence in the meetings, and work together with the president in any way necessary.

After the sponsor is elected he or she will proceed to appoint a nominating committee who will meet with the sponsor and pray over the election of officers, as the right choice of officers will mean much for the work. Be sure to elect some one from the "Inner Circle" (by this I mean a good consecrated person), as your president, in fact, for all of the offices if you can find them. However sometimes to put others in a responsible place is the making of them and often leads them into the "Inner Circle."

The following officers should be elected:

President: The duty of the president is to preside at all business meetings and meet with all committees, and keep the young people stirred to activities along their line of work.

Vice President: The duties of a vice president are to assist the president in any way possible and to always be ready to take up the work of the president in case of their absence.

Secretary: The secretary is responsible for the record of each meeting and for keeping the roll of the class.

Corresponding Secretary: The duty of a corresponding secretary is to take care of all correspondence necessary in the work.

Treasurer: The duties of the treasurer are to collect and disburse moneys for the class.

Chorister: The duty of the chorister is to direct the music and try to develop the musical talents in the class.

Pianist: The duty of the pianist is to work in harmony with the chorister in every way possible and should never be late or absent when it is possible to avoid it. Her place is very important to the success of the meeting.

COMMITTEE WORK

After the election of officers the president should proceed to appoint the chairman for the following committee:

- "Good Cheer Committee"
- "Friendly Committee"
- "Social Committee"

The Good Cheer Committee is a visiting committee, to visit the sick and needy and carry sunshine into the homes where it is needed. This chairman should be one who can read the Word of God and pray with the sick. A nice bunch of flowers, a basket of fruit or glass of jelly taken along would be appreciated.

The friendly committee is to keep watch at all services for strangers, meet them, and make them welcome, take their name and addresses and visit them in their home as soon as possible. Nothing is needed more. Not long ago my daughter and I went into a certain church to a young people's meeting and we stayed through the whole service and left with the crowd and no one ever spoke to us. God's work cannot be built up in this cold-hearted way. True religion will shine out and we can't help being friendly if we have it. Strangers should be asked to have something to say when they visit your class. This committee should see

to that also.

The Social Committee should plan the program for the monthly business meeting and see that there is a place to hold it. There should be no trouble to find a place to hold it for all the homes should fly open for the young people and their work. A group of two, three or four may furnish the refreshments together so as not to make it hard on any one.

GROUP CAPTAINS

"The Training Class," should be divided into four groups with a wide awake captain at the head of each group. These captains and their group are responsible for the weekly programs, and the leader should be appointed from the group which has the program in charge. These captains are also responsible for their increase in membership in their own group. But this should never be mentioned only at the monthly business meeting as it detracts from the spiritual life of the meeting. Let each group bring in the name of new members to the business meeting each time. Be sure not to allow the rivalry to cause hard feelings. Better discontinue this if such should be the case, but a little friendly rivalry is fine and will do much to build up the class and make it interesting. Your groups can be No. 1, 2, 3, and 4, or you can each name your groups.

It will be very interesting at the end of the six months of office to know which group has increased most and whose financial prosperity has been the greatest. Every class should have some financial goal set, for there is nothing needed more than that of giving. Ask your pastor what he would like to have you do for him and then work hard to please him.

Never bring business of any kind into a regular meeting unless it is something very important. I have seen good meetings killed this way. Let the meeting close with a good spiritual atmosphere always.

PREPARING THE PROGRAM

For the benefit of those who are new in young people's work and who do not understand the making of programs for young people's meetings we are going to give a sample of a program we have used and you may change it in any way to suit the need of your group.

1st. Open with prayer if possible

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How to Organize a Volunteer Training Class

(Continued from page fourteen)

and pray very definitely for reverence in God's house. This prayer will prepare the young people for the inspiring song service which is to follow.

2nd. Have a fifteen or twenty minute song service. Let the song leader or sponsor comment on the songs before they are sung, to impress them on their hearts and make them realize their meaning. So many beautiful songs are wasted because they do not get the message intended.

3rd. Scripture lesson. Make the scripture have as much meaning to the class as possible. Read it and pray over it before coming to the meeting and ask God to reveal it to you so that you may give it out to others.

4th. Have sentence prayers and encourage your young people to offer just a sentence of prayer. You may not get much if any response at the first meeting but be patient, talk to your young people privately and after a while you'll see results.

5th. Ask for a shower of Bible quotations. You likely will not have many of these, but at any rate you will be letting them know how little of the Word of God they know and will encourage them to memorize scripture you may give them from time to time.

6th. Then you might open the meeting for a discussion of the topic. You should have handed out the comments in our Bible lessons and ask them to make talks on the subject. They will likely not respond at first and will want to read what you gave them, but again I say be patient and speak encouraging words to them and you will soon see them developing into good Christian workers.

7th. Somewhere on the program try to have one or more pieces of special music.

Be sure to study very closely the closing of your meeting. I always feel that something is left undone if I fail to give an opportunity to accept Christ, but the meeting must be watched so as to bring it up to that spiritual point where the Spirit is working in the hearts of the people. Just before you give the

call sing some good invitation song such as "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow," or "I Am Coming Lord," or "Lord I'm Coming Home." After this call, pray very earnestly for the unsaved. A song like "Jesus Keep Me Near The Cross" is very effective to close with, the last verse sung softly. These are just a few suggestions. Many other things will come to you as you pray for help and guidance in the work.

A young people's society should be held with only young people except occasionally they should prepare a program of special music and other good things and invite everybody. These special meetings will interest the older people as nothing else will. Sometimes it is good to get a good spiritual play and put it on for one of these special occasions. I remember one time when I was working with a band of young people, we gave one of these plays on tithing and it was so impressive that the people came to me afterward and said, Now if we just had an evangelist it would be a good time to start a revival. Then this is a splendid way to interest the young people. They like variety and we must keep things changed around occasionally to hold them. Very often you will be able to invite some speaker to come in from your church or some other church and make a good spiritual talk to the young people. Avoid any thing frivolous entering in. There is enough of the frivolous on the outside.

SOCIAL LIFE

Young people cannot be made old people and we would not want them to be. There is a certain amount of social mixing necessary with young people's work, and so often the most frivolous young person is put on the social committee in the average church. I want to say that you need the most level-headed, consecrated young person in your class to head this committee. Not a crank, but one who knows how to keep down anything that would bring reproach on the Cause and still give the young people a pleasant evening together. I would suggest that once a month you have a business meeting at some home. After the business meeting spend the rest of the evening socially. Invite outsiders to this meeting and in this way you can finally get them into your training class and win them for Christ. The sponsor and the social chairman

may get together and plan the program for this social evening. Serve some light refreshments. Two or three may band together in serving so that it will not mean much to any one. This is where the parents can play their part in the young people's work by opening their homes to them.

INSTALATION SERVICE

A beautiful and inspiring service can be held by installing your officers and inviting the public. Let it be the week following the election of officers. This service will be a good way to get your work before the people.

If this class is a new organization let the officers, committee, chairmen and group captains march into the church holding unlighted candles, singing "Work for the Night is Coming," and take their place facing the audience. They are met at the altar by the sponsor of the group, or by the pastor, with a lighted candle who is to give the charge to the newly elected officers. As he or she lights the candle of the president they give an inspirational talk, showing them what their duty is and urging them to do their best for the Master. Then on down the line until the whole row of candles are lighted and each officer has had his or her charge. The one installing will lead in a closing prayer, asking the Lord's blessings upon the work. Afterward the officers will march out, holding lighted candles, singing "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow."

If your society has been organized before, let the old officers march in first with lighted candles and take their places facing the audience then let the newly elected officers march in behind them with unlighted candles and stand facing each other—the old president facing the new, the old secretary facing the new secretary and so on down the line. Let the old president light the candle of the new president and step out of the way and the new one then faces the audience, and so on down the line until all the new officers stand facing the audience with lighted candles. This can be worked into an evening program and made very effective. Then the charge can be given to the new officers. Any appro-

(Continued on page sixteen)

He Leadeth Me

In pastures green. Not always;
sometimes He.
Who knoweth best, in kindness
leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows
be.
Out of the sunshine, warm, and
soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest
night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and
affright—
Only for this—I know he holds my
hand,
Whether it be green or desert
land
I trust, although I may not under-
stand.

And by still waters? No, not always
so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round
me blow;
And o'er my soul the waves and
billows go.
But when the storms beat loudest,
and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master stand-
eth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, It
is I."
Above the tempest wild I hear Him
say:
"Beyond this darkness lies the per-
fect day,
In every path of thine I lead the
way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high
and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys
where
The shadows lie—what matter? He
is there.
And more than this: wh'er the
pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless, broken
reed,
So where He leads me I can safely
go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall
know
Why in His wisdom He hath led
me so.

Fortunate, indeed, is the com-
munity that has a few individuals,
who go thru life curing sorrows,
allaying discontents, healing enmi-
ties, sweetening bitter fountains,
scattering happiness and good will.
One such nature can influence an
entire community, just as one flow-
er will crowd a room with sweet
odors.—Heart Throbs of Truth.

ARE YOU READY

Amongst many of us there is the
deepest conviction growing day by
day, that the end of the age is upon
us.

"If the Holy Ghost is doing one
thing more than another today, it
is this: There is going on quietly,
almost imperceptibly to some under
its influence, a spiritual movement
of HEART separation from the vis-
ible and tangible, to the unseen
presence of the Lord Himself and
eternal realities To those who
are capable of discerning it, this
movement—entirely spiritual—is
THE PROOF transcending all oth-
ers, that our Lord's Coming is im-
minent. It is to many as a new ex-
perience.

"This spiritual movement—felt
rather than understood—is perhaps
the first note of warning that our
departure is indeed at hand—the
first faint, far-off sounding of the
Lord's shout, which is to call up
His own to the meeting place in the
air. Friends, brothers, DO WE
HEAR this whisper? Has the Holy
Ghost had His way with you, to
draw your spirit so near your Lord
that YOU hear the first stirrings
which the Coming One has sent
forth—like wireless telegraphy—
and can YOU discern the import?
Every day seems to us to throw,
over all present conditions and cir-
cumstances, a deepening hush. To
God's own, earth's din is being
silenced that we may hear more
readily the rallying cry of the de-
scending Lord."—Sel.

"Judge not! though clouds or
seeming guilt
May dim thy brother's fame.
For fate may show suspicious shade
upon the brightest name;
Thou canst not tell what hidden
chain of circumstances may,
Have wrought the sad result that
takes an honest name away.

Judge not!

Judge not! Thou canst not tell how
soon the look of bitter scorn
May rest on thee, though pure thy
heart as dew drops in the morn.
Thou dost not know what freak of
fate may place upon thy brow,
A cloud of shame to kill thy joy,
that rests upon it now.

Judge not!"—Selected.

Yet Will I Rejoice

(Continued from page eight)
our feet again, and we walk on the
higher ground as we rejoice.

Victory is ours only as we take it,
victory over discouragement, vic-
tory over circumstances, over loss.
He has promised that nothing shall
by any means harm us as we lean
on Him, and He gently speaks
cheer and guides us into the truth
of victory and joy in the Lord.
"Let not your heart be troubled."
"Rejoice in the Lord always, and
again I say unto you rejoice."—
Selected.

How To Organize A Volunteer Training Class

(Continued from page fifteen)
prie songs may be used instead
of the ones suggested.

Now we will suggest a program
for a service like this.

Opening prayer.

Fifteen minute song service.

Scripture reading, Isa. 6:1-9.

Prayer by some two or three
young people if possible.

Song (select appropriate songs).

Installation service.

Special music—solo, duet, or
quartette.

Open meeting for words of en-
couragement from the other peo-
ple to the young folks, and have a
few prepared to speak, but limit
them to only a few moments. Avoid
long, tiresome talks.

Song.

Closing prayer.

The class song will be "Volun-
teers for Jesus" and is in many of
our song books, but if you do not
have it, send to Hope Publishing
Co., Chicago, Ill. for "Songs of
Hope." You can get one copy if you
are not able to get more and make
copies enough for your whole
society. Learn this to sing on spe-
cial occasions to impress your
Volunteer Training Class upon the
people. Just here we will make
mention of children's song books
which can be had at the same place.
Your children should be inspired
with new songs occasionally as it
will keep them interested. Our class
scripture will be Isa. 6:1-9, and can
be used on special occasions.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 1.

JANUARY, 1930.

NO. 3.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

☞ A Call To Valor ☞

UNFURL the Christian Standard and follow through the strife,
The noble army who have won the martyr's crown of life;
Our ancestry could die for truth, could brave the deadly blow,
And shall we let the standard fall, and yield it to the foe?

But if ye dare not hold it fast, yours only is the loss,
For it shall be victorious, this standard of the cross;
It shall not suffer though you rest beneath your sheltering trees,
And cast away the victor's crown for love of timid ease.

The Lord of hosts in whom alone our weakness shall be strong,
Shall lead us on to conquest with a mighty battle song;
And soon the warfare shall be past, the glorious triumphs won,
The kingdoms of this world shall be the Kingdom of His Son.



"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor

716 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tennessee

JANUARY, 1930.

EDITORIAL

Any one desiring to organize a young people's society under any other name besides "Volunteer Training Class" is welcome to use any parts of this paper for your work. Those desiring our plans for organization can get them by sending 15 cents extra along with your subscription to the "Lighted Pathway." For this amount we will send you the two first copies of our paper which contain plans for organization and explanation of the "Inner Circle."

We are hoping that God will use YOU as a partner in this work of putting out this paper, by your own subscription and by sending in a number of others with it. Also if you have friends at a distance you want to have a sample copy, send us a list of names and we will send the paper. One woman sent in three subscriptions—one for herself and two sisters. You might do likewise. It may be you can't talk to your friends; maybe they wouldn't listen to you, but will read the paper. I'm still offering \$5.00 for every one hundred subscriptions for the one who sends in the largest number in the one hundred—a good way for the Young People's group to add to their treasury, or some boy or girl who is in need, to make it for themselves.

We are very much encouraged at the letters of appreciation coming in in regard to "The Lighted Pathway." We are glad to know that it is carrying with it a blessing to the people. One sister from Iowa who sent in some subscriptions said, "The people are more interested in worldly papers or novels and they do not want spiritual things." That is true and yet God is depending on you and me to get the spiritual truths over to them somehow. The Word tells us to "go out into

the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." We must push our way in sometimes in order to get the Gospel to men.

There is no doubt in my mind that the best way to win souls for the Master is through personal work. If every professed Christian today would personally work with their friends and neighbors, using wisdom and love, it would not take long to set the world on fire for God. The Word says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We would judge by the things many professed Christians talk about when they meet, that they have forgotten God and the responsibility God has placed upon them as soul winners. This is why the world is in the awful condition it is in today. Who will have it to answer for? If you begin to talk about the Lord and His goodness to the average Christian when you meet them, they at once brand you as an extremest.

Not long ago in a certain town I took a handful of my little papers and introduced them into some of the homes, and this gave me a good chance to meet the people and talk to them about spiritual things. As I talked to them they saw that I was sincere and many of the precious women opened their hearts to me and told of their troubles and gave me a chance to help them. One little woman asked, with tears in her eyes, "Do you think my baby that died about a year ago is in heaven and will I know him over there?" Someone had told her that her baby was not in heaven, but that it would have another chance sometime, somewhere. Of course this gave me a chance to help her and comfort her with the truth on this subject. Now this is just one of the many things that one is able to accomplish if they are willing to go out after the lost sheep that are hungry and cold, discouraged and bewildered. I am giving thru the paper this month extracts from a sermon on "Heaven," all brought about through the visit into this home, hoping to help hundreds of troubled hearts to see into this beautiful place Jesus has gone to prepare, so that they may make the death of their loved ones stepping stones heavenward. God is calling us to seek out and help His wandering sheep.

A SINGLE SOUL

"Ruth, I have tickets for the concert of the Bell-Ringers on Wednesday night. Can you go?" Alice said to a friend, as she stopped at her gate.

"It is prayer meeting night."

"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer meeting for anything."

"But this is a sacred concert — and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So, reluctantly, against her convictions, Ruth consented.

That night the girl dreamed that an angel in shining raiment stood beside her, and asked gently "Where are you going tomorrow night?"

And she answered, "I thought would go to the concert."

Then the angel said sadly, "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

Vividly the vision came back to Ruth the next morning, as she lay saying softly to herself wondering what it could mean — "So little appreciation of the value of a single soul."

She decided that she must take back her promise to attend the concert, and go to the prayer meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing:

"Plenteous grace with Thee I found, grace to cover all my sin
Let the healing streams abound
make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art, freely
let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart
rise to all eternity."

As the music ceased, the girl sprang impulsively to her feet.

"I meant to hear the Bell-Ringers tonight," she said, "but I decided that I would rather come to prayer meeting; and I am happier here than I should have been at the concert; and I am sure no music could be sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sung."

As the hour for closing drew near, the pastor arose, and invited any who would give themselves

(Continued on page sixteen)

GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD AND GOOD MORNING TO THE NEW

By the Editor

We are reminiscent as we say good-bye to the old year as its gateway closes behind us. We think sometimes that the word good-bye is the saddest word in the vocabulary. We sometimes wish it had never been coined, but the absence of this word would not hinder the occasion for which it is used. It would not have hindered the death angel from coming into my home years ago and taking from me my precious babe. It would not have hindered him from coming into your home and taking away your loved one, neither would it have hindered the year 1929 from coming to a close. Time is passing along, and we are passing with it; and nothing can hinder.

On December 31st, at 12 o'clock, midnight, we said good-bye to the old year. I wonder what our fondest memories have been. I wonder if there are any regrets? Yes, we remember many things along the way.

We remember when that opportunity came to speak a word for the Master, and we gave him our lips, we remember when we were privileged to run some errands for him and we gladly obeyed. We remember when he gave us an opportunity to serve him by serving our fellow man and the joy it brought to our hearts as He said, inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these little ones, ye did it unto me. We also remember the kind and loving words we spoke to our loved ones to cheer them along the way, the sorrows we helped to soothe, and the broken and bleeding hearts we helped to heal. We remember the times circumstances placed us behind prison bars, and seemingly there was no way out, but like Paul and Silas, we sang praises unto God and He burst the chains and broke the iron bars and set us free. Oh, it is wonderful to remember such beautiful service rendered along the way, but stop! Are there not some more things to remember? The time when the opportunity came to speak a word in defense or testimony for our Master and because of timidity or lack of courage we failed to give him our

lips. We remember when He called us to run some errands for Him and we did not have time, Martha was too busy, and that poor sick woman must lay there and suffer for a little kindly word we might have spoken, or a good deed we might have done. Yes, we remember how our hearts were broken, as he whispered into our ears, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my little ones ye did it not unto me."

We also remember when we were not as kind and patient to our loved ones as we should have been. Unkind impatient words dropped from our lips, pierced their hearts and made them bleed. But as we remember these things shall we sit down and worry and spend the rest of our time lamenting because of these lost opportunities. Oh no, Paul says, Forgetting the things that are behind we are to press forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Let us bring all of our victories and defeats, all of our successes and failures and lay them at the Master's feet and say, Here, Lord, is my record for the past year, take it and make out of it what you can. You have said you would make all things work together for good to those who love God. Do the best thou canst, Lord, for truly I love thee and all through the year it has been my desire to please thee. Forgive me, Lord.

You will then hear the sweet voice of the Lord say, child, I understand. I was there when you failed me so terribly. I knew you loved me, but you let the things of the world creep in and you were not watching and praying as you should have been. I will forgive. And now, my child, I want you to look into this beautiful gateway which has opened before you into the new year. I have spared you through all your failures, because I saw in you a desire to please me.

Beloved, can it be that He sees in us a desire to please Him, and has he permitted us to enter the gateway of the new year?

This is the time for new resolu-

tions. What do we intend to do with the new year? It means much to make resolutions, but it means more to keep them. We must not be afraid to make them, for our God will stand by us if we trust Him and stand by Him.

Beloved, as we enter into this new year, we are called to go forth like Abraham, not knowing whither we go, in a path He will show us trusting His hand to lead us all the way. This new year will be mixed with joys and sorrows. Sunshine and shadows alike will fall on our pathway, there will be times when the sea of life will be calm and beautiful and times when the waves will dash high, times when we look with admiration upon the beautiful rose as it blooms out before us, and times when the thorns on that same rose bush will pierce our hands and make them bleed. He is in the joys and sorrows and in the sunshine and shadows. He is in the calm and in the storm. The same God who made the beautiful rose also made the thorns.

Then as we go forth in this new year, let us not be afraid of the arrow that flieth at noonday. God said to Joshua, "When thou goest out to battle against thine enemies, and seest horses and chariots, more than thou, be not afraid of them for the Lord thy God is with thee which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt."

"Let this new year that silent walks beside me
Be as a means of grace
To lead me up, no matter what betide me,
Nearer the Master's face.

If it need be that ere I reach the fountain
Where living waters play
My feet should bleed from sharp stones on the mountain
Then cast them in my way.

If my vain soul needs blows and bitter crosses
To shape it for thy crown
Then bruise it, burn it, burden it with crosses,
With sorrows bear it down.

Do what thou wilt to mould me to Thy pleasure,
And if I should complain
Heap full of anguish yet another measure,
Until I smile at pain."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Old Testament Work

1st Week

Who was the little boy who had a beautiful coat of many colors? His brothers sold him to some men, and he was sent off away from his father and his home. Read all about him and see if he ever got to see his old father any more. You will find the story of this little boy in Genesis. Read from the 37th chapter on through to the end of the book of Genesis.

Memory work:—Ps. 110:10; Ps. 119:2; Ps. 119:11; Prov. 3:1; Ps. 34:14; Ps. 51:10.

2nd Week

What was the queen's name who came before the king to plead for the people? Read all about her and what happened to her. Read about her in 1 Kings 10 and 2 Kings 23:7-10.

Memory work:—Prov. 1:10; Isa. 40:1; Prov. 7:2; Prov. 3:7; Isa. 40:4; Isa. 26:3; Ps. 86:7.

New Testament Work

3rd Week

Who was the young man that loved Jesus enough to let the people stone him to death for His sake? Did this young man talk unkindly to these mean people while they were stoning him? Read this young man's sermon and see what they did to him. Acts 6th and 7th chapters.

Memory work:—John 12:32; John 14:1; John 3:16; Mark 13:31; Luke 11:9; Matt. 11:28; Rom. 1:16.

4th Week

Why did Jesus leave this earth and go back to Heaven? John 4:1-3. When He gets the place prepared is He coming back again? If so, how is He coming? Acts 1:9-11.

Memory work:—John 14:15; John 14:27; Luke 21:36; John 15:5; Rom. 8:28; Rom. 8:14; 1 Cor. 16:13.

He gives not best who gives most;
But he gives most who gives best.

Note: Dear children:—

I am wondering this morning what you would like to have on your page. I am sure that you very frequently take a penny to Sunday School to put in the collection plate, and I wonder what your penny is made of. Did you ever see a silver penny or a gold penny? I am giving you a little piece this month to show you what kind of pennies you have been giving.

A PENNY PARABLE

Rev. John Crawford
(Reprinted from July, 1915, Missionary Survey.)

At an English missionary meeting an earnest speaker had been telling about the trials and triumphs of God's work among the heathen.

A collection was then taken, and as it was a children's meeting the plates came back with a great many pennies. These looked very much alike, but the steward who counted them over said they differed wonderfully.

"How so?" asked a teacher.

"Because of the different feelings with which they were put into the plate," answered the steward.

Then he gave a little history of what had happened as he passed the plate among the classes.

One boy thought collections should not be taken at a missionary meeting. "When I give," said he, "I want to give without being asked. But as the plate is here, right under my nose, I suppose I must give something. Pity, though, that I can't come to a meeting without being dunned for money." With this the boy threw the penny in. "I call that an iron penny," said the steward. "It came from a hard, iron heart, and the hand that gave it was a cold and merciless hand."

As the plate passed on it reached another boy. He was laughing and

talking with a boy in the class behind him. The plate waited a second, while the boy's teacher tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Have you your penny ready?" "A penny?" said the boy, turning about; "what's a penny! of course I'll give a penny; a penny's nothing; here goes a penny for the heathen!" And, so saying, he tossed his penny in, and at once looked about for some more fun. "That boy's penny," said the steward, "I call tin."

The plate went on its way and presently met a boy of another sort. His penny was ready. He had been holding it between thumb and finger in such a way that his classmates might all see it. Looking round to make sure that they were all now watching him, he dropped it in with a self-satisfied air and with a loud thump. "A brass penny, that," said the steward, as he kept on counting.

"But the next kind that I got was a great deal better," he pursued. "It came from a little fellow who had been listening to every word of the speaker, and whose heart was touched with real pity."

As the plate drew near this boy he turned to his teacher and whispered, while a tear dimmed either eye, "I'm very sorry for the heathen! Of course I'll give a penny, and I only wish that I had more to give."

"I call that a silver penny," said the steward.

"But now I have the best of all," he added, as he held up a clean and bright new copper coin.

"This I shall call a golden penny for as I held out the plate to get it I heard the boy that gave it say 'I love my Savior, He wants the poor heathen to know how much He loves them, and to learn his pleasant ways. I will give my penny gladly for His sake. And I would give anything I have to carry out His wish if I knew He wanted it.'—The Missionary Speaker.

"I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm

To win my bread,
And that beyond my need is meat
For friend unfed.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

FAMILY PRAYERS

You say you are "busy this morning

In the maelstrom of family cares,
And husband must rush to the office,

So there isn't a moment for prayers."

Then the children are sent to the schoolroom

And the grind of the day thus begins,

With no word from God's book to remember,

Nor the echo of strengthening hymns.

What wonder the burdens are heavy,

And the hours seem irksomely long;

What wonder that rash words are spoken,

And that life seems discordant and wrong!

And at even, discouraged and wearied.

You carelessly go to your rest,
Forgetting that Jesus is waiting

To pillow your head on his breast.

He longs for a word of thanksgiving

And to hear your love spoken again:

He asks to review the day's record,
And to cleanse it of blotches and stain."

But if you forget so often,

Some time you may knock at his gate

And, awaiting the summons to enter,

You may hear, "You are praying too late."

So pause for a little each morning,
And again at the close of the day,

To talk with the Master who loves you

Remember, He taught us to pray.

Making Things Right

By the Editor

There may be parents in whose hands this paper may fall who will feel remorse of conscience as the Holy Spirit speaks to your heart and reveals to you that you have not been faithful in the training of your children. You perhaps have been a careless father or mother and have let your children drift away from you. You may be a church member and have been active in church work and still you realize your example before your children in the home and elsewhere has not been the best. At times you would give anything to live your life over and do differently, but that is impossible. You must face the future and leave the past behind under the blood of Christ. Be brave and courageous. Go to those children and tell them just how you feel and invite them now to turn with you and be a real soldier of the cross. It is the only way you will ever be able now to influence them. James says confess your faults one to another. It is those confessions that restore confidence in us and make them willing to listen to our words of counsel.

Just a word to young fathers and mothers who are beginning the training of the little ones, let them see in father and mother just what you want your children to be after while. It is the seed sown in early youth that springs up in later years and bears fruit. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether the child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether across it shall

jar eternal discord, and after a life of wrong doing on earth, it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson, and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh how many children in Glory crowding all the battlements and lifting a million voiced hosannas, were brought to God through Christian parentage.

A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her soul and she had been praying all night. The mother said, "Oh stop praying. I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I will give you a dress that will cost \$500.00 and you may wear it next week to the party." The daughter took the dress, and moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay that night. Sure enough all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after, when she came to die, she said in her closing moments, "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$500.00. The mother thought it a very strange request but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," she said, "Mother, hang that dress on the foot of the bed." The dress was hung there — on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at the mother and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul." Oh what a momentous thing it is to be a mother.—Talmage.

LOST—A BOY!

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave, to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue, if need be.

Unfortunately, the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at

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: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE

By Henry Proctor, F. R. S. L.

O

"Through Him let us offer up a sacrifice of PRAISE continually, that is, the fruit of lips which make confession to HIS NAME." Emphasis should be laid upon the word "SACRIFICE;" the 20 Cent. N. T. puts it, "Through HIM let us offer AS OUR SACRIFICE continual PRAISE to the Lord, an offering from lips that glorify HIS name." (Heb. 13:15). This is put in the place of continual burnt offering. There is no time when it ought to be omitted. Praise should go up in the darkest hour, and in the most difficult circumstances:—"Giving thanks ALWAYS for ALL things." (Eph. 5:20). Jonah did it in the whale's belly. His prayer began, "Out of the belly of hell" (Jonah 2:2), and ends, "But I will sacrifice to THEE with loud thanksgiving." (Verse 9). So did Paul and Silas in the Philippian prison, with feet still fast in the stocks, and with bare and bleeding backs. PRAISE will bring deliverance, and if God has to send an earthquake, deliverance must come at the sound of real heartfelt PRAISE.

This is typified in the marches around Jericho; for six days there was prayer, but on the seventh A SHOUT OF PRAISE which brought immediate victory through an earthquake which caused the walls of Jericho to sink into the ground, where they have been found within recent years.

So also Jehoshaphat when going forth to battle against three nations; he appointed singers unto Jehovah that should praise the beauty of holiness as they went forth before the enemy, and to say "Give thanks unto the Lord; for His mercy endureth forever." (2

A Prayerful Prayer

By F. E. Marsh

Keep, mighty Lord, along life's trying way,
My faith in Thee.
I have no strength, on Thee my faith to stay,
Give faith in Thee.
It is Thy faith, O Lord, in me I need,
Give this in full, and I am blest indeed.

Keep, loving Christ my soul alive with love,
With love to Thee.
Thy love I want to keep my heart above,
In touch with Thee.
It is Thy love, so pure, so true, so free,
Which moves my heart in grace of love to Thee.

Keep, Holy Lord, my life from sin's dark stain,
Live Thou in me.
Thy holy life shall keep from sin's domain,
Live Thou in me.
In all Thy beauty, live, O Lord, in me,
Then shall I, Lord, in all be like to Thee.

Keep, gracious Lord, my heart at rest in Thee,
In Thee I trust.
Let me from doubt, and fear, and self, be free,
In Thee I trust.
Thy peace will guard my heart from anxious care
And keep me calm, and save me from despair.

Thy pastures green, O Shepherd, lead me in,
Lead Thou me there.
By waters still, or in the world's wild din,
Lead Thou me there.
The valley's shadow has no fear for me,
Thy rod, and staff, my comfort there shall be.

Chron. 20:21). So they HAD NO NEED TO FIGHT in that battle but had simply to stand still and see the salvation of Jehovah (Verse 17). Heartfelt praise must ever be victorious. "Whoso offereth the sacrifice of praise (thanksgiving) glorifieth ME, and prepareth a way that I may show him the salvation of God." (Psa. 50:23, R. V. margin).

We are convinced that many of God's dear children fall short of their longings for Divine Life for their bodies for want of this victor-

ious ART OF PRAISING, in order that they may get in touch with God. Not a few of these who walk closely with Him could tell us of marvelous experiences of strength imparted just through praising, even when there is nothing to praise for as far as the senses witness. Power for healing is wonderfully conveyed thru the channel of PRAISE. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." (Neh. 8:10). Pray all you will, beloved,—you cannot err in that, but, standing upon the promise that "Whatever you pray for, and ask, believe you have got it and you shall have it." (Mark 11:24, Moffatt), sing out from the depth of your jubilant heart, Hallelujah! 'tis done. "And the Promiser will see that the prayer of faith, energized by the song of triumph shall save the sick. Aye more, the habitual practice of the PRAISE LIFE will hold immune from Satan's attacks the dear saints of God who will to sing the song He gives them in the night.

(Quoted from
Rev. K. MacKenzie).

That wonderful servant of God whose faith is spoken of throughout the world, George Muller, had learned to rejoice not only in, but because of the trials of his faith, saying, "I had a secret joy because of the greatness of the difficulties." Like Paul he gloried in tribulation, necessities and distresses, because he knew that God would glorify Himself, and that Christ would daily lead him in the train of His triumphs. That is why Paul said, 'delight in weakness, ill-treatment, hardships, persecution and difficulty, when borne for Christ: In fact

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THE INNER CIRCLE

CHISELING IN THE MARBLE OF CENTURIES

Prepared by Basil W. Miller

One of the early Pharaohs had an architect build a massive monument to his memory. Stones weighing many tons were transported a great distance from the quarry to the site of the monument. Workmen by the hundreds labored for years to complete it. After all was finished as was customary the Pharaoh ordered the architect to engrave the king's name in the marble in a very conspicuous place. This was done. But centuries wore away, and finally it was discovered that the name of the ruler had been cut in cement, rather than in the marble, and when this outer coating had weathered the storms of several centuries, it fell off. Underneath chiseled in the marble was the name of the architect. He had chiseled his name in the marble of the monument! Wise was he in outwitting the king. Today, when we see this monument, it is the architect, the builder, the chisler, of whom we think and not the Pharaoh.

Young man, young woman, literally chisel your name in the enduring marble of the ages! God's leaders have achieved more than merely living, and passing off the scene of life unheralded and unsung. They have chiseled away at the marble of their age, until successive generations see their name carved in the marble of time. Many seemingly left their names uncarved. But when the roll call of achievers was made, the future ages heard their response. Socrates drank the hemlock—today he is called the greatest thinker of antiquity! Joan of Arc was burned at the stake by her native country which she liberated—at present she is revered as one of the greatest patriots of all times! Luther barely escaped martyrdom—today his name stands as

a beacon light of the ages of reformation. Wesley preached from the tombstone of his father's grave, for no pulpit was opened to him—today he is honored as the founder, the leader of the greatest revival of religion of all the centuries. The Puritan fathers braved the wilds of an uncharted sea, driven from native soil because of their religious beliefs—now they are honored as the noble sires of the grandest republic of all time.

Columbus, sailing on and on, ever westward, was chained on the deck of his own vessel, finally in prison he was declared insane—we herald his glory as the discoverer of America. Galileo was cast into prison because of his magnificent discoveries in the realms of science and his invention of the telescope—he is now honored wherever intelligent men abide. Cervantes was cast into prison because of his literary activities—now his "Don Quixote" is declared by some to be the greatest novel ever written. Dante was exiled and placed under death sentence because of his writing—Dante's name now stands among the list of the immortals of the pen!

Jesus Christ was hated by his fellow-countrymen, despised by his kinsmen, crucified by the high priests of his religion—He is now worshiped as the Son of God, whose religion spans the seas, and encompasses all nations and climes.

These conquerors of the ages wrought well, lived for the future, carved their names deeply in the marble of time; and when the outer coating of their ages had worn away, there stood their names chiseled in the enduring marble of the centuries. Weather may beat; ice may blast; rains and sleet and hail of passing times may wear away—but their names, their

fames, their glory is undying, unending. They chiseled well at the marble God placed before them, and allowed friend and foes, the past and the present, to pass by unheeded. They labored and struggled, unmindful of present difficulties. They wrote, repolished, toiled by day, prayed by night. They consecrated their inner fire, their spiritual capacities, their mental vigor, to the achievement of the goal. Forgotten by the present generation—their fame with the coming ages was wrought out in the crucible of sacrifice.

Chisel your name in the marble of the ages, young man. Carve in some niche of the monuments of God a lasting tribute to your endurance. On some stone in the cathedral of God write the story of your fame. With brush of artist and tints mixed with consecrated effort, paint a lasting picture to grace the hall of fame of all time. On the sands of time leave a lasting footprint—through the fire of your inner vision, through the glory of your pen, through the nobility of your sacrifice, through the drops of bloody sweat trying to save humanity, through your undaunted courage in heralding the tidings of peace—on the sands of time walk with a conqueror's tread, march as a master of soul, mind and body, strive to win the goal of success through the power of God!

Fill your place wherever it be, small or great, unnoticed, or in the throng. Whether the world throws at thy feet its bouquets of fragrant flowers, lilies of the valley, roses of Sharon, or whether you be forced to pick your own bouquets—by faith in man, belief in God, through toil and struggle, painting and retouching, writing and repolishing, effort and labor, achieve some worthwhile goal, soar to the heights of service to humanity. Whether the world applauds thy feeble efforts, or praises thy unknown masterpieces, or crowns with garlands of victory thy successful brow—strive on. Sail on thru storm! Columbus taught the

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VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS



Bible Lessons



Lesson 1.

Topic:-Bible Study-God Talking To Us

Scripture Lesson, Psa. 119:105: 2d Timothy 3:14-17.

"The Bible is a letter from home, a Father's directions to His child, telling him how to get there and warning him of the dangers of the road."

Jesus said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." How can we do this unless we search the Scriptures to find what His commandments are? Try

COMMANDMENTS TO THINK ABOUT

No. 1. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

No. 2. "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Matt. 7:12.

No. 3. "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you."

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

Am I a professing Christian and neglecting to study my Bible? Do I love the Lord enough to strive to keep His commandments? Is keeping His com-

mandments a pleasure to me, or is it a cross? Have I tarried for the power and received the promise according to Acts 1:4, 8?

Matt. 5:44.

No. 4. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Matt. 5:16.

No. 5. "And, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me.

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:4, 8.

BIBLE READINGS

In time of trouble, read John 14; Psa. 46.

When you worry, Matt. 6:19-34.

When you have the blues, Psa. 91.

When God seems far away, Psa. 139.

When you want rest and peace, Matt. 11:25-30.

When in sickness, Luke 8:22-25; Psa. 91.

When men fail you, 1 Pet. 5:7; Psa. 23.

When lonely or fearful, Matt. 6:25-34; 11:28-30.

When discouraged or tempted, 1 Cor. 10:13; Isa. 40.

When you have sinned, 1 John 1:8, 9; Heb. 7:25.

When you forget your blessings, Psa. 103.

When your faith seems failing, Heb. 11.

When you want courage, 2 Cor. 12:9.

When looking for happiness, Col. 3:1-17.

When leaving home for travel, Psa. 121.

When you grow bitter or critical, 1 Cor. 13.

If you are not a Christian, John 3:16; Matt. 10:32, 33; 22:35-40; 35:31-46; Rom. 10:9-13; Eph. 2:8, 9.

NOTE:—Distribute a few of these Scriptures around among the class and ask them to talk on the subject.

MISDIRECTED

A terrible blizzard was raging over the eastern part of the States, making more and more difficult the progress of a train that was slowly facing its way along.

Among the passengers was a woman with a child, who was much concerned lest she should not get off at the right station. A gentle-

man, seeing her anxiety, said:

"Do not worry. I know the road well, and I will tell you when you come to your station."

In due course the train stopped at the station before the one at which the woman wanted to get off.

"The next station will be yours, ma'am," said the gentleman.

Then they went on, and in a few minutes the train stopped again.

"Now is your time, ma'am; get

out quickly," he said.

The woman took up her child, and, thanking the gentleman for his kindly interest, left the train.

At the next stop, to his surprise and alarm, the brakeman called out the name of the station where the woman had wished to get off.

"You have already stopped at this station!" called the gentleman to the official.

"No, sir," he replied, "something was wrong with the engine, and

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS

Bible Lessons

Lesson 2.

Topic:-Prayer-Talking to God

Scripture:—Matt. 6:9-13.

Our last lesson, Bible Reading—God talking to us, and our present topic, Prayer—Talking to God, goes hand in hand.

To get acquainted with an individual we must meet and converse with each other. It is also true of our acquaintanceship with God. We would be very much disgusted with the person who came to our home and did all the talking and we could not get a chance to say a word. Our acquaintanceship would be one-sided. So unless the two go hand in hand we can not rightly get acquainted. So many Christians are like the man who does all the talking. They spend all their time praying, "Lord, give me, give me," and do not spend enough time in the study of God's Word to find out what conditions are to be met before they can rightfully ask for what they need. This is the reason for so much unanswered prayer. Let us then remember God is not pleased with a one-sided conversation.

A man once came to my door and asked for something to eat. He seemed very down hearted and despondent and said he had been tempted to commit suicide. He said, "I have prayed and prayed but no answer has come." I said, "I wonder if you realize God has been calling you all these years to surrender your life to Him and you have refused Him. Why would you expect Him to hear your cry when you have turned a deaf ear to His cry? When you meet His conditions, then maybe He'll hear your prayer." It was a new thought to him and will likely be to some who will study these lessons. Remember that there is a condition with every promise. We would see wonderful things happen if we would meet the conditions God has laid down for us.

"And he spake a parable unto this end that men ought always to pray and not to faint." Luke 18:1. So often we pray for a short time and get discouraged and faint hearted and give up just before the

answer comes, like the children of Israel who were just ready to cross over into the beautiful promised land flowing with milk and honey. They grew faint hearted and were turned back to wander forty years and only two of them were able to make it through. Just that few in number these days compared with the number who pray, are really holding on by faith till the answer comes.

If we would ever be useful in the Master's service we must spend much time in prayer. "Look back over the history of Christian service, and you will find that the men and women who have lifted the world spiritually have saturated their lives with prayer. It was said of Luther whose name stands for the great reformation of the sixteenth century, that when especially busy he would say that he must spend more time than usual in prayer in order to accomplish most.

Columba, Livingston and Whitfield died upon their knees. Baxter stained the study walls with praying breath and after he was anointed with the unction of the Holy Ghost, sent a river of living water over Kinderminister and converted hundreds. John Knox prayed, "Oh give me Scotland or I die." And such a power was he in his work that Queen Mary on the throne would say, "I fear John Knox more than any army of twenty thousand men."

What a change one short hour in prayer will make. What heavy burden from our bosoms take.

What parched grounds, refresh us with a shower; We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power, Why is it then we do ourselves this wrong,

And others, that we are not always strong?

Rushing from bed to business without the prayer period is poor policy. Those who think to save their time from prayer lose it. Those who invest time in communion with God are sure to find it again in blessing upon their work. See James 4:2.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

How much time do I spend in prayer? Beginning now how much time will I spend in prayer?

DAILY HOME READINGS

Prayer Delays Psa. 37:1-6
Prayer Importunity Luke 18:1-9
Prayer Vigilance 1 Peter 4:7-11

Being faithful in Prayer Rom. 12:12; Phil. 4:6
Prayer Training Matt. 6:6-13
Prayer Importance 1 Tim. 2:1-4

we stopped for a few moments to repair it."

"Alas!" cried the passenger, "I have put that woman off in the storm when the train stopped be-

tween stations!" Afterwards they found her with her child in her arms. Both were frozen to death. It was the terrible and tragic consequence of wrong

direction being given.

Still more terrible are the results of misdirecting the souls of men. Yet it must be evident to all that amid the babel of contradictory

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS

Bible Lessons

Lesson 3.

Topic:-Drifting With The Tide

Scripture Lesson:—Dan. 3:8-30

If the three Hebrew children had drifted with the tide, they would have failed to show the wonder-working power of God to those about them. Great things can only be done by those who are willing to step out against the current of worldliness and infidelity and unbelief we find among professed Christians today. This is why we are seeing so few people saved. God's way is a narrow way and often the way of suffering and opposition and He is looking for people who will stand the test as these young men did.

There is such music and sweetness in these words of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. "Oh Nebuchadnezzar we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, Oh King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image thou hast set up." Dan. 3:16-18. They just meant live or die, sink or swim, they would be true to God, and their stand brought the king to acknowledge that there was no other God except their God.

Oh yes we have so much to say about the higher criticism, infidelity, modernism and monkeyism existing today and all such things, and it is terrible, but we believe that the professed Christian world is to blame. If we as Christians would stand for our convictions we would soon see the power of God so

manifested in our churches that the Nebuchadnezzars of our day would have to acknowledge that our God and our Christ is real and our Bible the inspired Word of God. I hear some one say, "Yes, I realize this is true and I know that I am not standing out for my convictions, but what can I do among so many? People would misunderstand me and I'd lose my friends." Do you know there may be a number of others in your community who have the same convictions and are like you, believing that they stand alone. Your leading out in the right direction may lead other hungry hearts to take their stand.

It may be God is impressing you to form a prayer band in your church or community and you are too timid and afraid to mention this to your friends. Others may have the same desire and God is depending on you to take the lead. A prayer band in your church might be the means of bringing a mighty revival into your midst. The people who have stood true to God and obeyed His Word have always been a persecuted people. Look back through all the ages and you will see that God's way has not been popular and we must be willing to separate ourselves from the world if we go God's way.

Let us remember that along with our stand must come humility and sweetness of spirit instead of bigotry and a determination to make everybody see as we see. God must lead others as He led you and it's thru your humility and the fruits of the Spirit in your life He can best lead others.

QUESTIONS

Am I drifting with the tide?

Am I in the face of opposition, standing out before the world for all I believe?

Will I from this day stand more firmly for the right?

Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Aaron drifted with the tide Exod. 32:1-8
Jesus followed conviction John 18:28-40
The way of the crowd Matt. 24:36-42

Elijah true to convictions 1 Kings 18:17-38
When Peter failed Matt. 26:69-75
When Stephen triumphed Acts 7:54-60

voices which are heard today, many of the directions given must be false and misleading, even when given by well-meaning men. All cannot be true.

We should then, one and all, be on our guard against being misdirected for eternity. It is all too solemn to rest on uncertainties with such an important matter as our soul's salvation, and as to where we shall spend eternity—in

heaven, or in hell? It must be one of the two places.

Thank God, there is no need for us to depend upon doubtful counsel. In His own sure Word, He has Himself given the plainest directions as to the way to heaven. The way He indicates is not the way of "doing our best," or of "observing the golden rule," or of "trying to be good."

We are assured at the outset,

that none of these ways will lead us to heaven. We have, all of us, wandered too far astray from God for any such directions to help us.

The Word of God points to Christ as the only way. He suffered at Calvary, not merely as a martyr, but as a Sin-bearer, making atonement by His blood. Now that He is risen from the dead, He is proclaimed all as the Object of faith. The way to have blessing for the present

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS

Bible Lessons

Lesson 4.

Topic:—Choosing a Vocation

Scripture Lesson:—Eccl. 9:10; 1 Thes. 4:9-12.

Many of our young people are simply drifting here and there discouraged and unhappy because they have not found the place God had intended them to fill. God has a complete plan for every life and will help you find what vocation you are fitted for if you trust Him to do it.

How may I find God's plan for one along this line? This is a question of great importance that is being asked by thousands of young people today. Everybody knows that a misfit in vocation is the greatest hindrance to happiness and success.

Here are some answers to this often asked question.

First, make a complete surrender to the will of God as He cannot direct you as long as your will is in His way. This is the most important step in solving this problem. After you have surrendered your will completely to His will then He can lead you to the work you are best fitted for and you will love that work above all other work.

"Three stone cutters were at work on a stone. A stranger asked the first what he was doing. He said, 'I am working for \$7.50 per day.' 'And you?' he asked the second. 'I'm cutting this stone,' he growled. When the question was put to the third stone cutter, he answered, 'I'm helping to build a cathedral.'"

Kate Douglas Wiggin tells of meeting a little girl on the street who was carrying a child almost as large as herself. "Isn't he too heavy for you?" asked Miss Wiggin. "Heavy," answered the child in surprise. "No, he isn't heavy, he's my little brother."

See Lord Byron, cynical man of the world, who found no good in his fellowman, and whose idea of life was to get the most and give the least. At thirty-six he writes:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;

The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Robert Browning, with his ideal of the serviceable life and his belief in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, found life not heavy nor a burden, but sends down thru the years his message:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life,
For which the first was made."
From "Choice of a Career."

This shows the difference in the man who finds his life work and those who drift along in their own way.

We would suggest that you pray for guidance along the line of your vocation and wait for God to answer. God may have to lead you slowly and by circumstances and thru your natural talents. God does not ask you to throw away your natural talents but asks you to use them. So I suggest as you pray that you also watch for developments and talents so that God will be able to lead you accordingly. Be not hasty as was the man I once heard about. He was praying and he said he saw two large letters, G. P., come before him and he hastily decided it meant, go preach. He at once stepped out thinking he had a call from God, but after trying this out for a while, he gave it up and decided the G. P. meant, go plow. So you see if he had waited for God to show him the meaning of the G. P. he would have saved himself much humiliation. We need to get still and shut ourselves in from the clamoring voices around us, alone with God, and say from the depths of our hearts, "Where He leads me I will follow."

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

Am I anxious to find my place in the world?
If so, am I willing to surrender my will to Him?
Will I follow where He leads me?

HOME DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Seek God's will	Psa. 37:1-9	Men who drift	Matt. 20:1-16
Work God-given	Gen. 2:15-17	Our task may choose us	Phil. 3:7-14
Consider moral values	Prov. 13:7	Be big enough for your task	Luke 9:57-62

NOTE:—Anyone desiring plans for organization for Young People's work may send 15c to my address, 16 Harrison St., Knoxville, Tenn. These lessons and

plans for organization may be used by any other Young People's organization. Our aim is to be of service to Young People everywhere.—Editor.

and glory for eternity, lies in trusting Him.

The Scripture says:
"To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins." Acts

10:43. Could words be plainer?

The course of true wisdom is to give heed to the sure directions of the Word of God and thus escape the awful peril of being misdirected.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." John 3:36.

—Selected.

'HEAVEN'

(Extracts From a Sermon)
Rev. Wm. P. Nicholson

"In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you."—John 14:2.

There is no other subject that inflames the heart and fires the imagination more than the subject of Heaven. After being away from home and loved ones for a time, the very thought of going home again fills the heart with joy. Should it not be the same when we think of our Heavenly Home?

There are three reasons why every Christian should delight in this theme.

First. We are surely going there. "None perish that trust Him." When we are thinking of visiting any other country or city, we like to find out all we can about it, so that when we get there we will know what is most interesting and where to look for it, and thus get the most and best out of our visit. Shall we do other about Heaven? When the Lord Jesus has taken the trouble to go and prepare a place for us and has given us much information about the place, should we not take time to find out all we can about it, so that when we get there we will not feel as if we were strangers or foreigners. We will feel at home. There are many Christians who know more about the Continent of Europe or Great Britain or America than they do about Heaven. This should not be. **THE BRIDE'S HOME.**

Second. It is to be the bride's home. That is why the Lord Jesus—the Bridegroom—is away from us now. He said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Since He has told us this, surely it would be a slight to Him if we were unconcerned about the place or the preparations. The joy of any bridegroom when he is making ready the home for his bride, is her joyful interest in all that is being done for her. If she is indifferent or uninterested in all that was being done for her, it would be very sore on the bridegroom and a slight on his love. So when we are showing any interest in this theme we are showing in some measure our appreciation of all He is pre-

paring for us and rejoicing His heart in the doing of it. **MONOTONY CHANGED TO GLADNESS.**

Third. Meditation upon this theme will change monotony and drudgery into glory and gladness. Are we in sorrow? Some loved one rest us for the better land? Surely the thought that they are only on the other side, and that soon we too will be with them, to meet to part no more, should bring us great comfort in our sorrow. Are we weary and tired with life's battles and struggles? Isn't it grand to know that soon we will be where there will never be another fight or struggle, and where we can never be weary again? What strength it gives us to go on and never give in! Then when we think that we may be there any moment! "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye!" Hallelujah. The last sorrow or pain felt! The last burden or care carried! The last struggle ended! The last fight past! Done for ever with the drudgery of our common lives! The last floor washed, the last garment mended, the last meal cooked! The common round and daily toil ended for ever! Surely such a hope as that gladdens and lightens our hearts and nerves us on to fresh endeavors.

HALF NEVER TOLD.

However long we may meditate on this theme or however diligently, we will never be able to exhaust it. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard." I remember reading of a child born blind. He had never seen the beauties or the glories of Nature. His loved ones had done their best to make him see by describing them to him; but however well we may describe these things we can never tell them as they really are. So it was with him. They heard about some clever oculist who had performed some very remarkable operations, and they took the lad to him. He examined him very carefully, and then said that he thought that an operation would give the boy his sight, but they were not to be too sure; that he would do his best, and if he did not succeed, the boy would be none the worse afterwards, and they would have the satisfaction of knowing that all possible had been done for the lad. The operation was performed. The lad was to keep the bandages on for some days after. At last the day came to take them off, and then it would be known whether the operation had been successful. The ex-

citement was intense. The mother and father and some friends were there. The bandages were removed. The room was darkened. The light was admitted very slowly at first, and then fully. What joy there was when they saw that the lad had his sight. He was taken over to the window of the ward and shown the glories of the early spring. He was silent, and they wondered what was wrong. They looked into his face and saw the tears running down his cheeks. In answer to their questionings he said, "Why did you not tell me what a lovely place I was living in?" They had done their best, but they had failed to give him any adequate conception of the beauties of Nature. So it will be when we get to Heaven. We will say, "The half was never told." Who could adequately describe the glories and the felicities of the Home above, where all is love? There is one thing true, and that is, that all that is best and most precious here is most plentiful there. The hearts of all men are filled with love. The songs are all glad, and the streets are all gold. How rare such things are here! Still there is much in God's Word that can thrill and cheer hearts. Let us consider some of the things told us about Heaven.

HEAVEN, A PLACE.

The Bible describes Heaven as a place. John 14, verse 2 says, "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." It is not a state, but a place. As real a place as any place we know of on this earth. Where it is we cannot tell, but the Bible always speaks of it as being up. It is somewhere other than this world, but it is as really a place, and we can tell from the Word of God what the place is like.

IT IS A PLACE OF BRIGHTNESS

We know that it is bright there not so much by the things that are mentioned that will be there, but by the things mentioned that won't be there. There will be no Night there. It is one long eternal day. The sun never sets. The Lord is the Light of Heaven. I don't know how you feel about it, but to me this fact fills me with joy. I cannot say I am afraid of the night, but I am never comfortable or happy in the dark. We always associate every evil and horrible thing with the dark. Accidents and calamities

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'HEAVEN'

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mostly occur at night. Storms and sickness usually begin and break out at night. Homes are robbed and murders are committed at night. So it is only natural that we don't like the night. When we get to Heaven we will never have this dread, for there will be no night there. There will be no Death in that place of brightness. They never die or grow old. No funeral has ever darkened its streets. There are no cemeteries there. A dying woman said to her brother, who was about to take his leave of her without any hope of meeting her again in the world, "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying." How true it is. How different things will be there from this world, for we cannot get away from the fact of death here. We may not believe very much, or deny everything, but there is one thing we all must believe in and cannot deny, and that is Death. Glory to God! that spectre will never darken the brightness of that land of life. Again, the brightness has never been dimmed by Sorrow. The world is full of it now. It is almost impossible to find a home here where sorrow has not entered. Every life has its share of it. As you look over a crowd of people, it is striking to notice how many there are who are dressed in black, mourning the loss of some loved one or ones. They are dressed in garments of white up there. There are many shining faces down here, but behind that shining face there is a heart filled with sorrow. What a variety and quantity there is of sorrow. The most of it never seen or known. Pain is unknown there. None escape it here. Pain is the common lot of all. Many a woman would be glad to die that she might be free from the pain that is almost unbearable, she has hardly known an hour for years that she has not been racked with pain. Many have pain at the heart far sorer than any physical pain. A child gone astray in sin. Can anyone fathom the pain such a mother endures? Thank God! there will be none of this here. Then it is so bright there; here will never be an eye dimmed by Tears. "This world is full of sighs, full of sad and weeping eyes." A tear has never dimmed the

eye there. I don't know what you women will do when you get there, for tears are your friends in many a time of trouble. I have known many a woman say that she many a time went away and had a good cry to herself. Her tears acted like a sort of safety valve for her. Then what a weapon it is in the hands of women. Just start them flowing, and what man or argument could stand before them? The Lord will see that up there there will be no occasion for them, so they won't be needed. Glory to God! not only unclouded skies, but undimmed eyes for all who gather there. Then so bright will it be, there will be no Curse there. How many are cursed by sin here. The sin of their parents or friends. Twisted limbs, weak minds, blighted lives, ruined constitutions. Oh! the amount of curse there is here. Thank God! we are going to a world where the curse and blight of sin is for ever done away with. These things will give us some idea of the brightness of that world.

HAPPINESS FOUND THERE

It is also a place of Happiness. There is nothing gloomy or sad in that land. We read of choirs singing and the redeemed singing their blood-passion song, "Unto Him who loved us and loosed us from our sins in His own blood." One of the Minor Prophets, with prophetic vision, tells us that the streets are full of children playing, not crying. What happiness the children bring to the home, and it seems to me that is one of the reasons why so many die in childhood; the Lord would have Heaven as bright and happy as he can make it. They never know envy or jealousy or hatred or malice or wars there. These are the things that curse our lives and land here. We shall dwell in the happiness of eternal and perfect love. Some places here are sour, and some people too, but nothing of the kind is known there. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinboro', says, "Heaven is greatly made up of little children—sweet buds that have never blown, or which death has plucked from a mother's bosom to lay on his own cold breast, just when they were expanding, flower-like, and opening their engaging beauties in the budding time and the spring-time of life. 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' How soothing these words by the cradle of a dying infant! They fall like balm-drops on our bleeding hearts, when

we watch the ebbing of that young life, as wave after wave breaks feebler, and the sinking breath gets lower and lower, till, with a gentle sigh, and a passing quiver of the lip, our sweet child leaves its body lying like an angel asleep, and ascends to the beautitudes of Heaven and the bosom of its God. Perhaps God does with His Heavenly garden as we do with our own. He may chiefly take it from nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age,—flowers before they have bloomed, and trees ere they begin to bear."

CONSCIOUSNESS.

It is also a place of Consciousness. So many are perplexed and wonder whether they will know the loved ones who have gone before. The word of God is very clear about this. We read, "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." What sort of a place would it be if we did not recognize each other? Here we know each other very imperfectly. Shall we know each other less the e? Nay; we shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away. Peter recognized Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration. They were not changed, and that is why he recognized them. How often, when someone is entering death, they have seen some one loved long since but lost awhile! When good Queen Victoria was dying she was heard to say—"Albert, Albert." Her husband, who had died years before, was near her. I knew a lady who told me that when her little child was passing away, she seemed to wake up and her face light up, and she cried, "Papa, Papa." The father had gone before some time. Are we not to believe all this evidence? What makes any place dear to us? It is not the presence of loved ones there? If we will not know each other we will not know the Lord Jesus. No, no, that could never be. The recognition of the one insures the recognition of the other. Surely there shall no knowledge cease which now we have, but only that which implies our imperfection. And what imperfection can this imply? Nay, our present knowledge, shall be increased beyond belief. It shall indeed be done away, but as the light of the candle, or the light of the stars is done away by the rising sun; which is more a doing away of our ignorance than of our knowl-

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‘‘HEAVEN’’

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edge. I must confess, as the experience of my soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should, in reason, number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those of them who are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet them in Heaven, and love them with a love which shall then be perfected.

However, much we may long to see the loved ones, we will want far more to see the ONE who saved us and loved us with a dying and undying love. "HIM whom having not seen, we love." When the little boy who was operated on successfully, saw, the first thing he asked for was, that he might see the one who had given him his sight. It will be the same with us when we get there. It is not a sleep after death, for to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord and loved ones. When we die we shall awake in His likeness. We will then know everything perfectly. The problems and the perplexities here will all be solved. The knowledge that we longed for here will be ours there. No more mysteries or uncertainties. We shall know perfectly.

HEAVEN, A KINGDOM

Then Heaven is not only a place, but it is a Kingdom. It is as real as any earthly kingdom, but what a difference from the kingdoms of this world. Here we have rulers and kings, but at the best they are only sinners with crowns on their heads. It is necessary for them to be guarded everywhere they go, and they have to maintain large armies and navies, or they would be dethroned; but in that Kingdom there will be nothing but perfect love between subject and sovereign and among all the people. Neither wars nor rumors of wars are known there. Every one will have perfect light. None will be crippled or deformed or stunted. Our knowledge will be perfected, the mists will have for ever passed away.

HEAVEN, A CITY

Heaven is also a city. What a

city that will be! No slums or saloons there. No hospitals or jails. No poor or oppressed ones. The very things that curse our great cities here will be absent. The city which God hath prepared is as imperishable in its inhabitants as its materials. Its pearl, its jasper, its pure gold, are only immortal to frame the abode of immortals. No cry of death is in any of its dwellings. No funerals darken any of its ways. No sepulchre of the holiest relics gleam among the everlasting hills. Its streets are pure gold. Its homes are mansions, its inhabitants are holy and happy. A city that never was built with hands, nor hoary with the years of time; a city whose inhabitants no census has numbered; a city whose streets no tide of business runs; a city without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriage or mournings; a city which glories in having Jesus for its King, angels for its guards, saints for its citizens; whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.

Heaven is to be our Home. This view appeals to us most. It is impossible to define home, but we all know what it means. Home, oh, how sweet is that word! What beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it! Compared with it, house, mansions, palace, are cold, heartless terms. But home! that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains and inspires and imparts patient endurance. We delight to think of it. A friend bending over a dying saint was expressing his sorrow to see him so low. With the radiant countenance rather of one who had just left heaven than one about to enter it, he raised and clasped his hands and exclaimed in ecstasy, "I am going home." I can imagine some mother here whose life has all been toil and labour, say to herself that the thought of Heaven being a home does not appeal to her much, for home to her here, while having many joys, has had much toil and weariness. It is the mother who is the last to bed and the first to rise. When any are sick she is there day and night. She is always planning and arranging for the others. The thought of a home is not altogether pleasant to her, but God's home is a home of rest. There are no tired

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LOST—A BOY

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the fire-side and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold upon him.

Yes, his mother lost him! Being so much engrossed in her teas, dinner and club programs, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayer and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him. Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who paid the bills, and having good care of dignity, the minister and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon song for his childhood, and so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost little one.

Is that little one your boy or girl? Character is the most precious of life's possessions. What are you doing to develop Christian ideas in your home?—Selected.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR

I've shut the door on yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and mistakes.
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and
smiles
And every spring time bloom.

I'll place within the loveliest things
My hand can find to do;
A happy heart its song of cheer
Shall echo through and through
I'll welcome you and you and you
To this dear room of mine;
The door shall ever stand ajar,
The glowing home fires shine.

No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain;
And even malice and distrust
Shall never entrance gain.
I've locked the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away;
Tomorrow holds no fears for me
Since I have found today.

“HEAVEN”

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limbs or weary minds in it. I remember a mother leaving her family and going to a sanatorium for a rest; after she had been there for some time, she wrote home to the loved ones and said that she felt as if she were in Heaven. She had nothing to do or to bother about; all was done for her. Do you mean to tell me that men can make a place where weary and tired mothers can have rest and God not do better? That could never be. As the body when it is buried in the grave rests there, free from the fear of disease and death; free from alarm and accident; free from hunger and thirst; free from assault and war; resting as in an impregnable fortress, dreading no hunger or thirst or alarms or death or disease; so the soul when it enters through the portals of the Home above, rests from its labours, cares, anxieties, temptations, enemies, rests in the peace, purity, joy, happiness, protection, and endless benedictions of God.

Heaven is also an Inheritance. It is incorruptible and undefiled, and never passes away. How many there are who are selling such an inheritance for a few corruptible acres of land here which they cannot take away with them. Our inheritance is ours sure, for it is being reserved in Heaven for us who are kept by the power of God thru faith. There is no fear of our being done out of it by either friend or foe. It will be worthy of our Heavenly Father's wealth.

NO SEA THERE.

I have been trying to show you some of the glories of that land that is fairer than day, but there is one thing that is mentioned that will not be there, that I, for one, will sadly miss. It is this, "There was no more sea." I have lived by the sea all my life; I have sailed on it for years. I love its roar and roll. Its noise is music. Three-fourths of this world is sea. What a want there will be there! But we must not take these words literally, but symbolically. What is the sea the symbol of? What does it suggest to our minds? There are four things at least that the sea speaks to us about.

STORMS.

The sea suggests to us Storms. What a stormy life John had lived! He was an old man and lived for

the testimony of Christ. What storms he had passed through, storms of persecution again and again! He had been baffled and beaten by them, and now he is wearied and tired, and as he sat there on that rock-bound Isle of Patmos that Lord's day; he was in the spirit, and he began to think of the home over there. The Lord gave him a look in, and the very thing that was shrieking and roaring in his ears then was not to be seen there. There was no more storms. Are not our lives like that too? It does not matter how quietly we may have lived, we have had our storms to encounter. If we are truly His and living out and out for Him, we will surely suffer persecution. The world has not changed in its attitude to the Lord, and because we bear His name, the world will give us a very stormy time. Praise God! when we leave this realm we will never have any more storms. We have had storms of temptation and trial and sorrow, again and again, until we have thought at times that our trial barque would be o'erwhelmed. Let us ever remember that we have the Lord of sea and sky with us, and we can never be lost with Him on board. What cyclone of passion we have come through, we have almost been sucked into its fatal centre! Sun and star at times seemed to have ceased to shine, so dark was the night. We have weathered them all and will until we reach the other shore where the storms of life will be o'er. Every storm is a fair wind to the child of God, for He is working all things together for our good. They but blow us on our way home.

RESTLESSNESS.

The sea also speaks to us of Restlessness. You never saw the sea perfectly still. It is always in motion. It has a twofold motion, it fluctuates and undulates. It rises and falls and goes to and fro. Isn't that like our lives? What restless creatures we are. We are never satisfied here and never will be until we awake in His likeness. We are always consumed with restless longings, and yearnings. Aims and ambitions have come and gone. Today, we have been up on the hill of hope, joy, and faith, tomorrow we are down in the valley of the shadow of death. Like Noah's dove, we can find no rest on the troubled waters of this life; but we are making for the haven of rest, where we

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THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE

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I take pleasure in the bearing of insults, in distress, in persecutions, in grievous difficulties for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am strong." (2 Cor. 12:10, 20th Cent. and Weymouth.) "All thanks to God, who through our union with the Christ, leads us in knowledge of HIM in every place. For we are the fragrance of Christ ascending to God." (2 Cor. 2:14, 15). If Paul could live such a victorious praise life that he was never laid by on account of sickness, so can we also triumph over every difficulty, danger or temptation that meets us, for there are few, if any, who have suffered from imprisonment, excessively cruel floggings, and with risk of life many a time, and who have been ship-wrecked three times, spending 24 hours floating on the open sea, beaten with Roman rods three times, and with Jewish scourgings five times; often without food, passing many a sleepless night in hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness. (2 Cor. 11:24-28. Weymouth and 20th Cent.) Yet, it appears that notwithstanding all this, his work for God was never interrupted by sickness, for when like Stephen he was left for dead, even then he did not succumb, but trusting in God who raised the dead to life, preached the Gospel the very next day at a distant town, and making many disciples. (Acts 14:19-21 with 2 Cor. 1:8-11, Weymouth.)—From Triumphs of Faith.

College And Parents War on Atheism

"The fact that in a large university in the Middle West a group of freshmen and sophomore students have organized a 'Circle of the Godless' and applied for admission in the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, only indicates that parents must see that their children are firmly grounded in the Christian religion before they leave home."

"Every father and mother who have the largest welfare of their children at heart, are preparing them to go to college not only as Christians but as active workers against the growing tendency of atheism."—Selected.

A SINGLE SOUL 'HEAVEN'

(Continued From Page Two)

Christ to come forward.

As he waited, in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended, a friend came to Ruth, and said:

"The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you."

Much astonished, the girl went to receive the introduction to Mrs. Walters.

"I wanted to tell you," the lady said, "that I owe the fact of my being a christian tonight to your testimony. I have not been inside a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for a prayer meeting, and that no music could be sweeter to you than the hymn,

'Jesus, lover of my soul,'

I thought to myself, "There must be something in religion, and I am going to have it." So, I wish to thank you that it is because of your testimony that I shall go home tonight a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ruth held out her hand and pressed gratefully that of her new friend.

She knew now the meaning of the angel's message.

She could not tell Mrs. Walters how nearly she had come to proving recreant to her trust, nor of the dream that had influenced her in the true direction, so she answered simply:

"I thank you for telling me this. I shall never forget it."

Yet she little guessed what cause she would always have to remember it.

Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a horrible crashing sound.

Looking from the window she could see where the midnight express and the 11:30 freight had collided.

The frantic cries of the frightened, and the piercing shrieks of the wounded made her shudder. But she bravely put away all thoughts of self, and calling her father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue.

And the first face that looked into hers, as she stood beside the burning train, was that of Mrs. Walters.

Pale and peaceful it was, though

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shall forever be at rest and satisfied.

SEPARATION.

The sea speaks to us of Separation. How quickly the family is scattered? We are separated by the sea. How easily we might meet each other, but there is the great sea, with its dread and danger. There will be no separation there; we will meet to part no more. We also live very lonely and separated lives. We talk about companionships in life, and they certainly are very sweet. There is immeasurable helpfulness in strong, true friendships. Still it is true that however many, faithful, and sympathetic our friends may be, we must enter and pass through life's crisis alone. Every one of us really live a solitary life. We do not fight in companies and battalions and regiments, but as individuals. Each one must live his own life. "Every one must bear his own burden." We are mysteries to each other. It is because we do not understand each other that we often offend or are offended. It becomes irksome to us at times, and the sense of our solitude is almost unbearable. It is grand to know that we are making for a country where there is no separation.

CLEANSING.

The sea also speaks to us of cleansing. What a matchless cleanser the sea is. Think of all the filth and the dirt that flows into it every day all over the world, and still it is so pure. What a hotbed of disease it would become if it failed to absorb this. The reason there will

showing how intensely she suffered.

She was extricated and borne to Ruth's home.

The power of speech was almost gone.

She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch.

Taking her hand, and pressing it to her lips, she whispered feebly:

"Child, I'm going—it was my last chance—what if you had not spoken—what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her Father always to do her duty; always to give her testimony; always to appreciate the value of A SINGLE SOUL.

—Mrs. A. C. Morrow.

be no more sea there is because there is no filth there. All are pure and spotless, and have no need of cleansing any more.

Are we all on the way? I fear there are those who hope to be there, but they have not started. When are you going to make the start? You will never see the loved ones who have gone before. There is only one way there, and that is the narrow way. Jesus is the way, and no man can come to the Father but by HIM. If you reject Him you shut the door of glory in your own face and open the door to hell. It is a prepared place, and you must be prepared for it by being washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Nothing that defileth entereth in there. All are pure and perfect. The conditions of going there are:

Take your place as a guilty, lost, helpless, hopeless, condemned and ready sinner, without one plea. Cast yourself unreservedly upon Christ and Christ alone for Salvation. Confess with your mouth Jesus as Lord and you will never perish but have everlasting life. You must be an heir if yonder is your inheritance, etc. You must be a laborer if yonder is your reward. You must be the candidate, if you would go forward. As you no doubt excel to excellence, if you are not barren or unfruitful, so shall an entrance be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Chiseling In The Marble of Centuries

(Continued from page 7)

world its grandest lesson—sail on and on and on! Sail through wind and driving tempest! Sail through wave, leaping and dashing! Sail without a star in the sky to guide! Sail in spite of discouragement! CARVE THY NAME!

Some day the port will be reached! Some day the heights leading to success will be scaled! Some day the expanse of the sea of thy ambition will be sailed! Some day the golden strand of fame and achievement will re-echo with thy constant tread! Some day the tinsel of the present age will fall away, and there carved in the lasting marble of the centuries will stand out in clear bold letters thy name!

—From N. Y. P. S. Journal

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 1.

MARCH, 1930.

NO. 4.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

☞ My High Resolve --- Timidity Versus Courage ☞

I REFUSE the cowering weakness of timidity. I am a **great** soul. I have undeveloped power. What I cannot now do, I can learn to do. My Father will not fail to assist me in doing whatever the door of opportunity leads to. Therefore, I refuse to consult the bad angel—Timidity. I **here and now forever shut Timidity out of my life.** * * * Life should be full of interesting and **great** experiences. These experiences come through courage. Enter every door **fearlessly**, put timidity beneath your heel. Undertake whatever duty seems to be in your path, even if you have never done the thing at hand. Climb over timidity. By sheer courage fearlessly undertake to do your best. Never yield to timidity. It brings failure. **Courage wins.** Great experiences never come to the timorous, they always come to the courageous. Witness for the Master at every opportunity. Raise your voice in prayer whenever opportunity presents. Use your talents. They will amazingly multiply.—Heart Throbs of Truth.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.”—Ps. 119:105

THE LIGHTED PATHWAYA Full Gospel Paper Devoted to Our
Young People Everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
716 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tennessee

MARCH, 1930.

EDITORIALS

We are still "lifting our eyes up to the hills from whence cometh our help," in regard to our little paper. We were very sorry not to be able to publish a February number but our subscribers will have to exercise patience and wait with us when we are doing our best. It is not a small undertaking to launch out in work of this kind for reading of the kind you find in this paper is not popular. Even the majority of church members would not relish a paper of this kind, so it may be a little while before we can put one out every month, but we believe that where this paper falls into the hands of people who appreciate the real old fashioned way of the cross they will rally to the call for help and soon our paper will be on a solid foundation. As you read this will you not offer a little prayer that God will touch the hearts of the people to work for the paper and put it in as many homes as possible? To the young people who are using the lessons, we urge you to send in for a roll each month and put the paper in the hands of the young people in your church or community.

—O—

We hear the expression so many times that our young people get converted but do not hold out. This is a sad truth. And we say all manner of things about the young people of our day because they are not what we think they ought to be, but what are we doing to help them along the way? A church that hasn't at least one man or woman with consecration enough to organize the young people and put them to work is in a deplorable condition. Of course any one will dwindle away and die spiritually if they do not work for the Master. No business concern would

think of doing business without being well organized and every man in his place. Why are we so slack with the Lord's business? the greatest and most important business in the world.

—O—

Our Children. What a wonderful thought as fathers and mothers that God has entrusted us with these precious little souls to live with and train for Him. What kind of training are we giving them? What kind of books do we encourage them to read? Do we keep around them the reading that will elevate and lift them up and make them want to be noble and good? Do we encourage them to study the Bible by keeping Bible story books and reading to them and making the Bible easy for them to understand? Do we kneel with them at night and send them to bed with the thought of God on their minds and the print of a kiss upon their little faces, or do we scold and send them to bed with sad, discouraged hearts? These very things are moulding the character of the child and determining what it will be out in the future.

Our Sunday School lesson last Sunday told us what kind of a foundation to build upon. Here are the two foundations that the children of today are building upon in the home. If a child has the right kind of foundation there is not much danger of them straying very far away. They may become careless and wander away but a foundation builded upon training of this kind will not fail for the Word of God says, "Train up a child in the way it should go and when it is old it will not depart from it."

Our Children. What a wonderful thought for our church that God has entrusted us with these precious little souls that He sends into our midst to train for Him. What are we doing for them? Yes, it is fine to have them in the Sunday School for a few moments on Sunday morning with a teacher to comment a short time on the lesson but is this enough? Many of them are building on the sandy foundation in the home and their only hope is the church and it's training. I am now leading up to the children's meetings that should be in every church. Surely there must be some Spirit-filled woman or man in every church who would take the children on their hearts

and organize and train them for God.

Last Saturday afternoon at our children's meeting here in Knoxville, we asked the children how many of them have a blessing at the table in their homes. Less than half of them held up their hand. So we see how much God has given us to do as a church.

On this same afternoon a young woman came and brought her children to the meeting and watched the little girl lead the meeting and heard them answer questions. As she left she said, "Isn't this wonderful? Those children answered questions today that I could not answer."

We often hear people remark "If I had only begun to train when I was a child it would not be so hard now." And this is true. The children are growing up in your church and mine today. Will they blame us for their lack of training after a while?

We can hardly find a minister in the library today that does not have a copy of Finney's works in it. They read it and commend him for the wonderful meetings he conducted and the power manifested in those meetings, but today if such power is manifested it is called fanaticism. I'm afraid if Finney lived in our day the average church member would denounce him and brand him as a fanatic. I was raised a Methodist and I remember how men and women would lie prostrate under the mighty power of God for hours at a time and would come out shining lights for Jesus.

Let us get back to the old path for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. We need to have a few Pauls stricken down and some more blind eyes open to the realization of what God would like to do for the churches if they would let Him.

I well remember a few years ago of attending services in the beautiful First Baptist Church in San Jose, Calif., and also the First Congregational Church, Lodi, California, and there with my own eyes I saw men and women stricken down under the mighty power of God. Churches scattered here and there over the country are opening the doors to God's wonder-working power and God is doing marvelous things. Minister from all denominations—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian

(Continued on next page)

A Worker's Prayer

FISHING

soul winner? If not, why not?

Let us see what it means to follow Jesus. First, He left all for us. He left His home in Glory, came to this earth and "humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." If we follow Him we must be willing to leave all for Him. We must be willing to step out in the face of father, mother, husband, wife, home, friends, and every thing that would hold us back from following Christ and doing His will. Jesus at twelve years of age said to father and mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Jesus did not mean to be disobedient to His parents but the call of His Father in Heaven was so heavy upon Him that He could not let any earthly tie keep Him from obedience to that heavenly call. So if we follow Jesus we must look above every earthly tie. This is where so many people fail. Yes, it is easy to say you are going to follow Jesus but when the call comes to give up your worldly associates, and sometimes your own loved ones, it takes a real determination to do this. This is why there are so many barren, unfruitful Christians today. They have refused to follow Jesus all the way. "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Hosea 6:3.

Let us see what kind of bait we must use as we launch out to be fishers of men. There is no doubt in my mind but that love is the only bait. "Do you know the world is dying for a little bit of love?" You can just do most anything
(Continued on page 16)

By the Editor

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4:19.

If I could have the readers of "The Lighted Pathway" all together in a group and should ask them to tell me what they desired to be above everything else, some might say, I'd like to be the President of the United States, I'd like to be the first lady of the land and live in the White House. Some one else might say, I'd like to be a millionaire and live in a mansion, and have a beautiful car and servants to come and go at my bidding. I'd like to be a doctor or a lawyer. Oh yes, there would be many different desires, but do you know what I'd rather be than anything else in all the world? Just a little fisher of men. This is the greatest calling in all the world. It is the most responsible place and we will some day have to stand before the judgment bar of God and give an account of the way we have obeyed this call.

There is nothing in the world needed more than fishers of men. Jesus said, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." But our success as fishers of men depends on how closely we follow Jesus. "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." There is no other way for us to be soul winners and that is the reason so few souls are being saved today—so few are following Him. Let us ask ourselves the question, Have I been a

ing into our churches and causing people to deny the power of God. But this is a prophecy found in 2 Tim. 3:5. "Having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." Also in 1 Tim. 4:1, we find another prophecy, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils."

Just as truly as any of the Old Testament prophecies have been fulfilled in the New, so these New Testament prophecies are being fulfilled in our midst. What shall we do? I hear you ask. I am so small among so many. God's Word

tells us He can take a worm and thrash a mountain. What He needs today is a few worms of the dust who are wholly given up to Him, separated from the world and who have the backbone to step out against this awful wave of infidelity and stand for the real supernatural power of God.

We are living in perilous times according to 1 Tim. 3, and the sifting time is here and we must either show our colors for God or step over the line toward infidelity. I believe that we have reached the place where Rev. 3:16, is being fulfilled in our midst and God will spew us out of His mouth if we do not take our stand on His side.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet.
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord! Use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see—
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Continued From Editorial Page

palian, and on down the line of churches are seeing the need of a supernatural power to offset the awful wave of worldliness, infidelity and higher criticism.

Dear people, the mere profession, joining of churches and card signing religion will not do it. Soon the whole world will be swamped in infidelity if we do not rise up out of our lethargy and "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." It is alarming to know how this infidelity is creep-

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"BRINGING THE RANKS UP TO THE STANDARD"

When a boys' mission band was started in Fairview Church, with the popular and energetic Miss Nannie Bennett for president, and eleven members to begin with, they agreed to raise twenty-five dollars annually. This was a very fair amount for them, as nobody belonging to the band was rich, and some were what might be called poor. They also decided to raise the money, if possible, without resorting to the plan of giving entertainments.

The first year all went prosperously. The membership speedily increased to nineteen, and the promised sum was sent to headquarters in March, which was the time it was due. The next year things didn't go on so swimmingly. Three boys, who gave the most money, moved away from the town. Several others were away all summer, and came back with empty pockets; so, at the September meeting, it was found that the treasury contained only four dollars and sixty-nine cents.

"Boys," said Miss Nannie, "this won't do. Half of one year has gone, and we haven't got one-fifth of our money in yet."

The boys said: "Oh, never mind!" It would come out all right. They would get some new members; three or four new boys were coming. They would pay up their dues. Christmas was coming, and then they would have plenty of money, and would give extra amounts.

But, after once falling behind, it was very hard to pull up again. Boys who were able to give five or ten cents a month as they went along, found it impossible to give twenty or forty all at once. Even Christmas did not help much. Some did not get the money they expected, and others could not resist temptations to spend theirs; so, when the January meeting came round, the treasurer had only ten dollars and ninety-three cents to report.

There were some very blank looks, and Miss Nannie said:

"Well, here we are with less than two months in which to raise more than half of our money."

"I'm afraid we shan't get it this year, Miss Nannie," said Daniel Roseman.

"It looks very much that way," said Martin Conway.

"Won't it do to give just whatever we can raise each year?" Charlie Hope asked.

"You know we talked that all over at the beginning," Miss Nannie replied, "and agreed that it would be far the best way to fix upon a sum, and try always to come up to it."

"Well, can't we send in what we have this year, and start fresh next year?" Walter Green suggested.

"We know now that every fellow must pay up as regularly in spring and summer as in winter, if we are to come out right."

There was some further talk. All the boys said they were sorry they could not come up to the mark; but there seemed to be no help for it now, the time was so short. They would try and get fifteen dollars, if possible, and that would have to do this time.

Miss Nannie listened quietly for a few minutes, and then sitting up very straight in her chair, with shining eyes, she said:

"Boys, I want to tell you a little story."

They all turned towards her.

"Once upon a time in a fierce battle, when many were falling around him, and his own company retreated, a standard-bearer was commanded to bring the standard back to the ranks. He refused (this does not seem like military discipline, but it is in the story), and called out: 'Bring the ranks up to the standard!' The officers did so, and victory followed."

The boys looked at one another. It was a very good story; but it wasn't a missionary story, and this was a missionary society.

"I'm not very good at illustrations," Miss Nannie resumed, "and perhaps you won't think this a very perfect one; but it does seem to

me that, after entering this missionary army and pledging ourselves to give a certain sum each year, we ought to strain every nerve to redeem our pledge. When we agree to make a smaller sum do, it is like retreating and bringing the standard back to the ranks."

Again there was silence. Some of the boys moved about restlessly, though none were ready to speak.

"Now, boys," came in the president's clear tones, "shall we retreat?"

"No!" shouted half a dozen; "we will bring the ranks up to the standard!" And Lewis Birch, the secretary, sprang up on a chair waving the minute book, crying out: "Come on, fellows!"

"We must raise that money," one boy declared.

"It would be a burning shame not to do it," said another.

"The meanest thing going," said a third.

The tide had turned, and now the only question was how the money should be raised.

When quiet was restored, Miss Nannie said:

"We will resolve ourselves into a committee of ways and means, and consider how we shall get fourteen dollars and seven cents by the middle of March."

"Stop a moment," said Frank Redfield, feeling in all his pockets, and finally producing seven cents, which he handed to the treasurer, "let us make up that eleven dollars, and start fair."

"Good for you, Frank!" the boys exclaimed.

"Now," said Lewis Birch, with mock gravity, "part of the sum having been donated by the liberal Mr. Redfield, we shall proceed to consider how the rest may be procured."

"Can't we have some sort of a show, and raise the money that way?" Harry Young, one of the new members, suggested. "One of those funny art galleries, or something like that."

"We want to run this band with-

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FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

KINDNESS

It costs so little to be kind, but it is the greatest kind of an investment and brings the largest possible returns. I could never understand how any man could be unkind to his wife, the mother of his children. Suppose a stranger should come into the community looking for a wife. He looks for the very finest and prettiest he can find. He succeeds and the girl with a thousand roses in her cheeks becomes his sweetheart. Finally she turns away from her father who would spend thousands of dollars for the furtherance of her education should she desire to remain at home, but she leaves it all for this stranger who has come looking for a wife. She turns away from her mother who loves her so much she would lie down and die for her, and yet this girl breaks even this tie for this stranger. She becomes his wife and as the years pass she makes the supreme sacrifice of motherhood and presents to him his own offspring, and with the coming of motherhood comes cares, burdens and perplexities that only a mother understands. Then for the man after he has asked the beautiful girl to make all this sacrifice for him to turn and treat her unkindly is an unspeakable shame. I say for a man to turn against a woman when the last flower has faded from her cheek and neglect her and breathe the poison breath of unkindness into her life until the last flower in the garden of her heart withers and dies, I say a man that will treat a woman like this is unworthy of a wife and children. The man who will treat the mother of his children unkindly ought to be banished to a wilderness where his only associates are wild beasts, only, ladies and gentlemen, I apologize to the wild beasts for having such a brute in their midst.

There is something so tender and so healing; something so precious, when great strong men are unfailingly kind, that a woman's heart grows strong even under a

HER FATHER'S PARENTAL INFLUENCE RELIGION

By Lillian A. Ward

It was Jane's freshman year in college. Every letter from her revealed keen enjoyment of the new and varied experiences that were hers, and we were happy with her. There was one letter in particular that impressed us. She related how her thinking had been thoroughly aroused and she had been greatly upset for a time.

"There have been many strange views presented; many ideas concerning evolution and religion," she wrote. "And they have been given in such a plausible way that I could scarcely help from accepting them. Really, I had thought of these things before but little. And had it not been for Papa's religion I should have been swept off of my feet with these false theories. I know there is a reality in religion, else Papa could not have stood as he has through the many hard things he has had to undergo. His life has been a true, Christian example and this has helped me not to give up my faith."

How fortunate, I thought, is Jane, to have a father whose Christian character and influence was an anchor to her storm-tossed mind and soul. I wonder how many other young men and women there are who have been so blessed and so much influenced by the godly example of a father and mother as has Jane.

May we as fathers and mothers fully realize the great privilege we have of exalting Christianity in our homes! May we realize our responsibility to do so!—Selected.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. 22:6.

heavy burden, when she is fed by kindness.—Dean Dutton in Men of Tomorrow.

A little boy and his father were walking through a garden where there were tender vines.

"Now, papa," says Ned, "you be careful
That you step in just the right place,
For right in your footsteps I'm stepping."
"Ah! that," sighed the father, "is the case."

Let's stop now and think ere we
Journey,
Would we travel the road just ahead
If we knew that our own cherished darlings
Would follow the path we have led.
—Ada Clark.

A good story is told by Dr. Johnson of a father hearing the voice of his child behind him as he was picking his way carefully along the mountain side, "Take a safe path, papa; I'm coming after you." Ah, if older Christians, while passing along the rugged hill of life, would only remember that young Christians and children are coming on after them, how much more circumspectly they would be concerning the path taken.

Would any father visit the theater, the gambling saloons, the tavern, the place of licentiousness, holding his little boy by the hand? Will Christian parents permit themselves to frequent doubtful places of any kind with the almost dead certainty that their children will follow them there? Will unconverted parents continue to press on their downward course while they hear the little feet of their darlings pattering after them? Will any one allow himself to mislead a little child?

"What will you take?" was the question asked an observant boy at the table, and referring to the drink he might desire.

"I will take what father takes."

(Continued on page sixteen)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

A Little Talk With Jesus

A little talk with Jesus how it soothes the rugged road,
How it cheers and helps us onward when we faint beneath the
load;

When my heart is crushed with sorrow and my eyes with tears
are dim

There is nothing gives me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary and I fain would be at rest,
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home among the blest;
And He answers me so sweetly in tones of tenderest love,
I'm coming soon to take thee to my happy home above.

Oh, this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see,
And I am not afraid to say I know He's wanting me;
He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own,
And He will not forget His word to me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus will while away the time;
And yet the more I know Him and all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him, and would not if I could,
He is my daily portion, my medicine and my food;
He is altogether lovely, none can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient and mourn His long delay
And I never can be stilled while He remains away;
But we'll not long be parted, I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together in His eternal home.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine:
There in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He will talk with me.

By M. E. Copeland.

NOTE BY EDITOR:—This is my precious mother's favorite poem. Four years ago she went home to be with this Savior she loved so much. I am publishing this in her memory and trust that some one else may get the inspiration that seemed to come to her through these words. It may be that some one else passing through the rugged places of life may be led to confide in this same Jesus who meant so much to her.

Not he who scorns the Savior's yoke,

Should wear the cross upon his heart.—Pope.

PRAYING ALWAYS

Luke 18:1-9.

"And he spake a parable unto them, to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint."

Dear ones, have you been praying for years, and are you discouraged and feel like giving up? Let me say, Have faith in God, for He is faithful that promised. Remember the children of Israel were almost ready to cross over into the promised land when they got discouraged and began to murmur and complain and God had to turn them back into the wilderness to wander another forty years. Perhaps you are almost to the promised bless-

ing and if you keep looking up and believing soon your prayer will be answered. Don't look at circumstances, look to Jesus who has promised. It may seem that your loved ones for whom you are praying are farther away than ever, but sometimes the Lord has to let them get almost to the jumping off place before they'll wake up and yield.

Keep on believing Jesus is near. Keep on believing there is nothing to fear.

Keep on believing this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.—Editor.

REJOICING UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." (Hab. 3:17, 18.)

Observe, I entreat you, how calamitous a circumstance is here supposed, and how heroic a faith is expressed. It is really as if he said, "Though I should be reduced to so great extremity as not to know where to find my necessary food, though I should look around about me on an empty house and a desolate field, and see the marks of the Divine scourge where I had once seen the fruits of God's bounty, yet I will rejoice in the Lord."

Methinks these words are worthy of being written as with a diamond on a rock forever. Oh, that by Divine grace they might be deeply engraven on each of our hearts! Concise as the form of speaking in the text is, it evidently implies or expresses the following particulars; that in the day of his distress he would fly to God; that he would maintain a holy composure of spirit under this dark dispensation, nay, that in the midst of all he would indulge in a sacred joy in God, and a cheerful expectation from him. Heroic confidence! Illustrious faith! Unconquerable love.—Doddridge.

THE INNER CIRCLE

A Story of Christian Devotion

A score of years ago a young woman missionary to the Congo region, in the heart of Africa, was returning to the homeland on furlough. Every detail of her trip had been arranged and her baggage even put on board the steamer on which she was to sail when she was suddenly stricken with Congo fever. She died in a few hours. Among her affects found when her trunk was opened was her Bible. On the inside cover of this book, drawn in beautiful characters and with different colored inks, was this poem, written by George McDonald.

I said, "Let me walk in the field."
He said, "No walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He sent me back.
"There is more," said he. "There is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light
And friends will miss me they say."

He answered, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?"
It will not seem so hard in Heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide.

Then into His hand went mine
And into my heart came He,
And I walk in a light divine,

THE NOBLEMAN'S DAUGHTER Or CHRIST FOR ME.

The daughter of an English nobleman, worldly, proud, ambitious, and fond of pleasure, was brought to know Jesus as her Savior. Her conversion was manifested in her life and ways. Her father, who was a thorough man of the world, was greatly displeased and sought in every way to lead her into the world, in the hope that she might give up her "foolish notions." Temptations in worldly society, extravagance in dress, and traveling in foreign countries were all tried to drag her down again to the level of the poor world. But her heart was fixed: Jesus was more to her than all that earth could give, and to Him she was resolved to cleave. Baffled and disappointed, her father resolved upon one last desperate effort, by which his end should be gained or his daughter's earthly prospects ruined. A large company of nobility were invited to the house. It was arranged that during the festivities the daughters of the different noblemen should entertain the company by singing, accompanied by music on the piano. She was chosen as one of the number. It was a moment of trial for the young believer. If she complied, and joined in singing the songs of the world, her testimony for Christ would be wrecked and her communion with God broken. If she refused, her father had threatened to expel her from his home. She would be publicly disgraced, and lose her place in society. The gay company were gathered together, and one after another performed her part. At last the name of the young lady was announced, and

The path I had feared to see.

It was said of this woman that, the natives of the Congo river simply adored her; her consecration, her purity of life, and her personal love for them made her a queen among them.

the eyes of all were turned toward her. The crisis had come, and every one wondered how the scale would turn. She arose, and with a calm and dignified composure took her seat at the instrument. Her father thought he had gained his point. After a few moments of silent prayer, then, with a voice of unearthly sweetness and solemnity she sang:

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear
If life so soon be gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ;
A moment's misery or joy;
But Oh, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

When the singing ceased the solemnity of eternity was upon this gay assembly. Then, without speaking, they dispersed, one after another slipping from the room. The father wept aloud, and when he was left alone with his daughter, he asked her prayer for his soul's salvation; and her prayers were not in vain, for the proud man was humbled before God to confess himself a sinner, to accept by faith the Saviour of the lost as his own, and to follow and live for Him. His life, his wealth and his talents were henceforth the Lord's.

Unconverted reader, it may be the fear of man that is keeping you from Christ. You dread the frown of relatives, who, like yourself, are without Christ. You need not. If you claim the Lord Jesus as your own and only Savior, He will strengthen you, and give you courage to own Him as your own and only Lord.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?" Choose this day between Christ and the world.

—Selected.

THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

WHAT THEN?

He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.—John 3:36.

After the joys of earth,
After its songs of mirth,
After its hours of light,
After its dreams so bright—

What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscience smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscience smart,
After this aching heart,

What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—

What then?

Oh! then—the judgment
throne!

Oh! then—the last hope—
gone!

Then all the woes that dwell
In an eternal HELL!

—Author unknown.

CONVERSION OF FINNEY

Nearly a hundred and ten years ago the young lawyer Finney, twenty-nine years of age, was sitting in a village law-office in the state of New York. On that epochal day in October, 1821, Finney had just come in to the old squire's office. It was early in the day and the man was all alone, when the Lord began that famous dialogue. The substance is this:

"Finney, what are you going to do when you finish your course?"
"Put out a shingle and practice law."

"Then what?" "Get rich."

"Then what?" "Retire."

"Then what?" "Then die."

"Then what?" and the answer came trembling "The judgment."

All have read how he ran for a woods a half mile off; how he prayed all the day and vowed he would never leave it till he was converted. By faith he saw himself at the judgment bar. After four years of legal study, he was asked by his God to give up all and follow Him. The struggle was long, but ere the day was over he agreed to give up law and preach for his living Lord. Such tremendous blessings followed that he was scarcely able to walk. From that moment, he never faltered. A career opened which changed the church life of half a dozen states.

Finney, in person, looked much like Lincoln. He was tall, had deep-set grey eyes, and prominent cheek bones. He was gentle, yet very devout and earnest. Never once did he joke in his revival efforts thru fifty years. People often were converted by a glance from the man. His whole life was a walk with God. He died at eighty-three. The day preceding his death he declared that if he were young again he would do just as he had been doing for fifty years.

When urged to come away from the big Eastern cities and take charge of that school in the wilderness, he agreed to come on condition that no secret societies should ever be permitted in the school; no dancing, card-playing or Sabbath desecration. The school stood its ground all his days. Later, one by one, the restrictions have been lifted. Now card-playing and other violations are embraced by all. Poor Finney had no money for a long time; but his old converts or their children arrived in hordes to sit under his instruction. Many were the times when recitations had to cease while the Spirit would melt them down onto their knees. The old campus could outshine an old-time Methodist revival. Now all is sadly changed there. Some nine million dollars have been secured as an endowment. Modernists now control the whole institution. Finney would never recognize it as the school he once directed.

—Pentecostal Evangel.

I AM THAT CLOWN

It is simply a delusion, to think that because you see persons laughing and indulging in noisy merriment, they must necessarily be happy! A loud laugh or empty joke is often one of the covering that Satan uses to conceal an aching heart.

A man once went to consult a doctor about his health: he complained that he suffered from such overwhelming depression that his life was unbearable.

The doctor examined him, and after a little while remarked that he wanted nothing except some lively amusement, to divert his thoughts from himself. "Try a lively novel—that would be about the best medicine you could take."

The man shook his head, as if doubtful of the prescription, and then the doctor said again, "Well, I'll tell you what to do to cheer yourself up; go to such and such a theatre, and see what that will do for you." Still a turn of the head showed the patient had no confidence in the proposal helping him. "Well," said the doctor, "I can but think of one other thing or person that would help you, and if that does not do so, I am unable to help you. Go and see that great clown that has lately arrived, and is drawing such crowds with his merriment; and if you suffer from depression after hearing and watching him, I shall be surprised."

"Ah!" said the poor man, in a tone of the deepest distress, "I am that clown."

There are many who might tell the same tale. Two voices in your ear today, one shouting promises of enjoyment and amusement, and trying to drown the other, "a still small voice," that repeats tenderly "Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The rest has been dearly purchased for you. The Lord Jesus left His throne above, and came down here, that He might buy it for you, and He now offers it freely to you.

"He is our peace" (Eph. 2:14)
"Joy unspeakable" 1 Pet. 1:8.—Sel

GIVING

Mrs. Stanton's Thank Offering

It was a thank-offering meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud, one by one. They ran something like this:

"For recovering from severe illness, '\$5.'"

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, '\$10.'"

"For preservation from harm in the great railway accident, when so many were killed and injured, '\$10.'"

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened, and the secretary took out two dollars, enclosed in a blank sheet.

Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful the past year. She and her husband and two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had enough to eat and drink and dress respectfully, though this past had not been accomplished without much thought and care on her part and various pinches known only to herself.

Self-denial had seemed to be the key-note of her life in the year past; her sky had been gray rather than sunny. Not that she moaned any over self-denials. They were all made cheerfully and no one was the wiser for it but herself. Still she had wondered just a little for what special reason she could bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition now with the luxury with which she had been surrounded a few years ago, before her husband had lost all his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered if the conditions would be fulfilled if she should bring her offering out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were as systematic givers out of their penury as they had once been out of their abundance, so this extra gift, small as it was, was the price of a large self-denial. It would represent her shabby hat used through another winter without the retrimming she had hoped to give it, when it had seemed almost too

worn to last out the previous season. Still, she was greatly interested in missionary work, and contributed gladly, only wishing she had more to give.

Her attention was arrested when the secretary read: "For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, '\$2.'"

Mrs. Stanton went home thoughtfully, the words, "For the pleasant little things," ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things as they came to her. She feared not. Looking back, she could recall numberless little acts of kindness from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though she had been grateful to the giver, she scarcely remembered having raised her heart to heaven in gratitude.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses today, so many she can't use them all—and will you please take these?" said the little messenger.

Mrs. Stanton loved beautiful things and often had to take herself to task for her vain longings for them. But now there was a feeling almost of awe, mingled with pleasure, as she remembered again the "little things" too. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step and paused often to look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance as she passed. They brought a glow to her heart that was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night she inscribed an envelope: "Thank Offerings for Pleasant Little Things," and dropped five cents in it for the roses.

One afternoon, Helen Brown, a member of her Sabbath-school class, came in. She seemed depressed and anxious. After a little commonplace talk, her teacher said: "What is it, Helen? Does something trouble you? Can't I help you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton, I want to be a Christian! I am so unhappy! Will you tell me what to do?"

Neither of them will ever forget the sacred hour that followed.

BE THE BEST

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley,
But the best little scrub by the side of the rill.

Be a bush if you can't be a tree,
If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,

And some highway happier make.
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass,

But the loveliest bass in the lake.
We can't all be captains, some have to be crew,

There's something for all of us here.

There's work to be done, and we've all got to do

Our part in a way that's sincere.

If you can't be a highway,
then just be a trail;

If you can't be a sun, be a star.

It isn't by size that we win or we lose,

Be the best of whatever you are.

When Helen left it was with a new light in her eyes, a new love in her heart, a new purpose in her life. Her feet were set in the way of everlasting life.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanton to herself that night, "this is not one of the little things! For this great privilege—the great honor—of leading a soul to Christ, all that I have in the world would be a small thank-offering. What can I render to the Lord for His goodness to me? A fresh and whole consecration to His service is the least I can offer." And into the envelope went the largest contribution yet.

As time went on life had a new sweetness and a new meaning for Mrs. Stanton. Her days seemed to be full of pleasant things, her heart was attuned to thanksgiving; and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke. Her envelope grew full almost to bursting; yet she had no lack of earthly comforts. She sometimes felt as if the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil and measure of meal was repeated to her, for the more she put away in the sacred envelope the more she had to put there; and when the next thank-offering came around, it was no vain oblation that she carried to the place of meeting, but her little gift—small yet in comparison to some of the others—was sweetened through and through with gratitude and love. —Selected.

PRAYER

THE PRAYER LIFE

"What a change one short hour spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,

What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;

What parched ground refresh as with a shower,

We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.

Why is it then we do ourselves this wrong

And others, that we are not always strong?"—Trench.

It would be helpful to commit to memory and often repeat and meditate on these beautiful lines: "Prayer changes things." When in the spirit of prayer an hour seems short. An hour with Christ transforms the life. It lifts the heavy burdens. It refreshes and fructifies the spirit. It makes the weak strong.

By neglecting it we do a double wrong, for by prayer we are made a blessing to others as well as to ourselves.

The prayer life brings spiritual revelations, truth is made clear. This understanding of spiritual things goes a long way in helping us to prevail in prayer. While we do not know of ourselves how to pray as we ought, the Holy Spirit will illuminate, and the more prayer the more illumination. The clearer the vision, the firmer the faith, the stronger the grasp of our oneness with God and we find the kingdom of Love, Power and Life in ourselves; then we shall know Him and the power of His resurrection."

God is saying: "Come up higher; know Me; seek first the kingdom of heaven; set your affections on things above; abide in Me; ask and ye shall receive."

If we dwell in Jesus we shall not abide in darkness, for He is the true light which lighteth every one that walks with Him. With this spiritual understanding old things will pass away, the Bible will become a new book and our lives will be powerful and happy. When we have fully found God we will become more interested in others and we will use the light we have received in helping them. We cannot all be great scholars, but we can all learn to prevail in prayer

I met God in the morning
When my day was at its best,
And His presence came like sunrise,

Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the presence lingered,
All day He stayed with me,
And we sailed in perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,

Other ships were sore distressed,
But the winds that seemed to drive them

Brought to us a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I, too, had loosed the moorings,

With the presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret
Learned from many a troubled way,
You must seek Him in the morning
If you want Him thru the day.

and this is true greatness; this is power.

This spiritual illumination will shine not only in us but from us. That which is in us will radiate from us. There will be an outlet as well as an inlet and others will feel the power of the "prayer life."

The Prayer Life reveals to us the secret of His presence and shows us the secret place where we dwell in safety. See 91st Ps.

The Prayer Life strengthens, develops and perfects our faith. Where there is much prayer there is a boost and boom to faith. Doubt paralyzes; faith is productive of marvelous results. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Jesus said it and who will dare to dispute it? The heroes of faith in the 11th of Heb. "Subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, women received their dead to life again" and much more.

Read it and see if there is anything greater you want, and since it is impossible to please God without faith, the more we ask the better it pleases Him. His word as-

sure us that according to our faith so shall it be because we are inexpressibly dear to Him.

His love will never let me go,
His love will never say us, "No."

So long as we meet the conditions. The supply of every good awaits the demand, but the demand must be made by faith. The moment we touch the secret spring starts the good we want on our way to us." God always puts the good desire in us so the desire a pledge that he will grant it. "I fore they call I will answer;" "I light thyself in the Lord and I will give thee the desires of thine heart."

The Prayer Life is followed "The Victory Life," "The Restful Life," "The Efficient Life," "The Overcoming Life," "The Abundant Life." (These tracts are all helpful send for them.)

The neglect of the prayer life leads to defeat, to unrest, to inefficiency, to doubt, to paralysis. It would be better to neglect many things that seem necessary than neglect frequent communion with God. Of course conditions must be met. (a) We must "ask." (b) We must ask in faith. (c) We must ask "unselfishly." (d) There must be no sin in us (Ps. 66:18). (e) We must forgive (Matt. 6:15). (f) We must be importunate (Luke 18:5). (g) Ask in Jesus' Name. (J 14:14).

Our God who made all laws the natural and spiritual realm made them all flexible enough not to interfere with the law of believing prayer.

The testimonies of answered prayer come from every age and from every part of the earth. They have filled many books and a legion. In a great crisis in my own life I spent two hours on my knees and during those hours God was working out for me a great deliverance and I knew it not until the following day. It was the most profitable two hours of my whole life.

My wife told me a few days ago that once when in doubt as to the moral quality of a certain procedure she asked the Lord at a communion service that if the thing was wrong the bread and wine might not be given her at the altar. She was kneeling with others when without any reason for it by some strange inadvertence neither of the elements were given her. She believed the Lord's word.

(Continued on page 16)

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS



Bible Lessons



Lesson 1.

TOPIC:—THE HOLY GHOST BAPTISM

Scripture Lesson, Acts 1:1-12.

A few years ago a woman came to me and said, Mrs. H. I believe from observation that you are a good woman, a good Christian worker and have good sense, but I don't understand how you can believe as you do regarding the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I told her it would be impossible to explain that to her unless she would take time for me to get my Bible and show her. She consented and I ran through the Bible to show her how much it contained along this line. When I got through she had nothing more to say. It is sad to see so many people missing this wonderful experience because they do not know how much there is in the Word of God about it, and yet they say they believe the Bible.

I wonder how many of our young people who have received this experience and some who believe it, would be able to defend this wonderful truth should some one ask them as the women asked me. Is it for you that I am preparing this lesson, hoping to help you to be able to use the Sword of the Spirit along the way.

Question No. 1. Where did Jesus speak to His disciples about the baptism of the Holy Ghost?

In John 14th chapter Jesus Himself in that wonderful last discourse when He was consoling His disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled," spoke of His coming back to this earth for His children, of His preparation of a mansion for them, but consoled them with the thought that while He was gone He would ask His Father to send a Comforter to abide with us forever. On a little further He tells us very definitely what the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost shall do for us. Jno. 14:26, "But the comforter which is the Holy Ghost whom the Father shall send in my name He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." It is only through this wonderful teacher that we can expect the revelation of God's Word to our hearts.

Question No. 2. How shall we know when the Comforter has come? John 15:26, 27. "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of me. And ye also shall bear witness because ye have been with me from the beginning." Notice that the Holy Ghost first to witness and then we become witnesses so. Acts 1:8. "But ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Question No. 3. What was Jesus' last command-

ment? Acts 1:4,5. "And being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem but wait for the promise of the Father which saith he, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

If all professed Christians would tarry for this power before they launch out in God's work, we would soon take the world for Christ. Infidelity and higher criticism would soon melt away as dew before the morning sun.

Question No. 4. Did the disciples obey? Yes, Acts 1:13-16 tells us that one hundred and twenty went up to that upper room and waited as the Lord had commanded.

Question No. 5. What happened when the Comforter came? Acts 2:1-4. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." That must have been much like some of our present-day Holy Ghost meetings, for the folks accused them of being drunk. Acts 2:13.

Question No. 6. Did any one ever receive the Holy Ghost after the day of Pentecost? Let us turn to Acts 10:44-48. This is where we come in. "For on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Question No. 7. How did they know they had received the Holy Ghost? Verse 46. "For they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God," the witness of the Holy Ghost spoken of in John 15:26.

Question No. 8. Is this baptism for us today? Yes, for we read in Acts 2:39, "For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

It seems to me that any one who denies these scriptures would have to be classed with the unbelievers. Other scriptures bearing on this subject,

NOTE:—An interesting way to conduct this meeting would be to select two of your young people and make one an honest enquirer after truth regarding this subject and the other as a teacher. Ask your young people to bring their Bibles and take notes.

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS



Bible Lessons



Lesson 2.

TOPIC:-CHOOSING A LIFE PARTNER

Scripture Lesson, Gen. 24:1-4.

LESSON COMMENTS

(1) As a usual thing when this subject is mentioned in a group of young people it brings a smile to the face of the majority of them, but it is the most important subject in the life of a young man or woman and should be studied as thoroughly and as prayerfully as any other subject one could possibly think of.

(2) When God made out the plan for our lives, He planned this part just as much as any other and somewhere or other that mate is waiting for you. If you will pray and ask God to guide you to them instead of being in a hurry for fear of being an "Old Maid" or an "Old Bachelor," as the world calls them, and going ahead in your own way. This is the reason there are so many unhappy homes and so many divorce cases in our land today. Folks are not mated and one is pulling one way and one the other. "A house divided against itself can not stand."

(3) An "Old Maid" or "Old Bachelor" as the world terms them, is rather to be chosen a thousand times over than an unhappy marriage. Some of the sweetest characters I have ever known have been men and women of this kind. Paul went through life a bachelor.

(4) In our scripture lesson today Eleazer is a type of the Holy Spirit, Abraham is a type of God the Father, and Isaac is a type of Jesus Christ the Son. As Abraham sent Eleazer to seek a bride for his son Isaac, so God has sent the Holy Spirit into this world to seek out a bride for His Son, Jesus Christ, and this same Holy Spirit will lead you and guide you in finding your life partner if you will trust Him to do it.

(5) We also find that Abraham instructed the servant not to take a wife for his son from the Canaanites. We all know that the Canaanites are a type of the unsaved. Abraham was deeply concerned about his son's happiness as any good father and mother should be.

(6) We do not believe in parents picking wives and husbands for their children but we do believe in them advising not to marry unsaved people and we feel that children should listen very prayerfully to their advice. If you are now keeping company with an unsaved boy or girl, wait to get them saved before you take the all important step.

(7) Remember you must both be Christians if you ever expect to be happy together here and to get to Heaven together after a while. The young man or woman you are going with had better be won

for Christ before you are married if you ever expect to win him and have a happy home. Don't risk waiting until after marriage. It'll mean suffering for you if you do stand your ground and are determined to remain true to God, but you are more likely to drift with him. So weigh this matter well before you take the important step. Tell that young man or woman, as the case may be, that you are traveling toward the beautiful city and that you realize that unless he decides to go with you, you can't travel together and if his devotion to you is true he'll make up his mind to go with you. Worse while devotion would not want to turn you back into sin.

(8) We picture in our minds a man on the brink of a precipice. All unheeded he pushes forward, scornful the advice of a friend, he proposed to judge for himself and in over-confidence in his own judgment, rushes on to ruin. Heedless of earnest admonitions of others, he plunges into the abyss.

In the moral world this picture is even more true than in the physical. Impetuous and self-will youth says, "I know better than my parents' friends. I do not need your advice. I am able to take care of myself." These and similar thoughts cause him to trust in his own judgment and rush headlong into the pitfalls found everywhere. It is only when it is too late that he is ready to receive the admonitions of others.

FAITH IN GOD AND WOMAN

The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.

Lost I these gems,
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path
I should go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears.

—Selected.

HOME DAILY READINGS

A Virtuous Woman	Prov. 31:10
The Holy Spirit Will Help You	Gen. 24:1
Listening To Parents' Advice	Prov. 6:20
Paul's Advice	2 Cor. 6:14
The Kind To Choose	Prov. 12:1
Paul's Admonition	Titus 2:1

NOTE:—Hand out these scripture readings and ask the young people to make talks on them. Always try to mix some of your experienced talks and some of your inexperienced ones on the same programs, you may have to ask some of your older people if your young people are all inexperienced, so that you can make your program interesting.

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS



Bible Lessons



Lesson 3.

TOPIC:-BACKSLIDING

Scripture Lesson: Hosea 14:1-8.

LESSON COMMENTS

A man need not be a philosopher to roll down hill. Going downward is easy when once the mind is made up not to go upward. A downward course is general—preceded or begun by indulging in vain thoughts and harboring them. No man who indulges in idle and evil thoughts can go upward. Here is where quite frequently the fatal mistake is made. Our thoughts are ever forming our characters and whatever they are most absorbed in will tinge our lives. Let vain thoughts once enter and control the mind and evil desires at once spring up. Having taken the first step it is easy to take the second.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill.

—Pope.

In our Scripture lesson we have a wonderful promise, if the backslider will return unto the Lord. This lesson is especially dedicated to those who have lost their first love. Rev. 2:4. It is very easy to drift a little from the narrow way, by neglecting our Bible study and secret prayer. Just as well try to live without natural food as to try to live without God for our souls. We realize there is something wrong with us but do not know what it is. If we will just stop for a moment and think, we will find we have not been talking to the Lord and allowing Him to talk to us—as we should. You have not been abiding in the vine.

Sometimes you may be studying the Word and praying but are not willing to obey. This also clogs the avenues through which the sweet Spirit of the Master should flow, and your joy is cut off and you immediately know something is wrong. The folks around you know something is wrong, for immediately the fruits of disobedience begin to show in your life and instead of a constant stream of blessing flowing from your life to others there comes criticism, backbiting, a shrinking from duty and a thousand other things. Then many who get in this condition go on professing and not possessing and this is what brings reproach on the cause of Christ and keeps thousands of souls out of the Kingdom.

If people when they backslide and lose the sweetness, the patience and gentleness out of their lives, could only confess it and let the world know where they stand, the Lord's work would prosper in a wonderful way. The world is looking for the right kind of fruits from our lives. The old saying, "Your life

speaks so loud I can't hear what you say," is too often the case.

If some of you who study this lesson are in this class, may I again say, if you will return unto the Lord and obey His Word He will heal your backsliding and love you freely. His arms are open to you now. He longs to take you back and make you a power in His great whitened harvest field. He is pleading now. Can you not hear that gentle, tender voice saying, "Wandering child, come home." And will you now look up into the Master's face and say,

"I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Now I'm coming home?"

NOTE:—The writer of this lesson is praying that many precious young people may be brought back to the Lord, and others who have not been saved may give their young lives to the Master through the studying of the scriptures on this subject.

QUESTIONS

Is my life filled to overflowing with the joy of the Lord? If not, why not? What is it that has stopped the flow of the Spirit from my life to others? If I am an "epistle read and known of all men," what are they reading in me?

NOTE:—The meeting should be thrown open for general discussion on these questions. It will be good to confess your shortcomings. James says, "Confess your faults one to another." "An honest confession is good for the soul."

HOME DAILY READINGS

God's Call to the Backslider	Jer. 3:12-14
Our First Love	Rev. 2:1-5
The Lord Pleads for Israel's Return	Jer. 2:1-20
David's Prayer for Restoration	Psa. 51
The Joy of the Lord Restored	Psa. 103
How to Prevent backslidings	Deut. 6

NOTE:—Distribute these scriptures out among your people and ask them to talk from them. It will bring out all sides of the question.

NOTE:—It would be very gratifying to me to know how many young people's societies are using "The Lighted Pathway" lessons. Please write me just a few lines and tell me about your work.—Editor.

VOLUNTEER TRAINING CLASS

Bible Lessons

Lesson 4.

TOPIC:-FRIENDLINESS

Scripture Lesson, Rom. 12th Chapter.

In our Scripture lesson there are many beautiful thoughts Paul has brought out concerning the life of the one who has presented his body a living sacrifice, but there are two verses we desire to use to bring out the teaching our topic suggests.

Verse 10 reads, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another."

Verse 13 reads, "Distributing to the necessity of the saints; given to hospitality."

I believe these two verses suggest friendliness and to my opinion there is nothing needed more in the average church than this one thing. Some of our churches are more like refrigerators than any thing I can think of.

Not only should we be friendly with our own little group of people but we should especially show kindness and hospitality toward the strangers within our gates. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." Matt. 25:35. The stranger may be an unsaved man or woman, but our touch of friendliness, a kindly word and a pleasant smile, may bring to pass the fulfillment of Eph. 2:12, 13. Paul says in Heb. 13:1-3, "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity as being yourselves also in the body." That is, let us have that sympathetic, friendly, personal touch that will encourage hearts and make people feel that it's worth while to come into our midst.

The minister may say something to encourage the heartbroken, the discouraged, the tempted, and those who are tired and weary of the struggles of life, it is to be hoped that he will, but to the average person a handshake, a pleasant smile and a "God bless you, come again," will do more to help that discouraged brother or sister to take a new hold on God and life than even a sermon will do. A good sermon with all the preacher can put into it will lose its effect if the church is cold and indifferent.

I remember of one church I went into one time that has made a great impression on me. Before we had been seated three minutes a half dozen people had been to us to welcome us. Of course, we felt very much at home and like going back again. This is a good way to spend the few moments before each service, in shaking hands and welcoming those around you.

John B. Gough, who was once a seemingly hopeless drunkard, on being addressed by a Christian

woman as Mr. Gough, made this remark, "If the Christian woman can stoop to call me Mr. Gough, I want to be worthy of that respect. That together with the friendly touch of a young man and an invitation to sign the pledge was the beginning of a wonderful life of service to the world."

A young girl who was cross and spoiled in the home with an ungovernable temper was changed completely by this remark, "That girl has the sweetest face I ever saw." The girl immediately realized that the life behind that face did not correspond with the face, and said, "If I carry a face around like that I want to be like that face." and that was the turning point in her life. She is now an untiring laborer in the Master's vineyard. The individual who spoke those words has long ago gone on to Glory, never knowing the results of these few words of encouragement. Perhaps the effect of the words of the woman to Mr. Gough was never known to her, but such things are on record and some day she will know.

Young man, young woman, middle aged or old, you may not be able to do great things for God, but you can mean things that the world calls great, but you could do a greater deed than these two individuals who changed lives by the friendly encouragement.

Let me say if you are filled with the Spirit of Christ, you'll just have to love people until you are friendly without trying.

"If you want friends show yourself friendly" is an old saying. So if we want to make friends for our church this same rule holds good.

THOUGHTS FOR DISCUSSION IN MEETING

Is our church a friendly church?

Will we make an effort to speak to everybody we can and offer words of encouragement as the Holy Spirit leads?

NOTE:—Open your meeting for general discussion of these questions. It will do you good to confess out and make new resolutions. New resolutions don't have to come just as the New Year makes its appearance, but each day should bring new light and new and better resolutions if we are going on with God.

HOME DAILY READINGS

Hospitality 1 Tim. 2:1, 2; Titus 1:18; 1 Pet. 3:9
 Friendliness to strangers Matt. 25:34-40
 Failing to be Friendly with Strangers, Matt. 25:41-46
 Hospitality in the Home Luke 15:7-10
 Entertaining Angels Gen. 19:1-3
 Expense of hospitality Matt. 26:11

Bringing The Ranks Up To The Standard

CONTINUED FROM CHILDREN'S
PAGE

put any shows," Frank Redfield said. "Besides, the girls' band has just had some kind of a colored tea party, pink and white, or blue and yellow, or something; and folks do not want to hear of any more shows or a little while. No, we've got to earn this money, or squinch it out of ourselves somehow."

Nobody spoke for a moment; when Willie Naylor, the very smallest boy in the band, said, timidly:

"I've thought of a way to get a little money."

"How is that?" asked Miss Nannie, smiling encouragement.

"Mamma gives me three cents a day to buy something to eat at recess. I'll ask her if I may do without the bananas and things, and give the money to the band."

"That's splendid!" Miss Nannie exclaimed, and the boys cheered.

"If such a little fellow can do without things he likes, I guess I can do without a new sled," said Martin Conway. "Here, Joe,"—to the treasurer—"here's forty-two cents I've saved towards it."

Again the cheers broke forth.

You perceive this was a rather noisy missionary meeting; but it was an extra occasion.

"I guess I'll let the mixtures go this time," said John Harvey, taking out a quarter and tossing it with a nonchalant air to the treasurer. "Catch it, Joe."

Everybody knew John got very few quarters, and was extravagant—fond of candy, so the applause was long and loud.

"Here's the dollar that was to take me to the concert next week," said Miss Nannie.

"No, no, Miss Nannie," the boys cried, "that's not fair. You've given a dollar and a half already, and we're so fond of concerts."

"I'm not any fonder of them than John is of 'mixtures,' or Willie of ananas and pretzels. If you boys can give up sleds and all sorts of things, I can give up a concert. We'll have the same interest in this matter."

"I haven't a cent, and don't expect to have any money given me between this and next Fourth of July," said Lewis Birch, "but I'm glad to see it is snowing pretty

-:- CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSONS -:-

PARENTAL LOVE

Lesson One

Lesson Material: 2 Kings 4:8-37.

Memory Verse: "Children obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." Col. 3:20.

Purpose: To depict the love and care of good parents and to show children what they owe them.

Read this story of the little boy and the wonderful love of his parents, and remember that it always pays to be good and hospitable to God's servants. Ask your teacher or your parents to study this with you and bring out the good teaching it contains. Don't forget to memorize the memory verse.

PRAYER: Our heavenly Father, of all thy good gifts to us we thank thee most for our home and for the thoughtful provisions by father and mother for our comfort. Help us to add to the joy of their years by thoughtfulness and thankfulness.

OUR PLAY TIME AND HOW TO USE IT

Lesson Two

Lesson material: 1 Sam. 16:14-23.

Memory Verse: "Study to show thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."—2 Tim. 2:15.

Purpose: To show how one can use their spare time to advantage and still have a good time.

David was once a boy and grew up to be a man after God's own heart although he did not always do right. Yet he was ever ready to repent and turn back to God. When he was a boy he spent some of his time tending his father's sheep, learning how to throw stones with his sling. Part of his time was spent practicing his music for he was able to make beautiful music on the harp. He must have been strong in his body for he was able to grapple with and slay even wild beasts. So I imagine David spent some time taking good wholesome exercise. He had not idled away his time I am sure, if he had God would never have been able to use him as He did.

PRAYER: Lord, help me to use my spare time in things that will elevate and help me to become a useful servant of thine. Help me to shun the idle pleasures that present themselves from day to day.

GOD IN THE HOME

Lesson Three

Lesson Material: Luke 2:41-51.

Memory Verse: "Happy is the people whose God is Jehovah." Psa. 144:15.

Purpose: To show how home can be a happy place by teaching the real joy of home life based on unselfishness and on a mutual sharing of joys and sorrows. Jesus was subject to the parents in the home. Verse 51.

It is impossible for us to have a happy home unless Christ is the head of that home and all the members of the family are subject to Him. I wonder if you have a home like that. If you haven't couldn't you start one by being a Christian yourself? The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them." It may be you could lead your whole family to be Christians.

PRAYER: Father, make my young life a blessing in my home and among my friends, with whom I play and make me to be about my Father's business like Jesus was that day in the temple.

OUR GANG

Lesson Four

Lesson Material: 1 Sam. 30:1-10, 21-25.

Memory Verse: "Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good."

Purpose: To lead boys and girls to try to make their "gang" honorable and to keep it from wrong doing; to teach the influence of leaders for righteousness.

David had a gang and he raised its moral standards. Do any of you boys and girls belong to a "gang"? Sometimes a group of girls and boys get together and organize a club or a society, or they may just call themselves "our crowd," or "our bunch." They talk together, they walk together and play together and have a good time. Sometimes when you get together some one suggests you do something that isn't quite right, and you do it without thinking. Afterward you are ashamed of it and almost frightened. If you do not stop and think, and determine to do the right thing, after a while you may find yourself behind prison bars. Make up your mind you are going to lead your gang right or else they will have to travel without you.

(Continued on page 16)

Bringing The Ranks Up To The Standard

(Continued from page fifteen)

fast. I'll get some money out of that."

"Clearing off pavements?" inquired Gus Clark. Lewis nodded.

"I always do ours, and that's ten cents every time. Then I can have old Mr. Carpenter's and Miss Keeley's any time for the asking. I'll stop on the way home tonight and engage them."

"I always have to do ours," said Gus, "but don't get any ten cents for it. I've a great mind, though, to get up early tomorrow, and try to get some others to do."

"Yes, do," said Lewis. "You hear about people dedicating their pens or their needles to missions; we might dedicate our shovels, at least until this money is raised."

"I haven't any shovel to dedicate," said Jack Boland, "but I'm going to ask them around at Brown & Smedley's grocery to take me on Saturdays when they want extra help."

"I haven't an idea how to earn anything," said Harry Young, "but I'll ask mother. Just tell that blessed woman you want to earn some missionary money, and she'll find you a way."

When closing time came they knelt in prayer for a blessing upon their efforts, and Miss Nannie counselled them not to adopt any plan without praying over it.

There is not space to relate how that money was raised—how Robbie Wells gave up going to see the trained horses; how Joe Redner, who was very fond of cultivating flowers, sold his two most precious plants; how John Harvey, not finding anything else to do, turned to and sewed carpet rags for his grandmother, and wasn't ashamed of it; either; how Walter Green put on a big calico apron, and scrubbed the pantry, cellar stairs and back kitchen, his mother paying him the same she would have paid a woman for it; how Miss Nannie bought cheap buttons for her new suit instead of the more expensive ones she wanted. It would be impossible to enter into the particulars of the raising of that money; but it was raised, every cent of it, and more, too. The boys said they would not for anything have handed in only fifteen dollars.—Presbyterian Journal.

THE PRAYER LIFE

(Continued from page 10)

ascended to her proposal and she made her decision accordingly. Such an omission had never occurred before. Two years ago at the Tract Society rooms, we came into the possession of a four thousand dollar press and other equipment in answer to prayer; the last \$300 came in cash, 20 minutes after we made special prayer for it. Once we made special prayer for \$500 and again for \$700 for immediate needs and the cash came at once.

Prayer has been answered for wayward children, for bodily ills, for revivals and almost everything else. Jesus meant it when He said: If thou canst believe, all things are possible. This is a part of our joint heirship with Christ. As the Father heard the Son so He will hear the rest of His children, and assures us that He will do, exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. Let all Christians double up their time given to prayer, remembering "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force."

"Then heaven will come down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat."

Once more and forever yours,
G. E. J.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE

(Continued from page five)

The father had received from the waiter a glass of intoxicating drink. The father heard his boy's remark, set aside his glass and called for water.

The saddest of all experiences is the consciousness that an opportunity for right doing has been lost. Fathers and mothers, your opportunity in behalf of your boys and girls is today—now! Don't let it slip from you. Our opportunity is today. Voltaire made the age of five the limit inside which character substantially is settled. That limit cannot be set with safety very far ahead. I don't want to be so absorbed in the cares and pursuits of my generation as to forget the next.—From "Traits of Character."

"Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many."—Prov. 4:10.

FISHING

(Continued From Page Three)

with people if you are filled overflowing with the love of God and to follow Jesus we must love as He loved. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believe in him should not perish but have everlasting life." If we have this love, sinners will know it, and they will come hungry for that love. The dog and cat, the horse and cow, the chickens, the children, and the neighbors will know it. In fact, every one you come in contact with will know it. This love is a wonderful thing to have, but oh, how we need to cry as Solomon did for wisdom to administer this love to the people. We have seen many good people who were anxious to win souls for Jesus but they just didn't have wisdom and would drive as many away as they would win for Christ. A mixture of love and wisdom is a wonderful bait to use in being fishers of men. If you feel as you read this, that you lack wisdom be comforted by this Scripture, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." James 1:5.

"Let us not keep the Alabaster boxes of our love and tenderness sealed until our friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things we mean to say when they are gone let us say before they go. The flowers we mean to send for their casket let us send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If our friends have Alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affections when they intend to break over my board, I had rather they would bring them out in my wearied and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them. I had rather have a plain casket without a flower, a general or eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial."

Flowers on the casket casts a fragrance back on the weary warrior.

—Selected.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 1.

APRIL, 1930.

NO. 5.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD



RISEN INDEED



By Mrs. W. M. Turnbull.

"If Christ be not raised"—

How could the spirit sing?
Mute then would be the lips
That fain would comfort bring;
And lone hearts, sorrow-torn,
Now waiting for the Morn
Would stricken be—

"If Christ be not raised."

"If Christ be not raised"—

O gruesome victory
For sin and for the grave!
Then hope would hopeless be
And faith would be forlorn.
Would I had ne'er been born,
For death is death

"If Christ be not raised!"



"If Christ be not raised"—

Dark tragedy indeed!
On Calvary's crosses see
Three helpless victims bleed.
What tho' the one might claim
Both Deity and Name,
That claim is false

"If Christ be not raised."

But "Christ is risen indeed!"

Oh, let His saints rejoice!
Let earth in notes of spring
Give every tree a voice!
Let captive streams o'erflow
Released from winter's throe,
For death is life
Since "Christ is risen indeed!"

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
716 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tennessee

APRIL, 1930.

EDITORIALS

We are praising God that our little paper went over the top for Jesus this month. We certainly thank God for the efforts of those who have helped in this work. We believe God started this work and we know that what He has begun He can finish. We have been receiving many letters of encouragement from those who have been blessed by its contents and from the young people's societies that are using the Bible Lessons, telling us of the blessings it brings to them in their work.

God has honored us with the privilege of organizing some bands of young people this past month. It does my heart good to stand before a group of boys and girls and know that in these organizations they are being bound together as one man to fight Satan and his hosts. How much easier for them to stand together than alone! May I urge the pastors and people to get busy and organize your young people.

—O—

We desire to emphasize the fact that the monthly subscription plan is a fine way to subscribe for the paper, that is, where a number of people want the paper. Appoint someone to attend to this each month and collect a dime from each one and send in for a roll of papers. This is a good way to get the paper into the hands of the young people so that they can study the lessons. Then there might be among the older people some who would enjoy it, as it contains good things for all classes. If you know of old people or shut-ins, I am sure they would enjoy their part of the reading. Do you know, if every reader of The Lighted Pathway will get this work on your heart and do your bit and help to get this paper before the people, I will

never cease to thank you from the depths of my heart. We thank you in advance for your assistance.

—O—

To the readers of The Lighted Pathway we extend our heartiest Easter greetings.

We are sure you are glad to welcome the beautiful spring time with the singing of the birds, the return of the flowers, grass and the budding of the trees. All of this speaks to us of the death and resurrection of our precious Lord. First may we stop for a moment and go back and climb with Jesus the steep hill of Calvary's mountain side, and view with Him the old rugged cross and try to realize what it has meant to us away down here at this Easter time. I wonder how many who may read these pages can from the depths of your heart say,

Oh that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me,
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I'll lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away
Where His glory forever I'll share.

The death of our Savior on the old rugged cross and His burial in the dark tomb is today a sweet sadness, but let us look away from this for a time into that first Easter morning when the angel came and rolled away the stone and our Christ came forth to live forever more. Such a wonderful thought! May I ask just here, Do we act as though He were alive forever more or do we show by our actions that we believe our Christ still lies in the tomb? How is our faith? If we believe He is alive forever more, our faith will rise to the need of this old sin-cursed world and we will launch out to do great things for Him who has done so much for us.

This Easter time brings to us the sad thought of departed loved ones who also went down into the dark

tomb and are awaiting the resurrection morning, when the voice of the archangel shall call them forth from the tomb and they together with the living saints shall rise to meet the Lord in the air. 1 Thes. 4:16-18. Oh what a glorious time for those who are ready for that first resurrection! Rev. 20:5,6. Are we ready? It means a close walk with Jesus, not only at this Easter season, but every day and hour of the year.

I know not by what methods rare—
But this I know; God answers prayer.

I know that He has given His word
Which tells me prayer is always heard;
And will be answered soon or late;
And so I pray and calmly wait.

I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the way I thought,
But leave the prayers with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own—
Assured that He will grant my quest,
Or send some answer that is best.
—Selected.

"Neither for these only do I pray but for them also that believe on me through their word, that they may all be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou didst send me. And the glory which thou hast given me, I have given unto them, that they may be one even as we are one; I in thee, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one * * *."—John 17:20-23.)

"What the church needs today is not more machinery or better, no new organizations or more novel methods, but men whom the Holy Ghost can use—men of prayer. Men mighty in prayer. The Holy Ghost does not flow through methods but through men. He does not come on machinery, but on men. He does not anoint plans, but men—men of prayer."

"Talking to men for God is a great thing, but talking to God for men is greater still. He will never talk well and with real success to men for God who has not learned well how to talk to God for men."
—E. M. Bounds.

A Passion For Service

The practical ministry of soul passion is quite as important as its development. Love never lives for itself. Love craves a field for service. So long as there are burdens to lift, clouds to dispell and thorns to remove love pushes on to serve. So long as lives fail to be interesting and happy, love searches them out and points out the path of interest and gladness.

Love craves to make people happy. It knows no labor too great or sacrifice too severe to deter it from brightening somebody's skies. Love does not merely desire to serve, it hungers, it craves, it yearns to be of service.

"Jesus seeing the multitude was moved with compassion." Friendship with Jesus develops the passion of compassion. "The milk of human kindness" deeply hungers for expression. It is so sweet to so close sight of self that one craves to be a blessing to others. Let me illustrate.

A stranger was walking down a winding road through a beautiful valley one hot, dusty August afternoon. He was weary with his long journey. His throat was dry from the dust and heat. The demands of hunger were upon him. He longed for a quiet place to rest and be refreshed.

As he journeyed his attention was attracted to a crudely printed sign; an arrow pointing to a path leading back among the trees. Under the arrow were these words: "To the spring." Some trembling hand had evidently made this sign.

Following the path the stranger came to a refreshing spring gushing copiously from beneath a cliff of jagged rocks. Great trees surrounding it made it a sequestered look. The robin was singing its sweet evening song; the whip-poor-will was calling its mate. A cup was at hand and the stranger refreshed by this liquid gladness removed his burdens and bathed his face and hands. Glancing about he saw a rustic seat also crudely built. Seated and glancing about he observed a basket hung to a limb of a tree hanging above the spring. It was full of luscious, big, fine, juicy apples.

This sign was on the basket: "These are yours, stranger, help yourself," like a boy he ate another apple and then filled his pockets.

Refreshed, rested and feasted, the thought came over him like an inspiration, "What a wealth of kindness. Love has been dreaming."

Then the desire to meet the persons so generous and thoughtful deepened.

He looked for a path that might lead to an explanation of this beautiful ministry. He found the path. Wending his way back through the trees he came to the barnyard gate, then to the garden gate. He went up the footpath past the pinks and hollyhocks, on through the garden of old fashioned flowers to the humble home at the edge of the orchard.

The stranger knocked and an aged man came to the door. "Good evening, uncle," said the stranger. "Good evening, stranger, come in, come in," said the man of tottering age.

"Uncle, I have come to enquire who it is who is so thoughtful of strangers down by the side of the road," said the stranger.

"O," said the old man, "it's the story of the spring that you want, is it? Well excuse me, and I will call mother."

The old mother came in from the garden and folded up her gingham apron, as you have seen your mother so often, and said: "Good evening, stranger. Is it the story of the spring you are enquiring about?"

He said: "Yes, mother, I have been so impressed with the thoughtfulness of the arrangement at the spring that I wanted to meet you and to know what prompted your heart to such a beautiful ministry."

"Well," said she, "it's this way. Fifty years ago father and I were married and came to this valley, staked out our homestead and made our home. Our Master's presence filled our hearts and they were very full of love. The valley was so fertile and lovely that we knew it would be but a little while before it would all be filled up with homes. Our hearts were so full of love and enthusiasm for humanity we craved to be a blessing. We kneeled down upon the ground after the papers were made out and there dedicated our lives and our home to be a blessing to everybody who would come into the valley.

"So we listened for the wagons of the new settlers as they came up the valley. Either father or I would

go down the road and meet them and bring them to our home for the night. We've welcomed most of the settlers to the valley in this way. Father showed them the open claims, helped them to file on them and often they would be sheltered in our home for days. We helped build their cabins.

"Those were all sweet days to us. Around our circle of prayer many young fathers and mothers found Jesus a precious friend. Preaching places were scarce in those days so we had our circles of prayer each week in the valley. Father led the singing, we all read our Bibles together and prayed together and heaven came down our souls to greet.

"It has been a great joy to me to welcome the babies that were born in the valley. I have been so happy to watch by the side of all these precious mothers and to cheer their hearts when the day seemed dark.

"While we have had our own blessed children grow up around us yet somehow we have so loved all the children of the valley for all these years that they seem almost like our very own. When their little feet pattered off to school for the first time they would come to our door for our blessing. How we loved them all! When they finished the district school and went away to college we followed them just the same. Our prayers and tears mingled with those of lonely parents as sons and daughters launched forth upon their careers of learning. As they have come and gone through the years we have tried to encourage and advise them. We have tried to cheer and help them. And now, stranger, they are the men and women of power in many a community. Some have become famous. Some stand in halls of Congress. Father and I have been but humble people but we are proud of the children of the valley. We feel we have helped a little.

"When there was sickness or death either father or I or both have been in the homes to comfort and help as best we could. We have loved all these people so deeply that our hearts were so glad to be with them when they have needed us.

"Some years ago father sat by the fireside weeping. He said: 'Mother, we are getting old.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I know. But why do you

(Continued on page sixteen)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Much-Desired Prize A CHILD MARTYR

The boys were to pick apples in Uncle Ben's orchard each evening after school for a week. He had promised a prize to the boy who picked the most apples during the week. Since Uncle Ben was always as good as his word, the boys were trying hard to win the prize.

At the close of the second evening the boys had picked exactly the same amount. Then John gradually gained. He was greatly excited and worked hard to win.

James was very envious and could not stand the thought of taking second place. He was going to win even if he had to cheat a little.

When Uncle Ben called one of the boys to assist him with the chores James always suggested to John that he run along and help.

"You can pick so fast, any way," he said to John. These were the times when James' crate was filled so quickly. A few apples now and then were slipped from John's crate to his own. But John was honest and did not mistrust James.

"I must move livelier," he said one evening when they had compared the records of their work. "I thought I really had more than you," he went on, "but you must be right."

James did not reply. He picked up an empty crate and walked toward the orchard. In fact, he was ashamed even to look at John.

The boys tried to get Uncle Ben to tell what the prize was going to be, but he would not tell.

Saturday evening after supper Uncle Ben said, "Bring your records, boys, and see if they tally with mine."

"I know who has the most," said John. "James will get the prize, I am sure."

James' face flushed until it was a deep red, but Uncle Ben thought him only excited over the lovely watch which was the prize. Taking the watch into his hands, the boy stammered his thanks.

When they had gone to bed John fell asleep almost at once, but James rolled and tumbled. At last

When the revival of 1904 and 1905 swept over Wales, it gripped even the children, and made heroes of them. One evening at the close of a prayer meeting in one of the large mining towns in South Wales, the minister asked if there were any in the audience who would like to pray for the salvation of their loved ones. A little boy about ten years old came forward, knelt at the front seat, and prayed, "O God, save my daddy and bring him to the meeting. He is now drinking at the corner saloon." When he got up, there was not a dry eye in the congregation.

The next morning one of the men in the mine said to the father of the child, "John, you should have been in the meeting last evening and heard your little boy praying for you."

That evening when the father went home he questioned his son about it, and warned him never to do it again, telling him that if he did he would whip him within an inch of his life. Then the father went out to spend the evening in the saloon.

The invitation for prayers was given in the service that evening. After thinking for a little while, the boy went forward again and offered the same prayer, "O God, save my daddy and bring him to the meetings. He is now drinking in the corner saloon."

The next morning several men went to the father and pressed him

he drifted into a troubled sleep only to wake up crying. He had dreamed that a big, stout boy with a stick in his hand was chasing him and calling, "The watch is not yours! You aren't honest!"

The next morning James told the whole shameful story to Uncle Ben before breakfast.

"I'm proud of you, James," said Uncle Ben, as he handed the watch over to John. "You came out ahead in one contest—and the prize is a clear conscience."—Light and Life Primary Paper.

to attend the services, if only to answer the prayers of his own boy. But the father went home that evening angry, and after supper he asked his son, "Did you pray for me again last night?"

"Yes, daddy," the boy replied. "I tried not to; but I just had to pray because I love you so."

"All right," said the man, "you know what I said to you last evening. I gave you fair warning. Now go upstairs and undress."

The boy obeyed, while the father went out and cut a birch switch. Then, walking upstairs with heart of stone, he whipped his own child unmercifully. The mother was frantic but helpless. After satisfying his wrath the father went out to the corner saloon.

The mother heard a sweet voice upstairs calling for her. When she came to the foot of the stairs she saw a sight that would melt a heart. The child stood on the landing with the lamp in one hand at the corner of his nightgown in the other. He said, "Mamma, I have shed my first blood tonight for Jesus Christ."

Have you ever shed blood for Him?—Selected.

So many talents are wasted, many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoiled, for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, that makes one's doing noble or mean. I can't think of people who have any natural ambition, and any sense of power, escape going mad in a world like this, without the recognition of that.

Jane Carlyle.

"In seasons of distress and grief, my soul has often found relief And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, 'Sweet hour of prayer.'"—Sel.

Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.—Prov. 9:8.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

A Message To The Marthas

Hattie M. Duncan

The busy Spring days had come when the house-cleaning must be done, and the many added cares that only a house-wife knows. The days seemed all too short to accomplish all that must be done; and as I thought of the many steps to be taken, I was literally distracted.

For several days, down deep in my soul, I had heard the still small voice saying, "Martha! Martha!" and I knew my Lord was saying to me, "Thou art careful and troubled about many things," but I did not stop or get still enough to understand all He meant.

One evening as I sat alone, feeling almost too weary to read, I picked up my Bible and thought I would just read the story of Martha and Mary again, and ask the Spirit to make me know what it meant. And so I began to read: "Now it came to pass, as they went, that He entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received Him into her home. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word. But Martha was distracted (R. V.) with much serving," and I said, "Yes, Lord, that is just where I am, just distracted;" and I read on. "And she came to Him, and said, Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful:" or as the R. V. gives it, "but few things are needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." (Luke 10:38-42).

I had never understood the story until that night as I sat alone, and the Holy Spirit caused me to see His light upon it. I never could understand why the Lord did not condemn Mary, and bid her go and help her sister. My sympathies had always been with Martha. I reason-

ed, why, of course, Martha would liked to have sat at Jesus' feet, but there was all the work to do, and someone had to do it, and if Mary would not help, Martha never had the time to sit at Jesus' feet and hear His word. But oh, what light the Holy Spirit turned on the scene. As Mary had sat at His feet and heard His word, it had dawned upon her there was something better than just living for this world. As He had unfolded to her the truth, and told her of His mission to this earth, that He was the Messiah, and that His Kingdom was not of this world, she saw that if she became His follower, she must let every thing go out of her life that would hinder her obtaining that Kingdom, and being made one with the King. And as she listened she believed, and her whole being was brought into oneness with her Lord.

How real and deep was the change in her heart, we can judge, as later on when Jesus had "set His face to go to Jerusalem," and the cross was already casting its shadow upon Him, we do not hear her saying with Peter, "Be it far from Thee, Lord: this shall not be unto Thee." The thought that had taken possession of her was not that she might save Him from the cross, which meant her redemption and that of the whole world, but how could she show Him her love and fellowship with His sufferings. She thought of the costly alabaster box of precious ointment, which she prized so highly and had been keeping for many a day. She would take that and pour it upon His head and His feet, and so anoint Him aforehand unto His burial. The cry, "what waste," because something costly had been given to the Lord, was met with the rebuke, "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me." And to us today comes down through the centuries the fragrance of her service of love and whole-hearted devotion.

Into Mary's life had come a great change; if He was to be first, many things had to go that she had thought necessary and had held dear. He would not share the

throne of her heart with any person or thing. And so she began to choose the "few things that were needful." There would be no time now for the constant receptions and dinners and teas, the hours spent in needless shopping, novel reading, and fancy-work, the friends who were not helpful to her spiritual growth and usefulness. Martha could come with her querulous complaint, "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me alone to serve? She would help Martha in all that was necessary to do, but beyond that she could not go, even if her sister misunderstood her.

Martha was a model house-wife, a royal entertainer and a good neighbor. They always sent for Martha when there was sickness in the neighborhood, for she knew just what to do. But somehow when real deep trouble came, or spiritual help was needed, or to pray with the sick and dying, it was Mary that was wanted.

And now Martha was to have for her guest the Great Teacher. She was so glad to serve her Lord, she could hardly show Him honor enough. Everything must be spotless, she must get out her finest linen and her costly china to grace such an occasion. Then she must have so many different dishes prepared in the most dainty and tempting way, that her Lord might be pleased. It took so much time, until she grew so tired and worried with so much serving, that when she could sit down to enjoy a little fellowship with the Lord, the thought of how Mary had left her to serve alone, and the many things that had gone wrong during the preparation for this meal, would keep coming before her, and so her communion was broken and her Lord's words did not bring comfort and life to her troubled soul.

As the Spirit brought all this before me, and I began to look over my life, and realize how much time we give to "what shall we eat, what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" I began to see the force of the words,

(Continued on page fifteen)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching me there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

Instead of looking upward
And seeing His face divine,
So full of tender compassion
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
The clouds that hung thick above me,
Darkening the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson
And say, "Thy will be done;"
And the Master came not near me
And the leaden hour went on.

At last in despair I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me He pointed
And I thought I heard Him say,
"My child, thou must take thy burden,
And learn thy task today."

"Not now may I tell the reason;
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching
And appoint thee all thy woe."

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted,
For one glimpse of that face divine
Had given me strength to bear it
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And so I learned my lesson
And through the weary years,
His helping hand sustained me
And wiped away the tears.

And ever the glorious sunlight
From the heavenly home streamed down,
Where the school tasks all are ended
And the cross is exchanged for the crown.—Selected.

As I read this poem the other day, how much it reminded me of a part of my own experience. I've wept oceans of bitter tears and murmured many times because of

the heavy crosses I had to bear. Then the dear Lord came to me and showed me that the lesson He was trying to teach me was that of rejoicing in tribulation and I must suffer on until my lesson was learned and I was willing to say, "Thy will be done."

We are in God's great school and He has many lessons to teach us and many of them must come thru our willingness to suffer with Him. Are we willing? If we could but learn our lesson quickly it would be so much easier for us. We well remember how the children of Israel murmured and complained at their sufferings and had to be turned back into the wilderness to wander for forty years and then died before they reached the land of Canaan.

Dear ones, there is a great place for us, a place of wonderful victory and power, a land flowing with milk and honey (spiritually speaking) if we will but take our place with God and let Him lead us on whether the way be rough or smooth, whether it be calm or tempestuous, and rejoice in Him and His dealings with us.

Are you misunderstood today? Do the ones whom you have depended upon look upon you with scorn and disgust? Do your nearest and dearest friends pass you by because you have chosen to walk side by side with the lowly Nazarene? Remember Jesus trod the wine press alone. And the servant is not greater than His Lord.

What are you doing today? Are your eyes riveted upon the great waves of sorrow that around you roll? If they are, you like Peter are sinking and you are crying, Lord, save me or I perish. Yes, He will help us if we get our eyes upon Him, but this is our only hope.

Let us lift our tearful eyes as in verse five of this poem and we will get a glimpse of the Master's face and we too can learn to say, "Thy will be done." Bless His name. My heart is crying out this afternoon, Lord make me willing to suffer for Thee and give me grace to rejoice in tribulation that God may be able to work out His will in my life.—Editor.

PRAY ON IN FAITH

A beautiful instance of working with God in triumphant faith comes from a mother whose son was very far from God.

She realized to the full the power of united prayer, so gathered one or two Christians to join her in intercession for him. He only seemed farther away than ever! His next step was to go to sea. News followed that the ship in which he had sailed had gone down, and all on board were lost.

The mother sent for the friend who had joined her in prayer. They had thought their mission would be one of condolence, but she met them with a bright face.

"I want you to unite with me in praising God for my boy's salvation," she said. "I know He must have answered our prayers, and that my son must have been saved before he died."

"Poor dear!" they thought, "his mind is affected by this great trouble; there has not been the slightest token of change in that lad."

The praise-meeting was quite one-cornered affair, but their embarrassment damped the mother not at all.

"I cannot doubt the Lord," she repeated: "I knew He would answer."

Many weeks passed. Then came a letter from her son, dated from a distant port, where he was in hospital. He and another man had been rescued from the wreck, and while in the water, swimming for his life, "Christ came," he put "and saved my soul."

He was picked up by a ship and carried ashore to a hospital as soon as possible. "I've been very ill, mother," he wrote, "but I am rejoicing in Jesus as my Savior.—Scattered Seed.

WORKERS OR GRUMBLERS

Someone has wittingly said that Christians may be divided into two bodies—the workers and the grumblers. The grumblers never work and the workers never grumble.

THE INNER CIRCLE

TWO WEDDINGS

By Ruth G. Winant.

It was summer. Over all the fields the wheat grew straight and tall, and scarlet poppies peeping from between the sheaves touched the landscape with a bit of coquetry. Down the path, just beyond the turn in the road, stood a dear, old New England church, and next to it a tiny manse. Here the lawn was ablaze with the glory of the nasturtiums and geraniums, and the porch was sweet with the honeysuckle. There was a path leading from the porch to the great oak, and on either side bloomed hydrangea in gorgeous splendor. My companion halted. "You'd think them flowers knew to-morrow'd be the weddin', the way the're bloom-in'," she ejaculated. Then seeing the question in my eyes she continued:

"Law, now, don't you know? Anybody can tell you h'aint been long in these parts. Why, h'aint somebody told you that Miss Amy, the youngest daughter of the Rev. John Patterson, is going to marry the Rev. Frederick Warren?" I disclosed all knowledge, and my informant, who was quite at home with her story, continued:

"Seven years ago, come Thanksgiving, Mr. Patterson had the pneumonia, and Mr. Warren, a young friend who was going to the heathen in Indee, come and preached for us. Well, he went to Indee, and now he's come back, and he's going to marry Miss Amy, and the two of them's going back to Indee together." My narrator stopped, brushing a tear or two from her honest brown eyes, then she added: "Well, God bless 'em, says I, but my, won't we miss her!"

At this moment in the door way I saw the lovers, and seeing us the girl exclaimed: "O, Mother Stuart, do come in. Yes, the wedding is to-morrow, and we're so happy," she exclaimed, lifting her radiant face to that of my friend. "And won't you come too," she added, seeing that I hesitated, for I was a very

new parishioner, and did not know if the invitation included me.

Softly we walked through the dear, home-like house, peeping at the wedding dress that lay snowy and white on the lavender-scented bed, and then at the presents, some of them from the land of Amy's adoption, and a length of silk from Mother Stuart to be made up, the dear soul said, "in the fashion of Indee."

It was time for the children's good-night story, and the grandfather, Amy's father, usually told it, but tonight he said his throat troubled him, and he asked Mr. Warren to take his place. I looked at the dear old man who was giving up his last child, and I knew that his heart was troubling him far more than his throat, but then the two are strangely connected. Then Mr. Warren told this story:

"Just before I left India, I saw a wedding, and because it was so very different from the one that you are going to see to-morrow I am going to tell you about it to-night.

"Sarabai Chunar, was to be married. When she was a wee baby, lying on the brown earth outside her home and kicking her feet in the bright sunbeams that played about her, her father had engaged her to a man to whom he owed a great deal of money. This man said that if Marati would promise him Sarabai as soon as she was old enough he would not ask him for any other payment of his debt. This the father agreed to do. When Sarabai was twelve years old she was thought old enough to marry, and the ceremony took place.

"Since she was a baby I must tell you she had never seen her husband except when she had peeped through the curtain behind which she lived, when Pooroona called on her father. If she had come out and talked with her fiancée as Sister comes to talk with me, she would have been severely punished, so she had only had a few peeps at him, but those few made her afraid of the big, burly man, older than her father. At last the awful

day came, and I was invited to the wedding.

"With the other guests I arrived at the house, but the bride, seated behind a purdah or curtain, I could not see. It was night, and as the last rays of the sun died away I saw a procession coming down the road headed by the bridegroom, who was riding on a fine horse on whose back was a jewelled blanket. He was gorgeously dressed in a tunic and turban of cloth of gold, and behind him came a number of guests singing his praises and flattering him upon his personal appearance.

"At the house Sarabai, hearing the singing, broke forth into uncontrollable weeping. I tried not to listen, for I could not stop the wedding. 'O, please don't' I heard the frail child cry. 'I hate him. Oh, why must I go away from here?'

"The bridegroom dismounted and, hearing the sobbing of his bride, peeped behind the purdah and shook a menacing finger in her face as he exclaimed: 'You stop your crying or I'll give you something to cry about.'

"At a signal she stepped out before the guests. She was dressed in her wedding garments, and her face was completely covered with a white cloth, bordered with a fringe of gold. Her dress was an embroidered, loose garment, and on her bare feet were jewels of every sort that jingled as she stepped trembling to the side of the groom.

"The kazi or religious judge then read a part of the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, and finally announced that they were 'man and wife.' After this betelnuts were passed around among the guests, and a fritter-like cake made of flour, sugar and ghee were given for refreshment.

"I went back to the mission with a heavy heart, and very, very late that night I saw the procession pass back, this time taking the bride to her future home, and as I had heard a few hours before, and

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THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

HE HAD NO SONG

TRYING TO GET TO HEAVEN
WITHOUT A SAVIOR

Several years ago, while passing out of meeting one evening, a lady asked me to go with her and see her husband, who was quite sick. On the way, she told me he was anxious about his soul, knowing he would soon have to die. When I entered the room, I found him sitting in an easy chair, as he could not lie down without coughing. After a few words about his bodily sufferings, I asked him about his soul—did he think his sufferings would end when his body yielded and death came.

"Well," he said, "I think my chances for getting to heaven are pretty good."

"Do you believe heaven is a reality?" I asked.

He said, "Yes."

"Is it true there is a hell?"

He replied, "Yes, I believe it."

"And you have an immortal soul that will soon be in one or the other of these places forever?"

"Yes," he said, earnestly.

"You just now said you thought your chances for heaven were pretty good; you believe heaven is a reality, and hell is a reality, and your precious immortal soul will soon be happy in heaven forever. You must have some reason for it. Would you tell me what it is?"

His voice was weak, and I waited for his answer as it came slowly: "Well, I've always been kind to my wife and children, and I have not intentionally wronged my fellow-men."

"That is all very good," I said, "and it is nice to be able to say that; but now tell me, what kind of a place do you think heaven is, and what do they do there?"

"Well," he said, "I think there is no sin or sorrow there. It must be a happy place, and I think they sing there a good deal."

Turning to Revelation 1:5, I said, "Yes, they do sing there, and I'll just read you a song they sing. It is this: 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' You see, they are praising their Savior, the One who loved them and died for them. I'll read it again: 'Unto Him that loved us,

and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' I want you to take notice; they have not a word to say about what they have done: it is all about what He has done. He loved them and died for them. Now, suppose you were up there, and had got there in the way you say—because you had been good to your family, and so on; there would be one sinner in heaven that had never been washed from his sins in the blood of Jesus. You could not join in the song they sing, could you?"

I waited for an answer. His head had dropped, and his eyes were turned to the floor. I shall never forget his look as he raised his head and turned to answer me. It was as one waking out of a life-dream. He was now coming face to face with eternal realities, and his only reply was,—

"Well! —I—never—thought—of—that—before!"

"But," I said, "God has; and He has written a verse for persons just like you—who are willing to take their chances, as you said, on their good works, and are deceiving themselves by the false hope of getting to heaven in that way. I will read the verse. It is the fourth verse of the fourth chapter of Romans: 'Now unto him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.' Let me explain this: When you were well and could work, you received your wages because you had earned them. You were under no special obligations to the man that paid you. You would come home to your wife and say, 'Here is what I made today.' You could talk about what you had done, and what you had got, and you would not have a word to say about the man who paid you. That is just what God means by that verse. If you could get to heaven by what you have done, there would be no grace about it. You would know nothing of God's love as shown in Jesus. You could not sing, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood;'

for you would be there without a Savior, and you would have no song. Do you think you could be happy?"

He was now ready to give up his ground, and for the first time frankly owned, what his wife had

said, that he was anxious about his soul, and wanted to have the question settled. He fully confessed that in spite of all the good he claimed, he was a sinner, and needed a Savior. It was with joy I read to him this scripture (1 Tim. 1:15): "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He repeated, "To—save—sinner! —to— save— sinners!"

"Yes," I said, "to save sinners—not to HELP sinners to be saved but to SAVE sinners. He is not a helper, but a Savior, and God's word is, 'To him that worketh not but believeth on Him that justified the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' And again, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" He did believe. I left him that night, after reading other scriptures to him with a new hope—not based on what he had done, but believing what God says about what Christ has done.

I called the next morning to see him. As I entered he looked up with joy in his face, and said, "Oh, I have a song now! It will be, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood!'"

He was with us about a week more, and fell asleep happy in the Lord.

Reader, will you be able to sing that song? or will you have to say "I am tormented in this flame"? will be one or the other. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16) Again, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." (Jno. iii. 36.) And again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." (Jno. v. 24.)

J. H. W.

"I jist likes to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day of a woman I know whose face was always cheery and bright. The face of her does one good—shure!

GIVING

"It Is The Hand of Christ"

Or a Contribution Box Transformed

It was the Sabbath for the semi-annual contribution to the missionary society, of which announcement had been made a week previous. According to her usual custom, Mrs. Whitcomb expected to put 50 cents into the box. If the amount seemed small to others, her conscience was quieted by a thought of \$2.00 paid annually to the Ladies' Missionary Society, which was auxiliary to the other. "There are so many objects for benevolence, so many calls nowadays, one must plan justly for all, and not rob Peter to pay Paul," was a favorite saying of Mrs. Whitcomb. One habit of this lady was to look over a collector's book before pledging a first subscription to any cause. If the amount credited to most subscribers was 50 cents or \$1.00, she accepted this as the limit of payment for herself, without any comparison of her ability with the majority of supporters. No special pleas, no suggestion to double contributions, or presentations of present needs, moved her to increased and occasional large-hearted giving. "One must never be governed by impulse in these matters," was often urged in explanation; "in charity, as in everything else. I am controlled by judgment and experience."

It was most fortunate that the regular fee, paid by his wife was frequently supplemented by Judge Whitcomb with substantial donations. These were always signed "from a friend," to escape the imputation of prodigality and unbounded judgment from his better half. To prevent unwarranted liberality, the judge's wife often took the precaution to sound her husband upon his intentions shortly before a stated collection, and advised as to the amount to be given. Knowing his special leaning toward missions, the prudent lady left some misgivings upon the Sabbath in question; so, as they were about starting for church, she casually reminded her husband of the collection—as if there were any need—adding, "I have some change in my purse if you have none."

The Judge had, on the previous evening, taken special care to empty his pockets of all coin, in anticipation of the coming collection; for how could he drop change into the box if he hadn't any? The good man had been reprimanded upon several occasions for depositing a bill. "It is as well to give dollars where your name is signed, and there is some accountability; but small coin will do for the box," had been the instruction.

In deep chagrin the would-be generous man turned to his wife, unequal to the emergency. She guessed the secret, but purposely misinterpreted his silence, and bantered him upon forgetting his favorite collection, adding, "never mind; I have enough for us both. How much do you want?"

"Oh, I have money enough with me, but you can let me have a half-dollar if you like," was the reply, made with such apparent sincerity that the schemer was puzzled. The silver piece was handed over with much self querying. "Does anybody suppose he'll really give only a half a dollar? There is hope of reformation in the most stubborn if John is at last to become prudent."

The choir usually rendered some incomprehensible "voluntary," but the opening of service that day was very unusual. A simple gospel hymn was sung. From a sweet voice the words directly fell upon Mrs. Whitcomb's ear.

"I gave, I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed;

I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

The prayers which followed were embodiments of two petitions: that the people might be able and ready to make large and grateful return for the blessing of salvation, and be enabled to regard the Lord's work with a spirit purified from selfishness and avarice. After the reading of the notice, the pastor said: "The collection today will be taken after the sermon. Let us, my dear people, consider together our duty and privilege in the matter of giving to the Lord. Let us look

at the urgent need for increased liberality in every part of the vineyard, and then make unto the Master a free-will offering, both sweet and acceptable."

Thinking of her husband's unaccountable conduct, of the opening hymn, with its refrain still echoing through her mind, and of the unusual postponement of the collection till the close of the service, Mrs. Whitcomb did not pay much heed to the discourse. Meditation during the sermon is ever a potent soporific; and such is proved.

It was most natural that her waking thoughts should follow Mrs. Whitcomb in sleep, and that she should, in dream, see good old Deacon Beman come down the aisle to gather the tithes into the storehouse. The dreamer very vividly went through the form of taking a half-dollar from her pocket and lifting it to the extended box—when, lo! it was a box no longer! With chilled heart, the lady saw the hard, lifeless wood assume the appearance of living flesh. It was a hand now, and from its pierced veins flowed drops of blood. Looking up, she beheld a form like unto the Son of God, with a face which betokened a knowledge of grief and acquaintance with sorrows. Almost paralyzed with remorse, the sleeper cried, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord! I am not worthy to be put aught into my Saviour's hand."

With pained and pleading look, these words were spoken:

"I gave my life for thee;

Wilt thou give naught to me?"

Quickly the half-dollar was thrown away by the trembling listener, and a coin of gold was laid instead upon the bleeding palm. As the shining bit touched the wound the flow of blood was lessened. In the attitude of divine benediction, the Lord Christ thus spoke: "Disciple, thou hast wrought a good work upon me. The tears of my people must be wiped away; the nations must be purged from sin; the gospel of good tidings must sound in every ear before this bleeding wound can be wholly healed. Blessed be they who hasten on the day!"

Deep organ tones awakened the sleeper when the collection was about to be taken. Clutching at her husband's arm, Mrs. Whitcomb whispered eagerly: "John, you won't put in that 50 cents, will you? Why, dear, it is the hand of the Lord!" In bewilderment the

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PRAYER

PRAYER POINTS

FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO
KNOW THE LORD

By Keith L. Brooks.

Prayer Importance

A LITTLE prayer is the result of a little conception. When we embrace in our prayer the widest circle of our fellowmen, we are most in sympathy with the mind of God. (See 1 Tim. 2:1).

Prayer Beginnings

BEGIN with God in the morning or He will be last in your thoughts all day, and it will be a day of defeat. (See Mk. 1:35; Ps. 5:3).

Prayer Delays

COUNT it a blessing when God delays the answer to your prayer for a time in order to enlarge your capacity to receive. (See Ps. 37:5).

Prayer Purposes

DON'T pray for employment fitted to your powers, but for power equal to your opportunities. Easier lives is not our need—but to be stronger men. (See 2 Cor. 12:9).

Prayer Vigilance

ENGAGING in prayer, then failing to be vigilant in the life, is like sowing a field with precious seed, and then leaving the bars open for the swine to come in and root it all up. (See 1 Pet. 4:7).

Prayer Activity

FERVENT prayer is a promoter of activity. It puts one at the disposal of God for their part in bringing about the thing He desires. (See Ps. 31:3).

Prayer Seriousness

GOD'S acquaintance cannot be made by pop-calls. He never can bestow His richest gifts on hasty comers. (See Jer. 29:13).

Prayer Regularity

HE who fails to pray simply because the sun is shining and all is favorable, will find his power to pray departed when the storm clouds arise. (See Lk. 18:1).

Prayer Ground

IT is not enough that prayer is offered for a good object. Prayer must come from a right heart in

order to be effectual. You may have good ground for asking, but, are you on praying ground? (See Jas. 5:6).

Prayer Importunity

JESUS never has office hours nor imposes a secretary between Himself and the believer. Go to Him in everything and at all times, for every time you pray you possess more of the enemy's ground. (See Rom. 12:12; Phil. 4:6).

Prayer Essential

KNOWING Him is the all-important thing. To spend and be spent in what is called the Lord's work, when the life is out of touch with God, is a pet delusion of the devil. Do you KNOW HIM? (See Jn. 10:14).

Prayer Training

LITTLE with God means little for God. The prayer closet is the most important school for Christian workers. (See Matt. 6:6).

Prayer Definiteness

MANY prayers go to the dead letter office of heaven for want of sufficient direction. Ascertain what God wants you to have, and ask definitely for it. (See Lk. 11:9-10).

Prayer Basis

NOTHING is beyond the reach of prayer except that which lies outside the will of God. Prayer is not conquering God's unwillingness to give, but ascertaining His will and praying in accordance with it. (See 1 Jno. 5:14, 15).

Prayer Stability

ONE'S ability to stay with God in the prayer closet will be the measure of their ability to stay with God when they are outside of it. (See Ps. 119:117).

Prayer Searchings

PRAYING will either make us lay aside our sinning or sinning will make us lay aside our praying. The two cannot dwell together in the same house. (See Ps. 66:18).

Prayer Quietness

QUIETNESS in God's presence is essential. There is more fear that we will not hear His voice than that He will not hear ours. (See Eccl. 5:2; Ps. 46:10).

Prayer Period

RUSHING from bed to business without the prayer period is poor policy. Those who think to save their time from prayer, lose it. Those who invest time in communion with God, are sure to find again in blessing upon their work. (See Jas. 4:2).

Prayer Calls

SATAN may build a hedge about us and hinder our movements but he cannot roof us in and prevent our looking up. When the outlook is bad, don't forget to up-look. (See Ps. 50:15).

Prayer Power

THE prayer that ascends high must come from the lowest depths of an humbled heart. (See Ps. 137:17).

Prayer Approach

UNLESS we pray in Jesus' name and on the ground of His finished work, we pray in vain, for God honors no drafts where there are no deposits. (See Phil. 4:19).

Prayer Victories

VICTORY in the conflict depends upon prayer and there is no real victory apart from prayer. Soldiers of the Lord do their best fighting when they are on their knees. (See 1 Chron. 5:20).

Prayer Unity

WHEN prayer focuses, power follows. In heaven's calendar, the most remarkable days are those when saints gather together in prayer to meet the arm of omnipotence. (See Matt. 18:19, 20).

Prayer Tests

X-RAYS of the self life expose the failures of the prayer life. A selfish purpose in prayer spells defeat. God withholds the things we think would be blessings but which would only direct attention to ourselves instead of Him. (See Jas. 4:3; Jn. 14:13).

Prayer Practice

YOU may talk much about the philosophy of prayer, but be sure you take time for the practice of prayer. (See Jno. 14:14).

Prayer Objects

ZEAL without prayer is wasted zeal. Talking to men about God's important work, but talking to God on behalf of men is the first work. (See Lk. 5:15, 16).

Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC:-THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Scripture Lesson: Luke 19:12-27.

We find that the majority of professing Christians admits the fact of the Second Coming of Christ, but they may not all agree as to the time and manner of His coming.

The purpose of this lesson is to give some facts from the Word of God on this important subject. We hope that the young people will receive a benefit from the study of this lesson.

1. IS HE COMING BACK?

First, we notice the testimony of Jesus himself, John 14:1-3. Second, we notice the testimony of the two men at Christ's ascension, Acts 1:10-11. Third, we notice the testimony of the apostles, Phil. 2:20-21; James 5:7; Peter II 1:6; and John 2:28. The testimony of the Lord's Supper, 1 Cor. 11:26.

2. IN WHAT MANNER DOES HE COME?

There are different theories taught on the manner of His coming, of which we want to mention about three. First, that His coming again is spiritual and was fulfilled at Pentecost. We will let the Bible answer this. John 16:7. This proves that it was the Holy Ghost that came on Pentecost and not Jesus. And more, none of the events predicted as accompanying the second coming occurred at Pentecost, such as the resurrection of the dead in Christ, translation of the living saints, the binding of Satan, etc.

Second, that the conversion of the sinner is the coming of the Lord, Matt. 11:28. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In conversion the sinner comes to Christ and not Christ to the sinner. Conversion is the work of the Holy Ghost, and not the work of Christ. His second coming, like His first coming, is to be an outward, visible, personal coming.

Third, that death is the coming of the Lord. We and a soul passes into eternity every second, and thus we necessitate Christ remaining continuous on the earth. The fact is that at death the believer

goes to Christ. Christ does not come to him. 2 Cor. 5:8. "We are confident I say, and willing rather to be absent, from the body, and to be present with the Lord." Death is always spoken of as a departure. We find Acts 1:11 tells us that He will come again in like manner as He went into Heaven. Rev. 1:7 "Behold He cometh with clouds and every eye shall see Him."

3. WHAT WILL TAKE PLACE WHEN HE COMES?

We find the second coming is given in two stages. First is known as the "Rapture". Second is known as the "Revelation." You will find a description of the rapture in Paul's writing in 1 Thes. 4:15-18.

4. DOES HE COME BACK TO THE EARTH?

Zech. 14:4 answers this question, also Matt. 25:31-33 and Rev. 19:11. The happenings of these scriptures will be here on the earth near Jerusalem.

Scriptures prepared by Brother W. D. Childers, pastor of the Church of God, Knoxville, Tenn.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

If Christ is coming back to earth again am I ready for His coming? Would the voice of the archangel announcing His coming be a welcome sound or would it bring fear to our hearts?

NOTE:—A good way to conduct this meeting is to appoint two persons to hold conversation on the subject, one asking the questions as an inquirer after truth and the other as an instructor, while the young people take notes; or let the leader ask the questions and different ones in the audience be prepared to answer the questions. Appoint someone to explain the difference in the premillennial and post-millennial theory. This is a much discussed topic and should be understood by the young people.

TOPIC: WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD

Scripture Lesson: Phil. 3:13-21.

"Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work."

The bird that ceases to use its wings does not stay in mid-air, but drops like a stone to the ground, and by a law almost as certain he sinks into evil bits whose time and faculties are not engaged in innocent and good employments. So much is this the case that though the periods of relaxation are desirable there is danger in unduly prolonging them. "There are few, indeed," says Addison, "who know how to be idle and innocent; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice

or folly." The purest water left to stagnate grows putrid, and the finest soil thrown into fallow soon throws up a crop of weeds. Had David, as in other days, followed his army to the battlefield, he had periled his life but saved his character, escaping a temptation that owed perhaps more than half its power to the luxurious ease and idleness of a palace. Idleness is the mother of mischief, and who would keep their hands from doing wrong must employ them in doing good.—Guthrie.

There is nothing that wastes strength like idleness, and nothing that keeps one's strength like tireless activity. Alice Rollins in a little poem tells of a

(Continued on next page)

Young People's Bible Lessons

LESSON TWO, CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN

potter at his work whose one foot was kept busy turning his swift wheel, while the other rested patiently on the ground. When sympathy is expressed in "How tired his foot must be!" the potter corrects the error as to the source of weariness:

"Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks,
The one that stands gets tired."

If you want to get tired, do nothing. The man that is idle is least ready to lend a helping hand, while the man who is doing most is always ready to do one thing more. Shun idleness as you would a deadly foe. —Traits of Character.

This is just as true in our spiritual life as in the physical. If there is anything that dwarfs a Christian life it is to sit down and do nothing to help the cause along. Many people think that they can get to heaven that way, that if they go to church, sing, pray and testify occasionally that they are all right, but my Bible says, "Faith without works is dead." If there is anything that is disgusting, it is the man or woman who makes a big profession and will not step out and do things for God.

The object of our young people's work is to train for service. The pastor of your church needs you. The burden is heavy upon him, the burden for souls, financial burdens. Will you not go to him and say, "Pastor I don't think I have been as helpful in the work as I might have been. I'd like to do more. What can I do to help you?" If you'll do this, it will not be long until you'll see results. It will cheer and help your pastor to know he has a band of young people who are like Aaron and Hur, holding up his tired hands, and it will bring blessings to your own life.

We pass this way but once and what we do must be done quickly. Today is passing and will never re-

turn. That opportunity for doing good that is passing by just now will never come again. Souls are dying all around you just now that will meet you over at the judgment unsaved that you might have helped.

It must have been a wonderful vision of the whitened harvest field that made Anna L. Walker write that song:

Work for the night is coming, work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling, work mid spring flowers,
Work when the days grow brighter, work in the glowing sun,
Work for the night is coming, when man's work is done.

Look around and find the weak spots in the church work, take hold of that part of the work and build it up. Our young people are the life of the church and the church that has a band of consecrated young people should appreciate them and stand by them in every way possible. Just a little criticism from the grown ups often defeats God's plan in our young people's work and causes many to stumble and fall.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

As we look around in our church what do we see the need of most? Have we been careless and negligent in the Master's service? What new resolution will we make and will we keep them?

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Willing Workers	Neh. 4:
Which Was Right?	Matt. 21:28
To be seen of men	Matt. 23:
Faith Without Works	Jas. 2:14
Work While it is Day	Jno. 9:
Working with God	Mark 16:15

TOPIC: - HAVING AN AIM IN LIFE

Scripture Lesson: 2 Cor. 6:1-10.

One of the saddest things in the world is to see a young man or woman drifting along, having no aim in life. Every young man or woman should try to decide what they are best fitted for and aim at success in their special calling. This is a day of specialization in the business world and is just as necessary in the spiritual world. We should work according to what God has fitted us for, some pastors, some teachers, some evangelists, etc. After we have found our special calling we should wade thru fire to reach the goal. It may take years of study and work to be a success along our line of work, but Jesus trained thirty years before He began His active ministry. Moses was in training eighty years before God could use him.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GOAL

A light snow had fallen and a company of school-boys wished to make the most of it. It was too dry

for snowballing. It was proposed that a number of boys walk across a meadow near by and see who could make the straightest track. On examination it was found that only one could be called straight. When asked, two of them said they went as straight as they could without looking at anything but the ground. The third said, "I fixed my eye on that tree on yonder hill and never looked away till I reached the fence."

We often miss the end of life by having no object before us.

In one of his fiercest battles, it is known that Phillip, King of Macedonia, lost his eye from a shot. And when the soldiers picked up the shaft which wounded him, they perceived upon it the words, "To Phillip's eye!" The archer was so certain of his skill that he had announced his aim.

(Continued on next page)

Young People's Bible Lessons

LESSON THREE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

re hand. It is a pitiable mistake, when one comes care, like a lawn sportsman, more for a stately posture and a graceful attitude than for the mark aims at.

Once when the British Science Association met Dublin, Mr. Huxley arrived late at the city. Fearing to miss the president's address he hurried from the train, jumped into a jaunting-car and breathlessly said to the driver, "Drive fast, I am in a hurry!" The driver slashed his horse with his whip and went galloping down the street. Suddenly it occurred to Mr. Huxley that he had probably not instructed the driver properly. He shouted to the driver, "Do you know where I want to go?" "No, yer 'onor," was the laughing reply, "but I'm driving fast all the while." There are many people who go through the world in this way. They are always going, and sometimes at great speed, but never get anywhere. They have no definite purpose and never accomplish anything.

It is the man that has an aim that accomplishes something in this world. A young man fired with determined purpose to win in a particular aim has

fought half the battle. What was it that has made men great in the past? One dominant aim! Names of great men at once suggest their life purpose. No one thinks of a Watt aside from the steam engine, a Howe suggests the sewing machine, a Bell the telephone, an Edison the electric light, a Morse the telegraph, a Cyrus Field the Atlantic Cable. A man of one talent, fixed on a definite object, accomplishes more than a man of ten talents who spreads himself over a large surface. To keep your gun from scattering put in a single shot.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION

Am I aimlessly drifting, or have I an aim in life? Is my aim a God inspired aim? Am I willing to suffer and endure to reach the goal?

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

My Spiritual Aim

To Enter the Right Door	Jno. 10:1-9
To Live a Life Blessed of God	Matt. 5:1-12
To Present Myself	Rom. 12:1-2
To be of Service to my Fellowman	Gal. 6:1-2
To Be Filled with God's Love	1 Cor. 13
To reach that Beautiful City	Rev. 22:1-5

TOPIC: - STEPS HEAVENWARD

Scripture Lesson: Prov. 4:10-27.

Every man has the capability of choice. He must choose for himself whether his life shall tend upward or downward. No one can face upward and keep in that direction unless he is sincere. Sincerity is the first step to virtue and noble manhood. This quality is essential. Without it a man is not a man; without it no really great work was ever achieved. Look at all the really great and good men. Why do we call them great and good? Because they dare to be sincere; they dare to be what they seem to be.

With this quality in possession, faith in God leads upward. With every advancing step the view is enlarged and the sphere of usefulness is increased. The man must, however, be kept upward. Many have failed here in supposing that real success means gaining wealth or doing something unusual. This is a false standard and has ensnared many. He is the best of a man who enriches the lives of those around him, who lives not for himself but for others.

A traveler, once fording the Susquehanna on horseback, became so dizzy as to be near losing his seat. Suddenly he received a blow on his chin from a hunter who was his companion, with the words, "Look Up!" He did so and recovered his balance. Looking on the turbulent water endangered his life, and looking up saved it.

No man is safe in taking a look downward, just as once. That look may cost him his standing place, which the earnest effort of the remainder of his life may never regain. Did you never write a letter just as you were finishing it let your pen fall on it, or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be entirely erased. Lord Brougham one day occupied a conspic-

uous place in a group to have his photograph taken, but at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken, but his face was blurred. It takes a lifetime to build a reputation, but only a moment to destroy it. This suggests that no man is safe unless he continues his source upward. Many have risen high in the steps leading to true manhood and godliness, but in an unguarded moment they looked downward and fell. Almost any community can cite such a case. Look upward, young man, young woman. Find your place in life and fill it. Choose upward, ever toward that which is elevating and ennobling. Let your ambition be to remember, not as a great scientist, lawyer, scholar, doctor, or merchant, but as a great man, every inch a man, a Christian gentleman.

DAILY HOME READINGS

Steps to Christ

Feeling His Need	Luke 15:11-21
Repentance	Matt. 3:1-7
Confession	1 John 1:1-10
Consecration	Rom. 12:1-2
Obedience	1 Sam. 15:20-24
Suffering and Service	2 Cor. 6:1-10

NOTE:—Hand out daily Bible readings to the young people and ask them to make talks on them. Work in some special music each time and encourage your young people to cultivate their musical talents. Search out all the musical instruments in your young people's society and get them to work for God. Send to Church of God Pub. House, Cleveland, Tenn., and get booklet on "How to Conduct a Young People's Meeting."

VICTORY

"Now thanks be unto that God Who always leads us forth to triumph with the Anointed One, and Who diffuses by us the fragrance of the knowledge of Him in every place." (2 Cor. 2:14, literal Translation.)

WHEN you are forgotten or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile INWARDLY, glorying in the insult or the oversight, because thereby counted worthy to suffer for Christ—*THAT IS VICTORY.*

When your good is evil spoken of; when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—*THAT IS VICTORY.*

When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption by the will of God—*THAT IS VICTORY.*

When you can lovingly and patiently bear with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance—*THAT IS VICTORY.*

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation or to record your own good works or to itch after commendation; when you can truly love to be unknown—*THAT IS VICTORY.*

When you can stand face to face with waste, folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—*THAT IS VICTORY.*

When, like Paul, you can throw all your suffering on Jesus, thus converting it into a means of knowing His overcoming grace; and can say from a surrendered heart: "Most gladly, therefore, do I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake"—*THAT IS VICTORY.* (2 Cor. 12:7, 11.)

To love equally as much the grace that comes through being "instructed how to be hungry" and to suffer, as you love the faith required to know how to be "full" and to abound in health—*THAT IS VICTORY.* (Phil. 4:12.)

When death and life are both alike to you through Christ, and to do His perfect will, you delight not more in one than in the other—*THAT IS VICTORY;* for, through Him you may become able to say:

"Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death." (Phil. 1:20; 1 Cor. 15:54.)

The perfect victory is to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and thus to triumph over one's self. (Rom. 13:14.)

"In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." (Rom. 8:37.)

He knows, He loves, He cares—

Nothing this truth can dim;
And does the very best for those
Who leave the choice with Him.

—Selected.

INSULTING GOD

The governor of a state interviewed a prisoner who had petitioned him for a pardon. Not recognizing him, the man treated him contemptuously, and gave insulting answers to his questions. Afterwards, on learning who his visitor was, he keenly felt the enormity of his rude conduct, and abandoned all hope of pardon on account of it.

Always coming in disguise, and usually with similar results, the Governor of the Universe is continually interviewing the unforgiven of this world, who are "condemned already, and the wrath of God abiding on them." They look upon the persons or messages bringing the truth to them as coming in a merely natural way, and generally meet them with contempt or neglect. Such treatment always insults God, for Christ said, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me."

In the great future when lost souls look back through a renewed memory into their earthly lives, the most galling thing visible will be the sight of how they insulted God, in slighting the warnings sent them. Then they will clearly see how God was in them all and like Christ among the Jews, was unrecognized and rejected by the majority.

God is observing you! Do not defy Him by any longer neglecting the salvation he offers. He says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." "Quench not the Spirit."

Though sin and sorrow wound thy soul,

The balm of Christ can make it whole;

Ask now His grace—'tis freely given,

Seek, and He turns your hell to heaven!

TWO WEDDINGS

(Continued from page 7)

heard again the curses of the bridegroom."

We took our leave after this story, and "prayers," and parted at the turn in the road, each to think of the sorrows of India, and each to think of the joys of the coming wedding.

The morning broke bright and beautiful, and when at noon I met Mother Stuart it was in the mansion garden. From within came the sounds of happy laughter, and around me I saw every evidence of a happy occasion. Soon I heard Mendelssohn's wedding March, and down the steps, leaning on her father's arm I saw the bride. On heavy cloth hid her face from our view, and she smiled as she sat at the improvised altar under the trees the man of her choice. The music stopped, and there amid the summer sunshine the dear old words were said, and they were pronounced "man and wife." Again the music—Lohengrin this time—and the bride and groom took the places under the great oak and received our congratulations.

Two weddings! But what a difference! God help the bride of the second wedding to take to the bride of the first the comfort One who attended a marriage feast in Cana long ago!

"IT IS THE HAND OF CHRIST"

(Continued from page nine)

Judge looked at his bewildered wife, who pleaded again: "I met the contribution box, John; it is the hand of Christ, our Lord! Could you lay a few cents upon it?" "Till wife," was the joyous reply. "I will give \$15.00." "Very well, and give as much more."

Was it his wife who thus spoke—the same who had outwitted him in the morning? Yes, the very same woman, renewed. She had seen the Lord, and heard his words. She had learned the deep meaning of the Savior's "inasmuch." Now again would "good judgment" keep her from ministering to her crying Redeemer through the power of the sorrowing and the benighted. The contribution box had been transformed; but still more wonderful and blessed was the transformation that had taken place in one of the King's daughters.

A MESSAGE TO THE MARTHAS

(Continued from

Father's and Mother's page)
 "For few things are needful." "For these things do the nations of the world seek after." You remember that was the trouble with the children of Israel, they wanted to be like the nations round about them. Other nations had a king, and so must they. It takes real courage to break away from the prevailing customs. We do hate to be peculiar. Our Lord is saying to "Ye are not of this world," and we go on, captives to its laws and customs. Do you know what Jesus really said to Martha that day? "Martha, Martha, much preparations is necessary, need but one dish" (*Edersheim*.) Who would have the courage to put but one dish before some honor-guest, in order that the time might be given to fellowship and prayer?

Oh! child of God, purchased by precious blood, what are you doing with your time, money, and talents? Are you spending your time in travel, in reading the latest book or magazine, in just pleasing yourself? Or, perchance in gossip and backbiting your brother and sister in the Lord, because you think they are wrong, and in your selfishness and self-will, sowing seeds of dissension, and so tearing down rather than building up the kingdom of God in the earth. How are you spending your money? In chasing paintings by a master to add to adorn your walls? Some nice bit of bric-a-brac, something which is unnecessary and only gratifies your tastes. And the master standing by, saying, "but few things are needful," as He points to the shining souls in heathen darkness for whom He died, and His kingdom languishing for the help which might give. Are you giving yourself to Him to spend and be content, that the poor sinning, sorrowing world might be brought to feet? One who listened to this message, told me that she had redeemed from her mantels many unnecessary ornaments that the time saved in dusting might be given to the Lord. May God Himself speak to you as He has to me, and awaken you to the awful responsibilities of living.

To Martha's life there came a great sorrow, the beloved brother, Lazarus, sickened and died; and

now Martha felt the need of her Lord. Her beautiful home, the many friends could not help in such an hour. She had gotten still now, and her whole soul went out to Him in intense longing. And as later on He came to Martha and Mary, she could only meet Him with the heart-broken cry, "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." At last it had come to Martha as to Mary. He was the only One who could help or satisfy. And she chose Him to be her all. And Jesus loved Martha.

To the Marthas I send this little message from the Master, that your life shall be no longer consumed by the much serving. And as you wait before Him, asking Him to show you the things that are not needful in your life, I am sure you will see with clearer vision how the daily routine of necessary work may be simplified, and you will have more time to sit at His feet and hear His Word, and to you as to Mary will come His commendation, "it shall not be taken away from her."

"Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus;

Time for the world with its troubles and toys:

No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hungry,

Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys."

He was not willing that any should perish:

Am I His follower, and can I live longer at ease with a soul going downward,

Lost for the lack of the help I might give?

Perishing! perishing! Thou wast not willing:

Master, forgive, and inspire us anew:

Banish our worldliness, help us to ever

Live with eternity's values in view.

THE WEAK MADE STRONG

God does not give us natural gifts simply to ask us to renounce them. He does not ask us to sacrifice, but to use them. And no gift is ever too great to be used in the kingdom. While we occasionally find a man with a false scale of values who imagines that his gift is too great to be used in service, we more often find a man who is prone to under-estimate his ability, particularly as it concerns Chris-

GROWING OLDER

A little more tired at close of day,
 A little less anxious to have our way;

A little less ready to scold and blame,

A little more care of a brother's name.

And so we are nearing the journey's end,

Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little more love for the friends of youth,

A little less love for established truth;

A little more charity in our views,

A little less thirst for the daily news.

And so we are folding our tents away,

And passing in silence at close of day.

A little less care for bonds and gold,

A little more zest in the days of old;

A broader view and a saner mind,

A little more love for all mankind.

And so we are faring down the way,

That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,

A little more real the things unseen;

A little nearer to those ahead,

With visions of those long loved and dead.

And so we are going, where all must go,

To the place the living may never know.

Christian work. The man who has little and gives it all to God can do more than he who has much and uses it indifferently. We often see a repetition of Goliath in his armour being defeated by David with a sling and the power of God. Isaiah heard God's call, but feared to answer because he was a man of unclean lips. But the coal of fire from the altar can cleanse today as it did then. Amos was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and he felt keenly his unworthiness, but God used him. When we contrast the Peter who denied his Lord with the Peter we see at Pentecost we realize something of what God can do with a life.—From "Choice of a Career."

HOW TO BE GREAT

Do not try to do a great thing. You may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, the glory of God, to win His smile of approval, and do good to men. It is harder to plod in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and do deeds of valor, at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and ultimate recompense of Christ.

To fulfill faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear the chaffing unthankful and evil; to be content to be martyrs, bear the pillory and stake; to find the one noble trait in those who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God, even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and then a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—Selected.

A PASSION FOR SERVICE

(Continued from page three)

weep?" 'I was thinking of the past, mother,' he said, of how happy we have been all these years to live for the people of the valley, but the weight of years is growing heavier and soon we shall not be able to go to the bedside of the sick and nurse them through. Soon we will be on the shelf.' We wept together.

"A few more years slipped by when one evening we wept again out of sheer hunger to be helpful as we had been in other days. Finally father said 'Mother, I am so hungry to be a blessing to some one we must do something. Can't you make a sign that will point strangers to the spring? I can build a rustic seat and cut a path.' So we put up the sign as best we could, father cutting out the path and building the seat. When all was done, father said, 'Can't we do something more?' And so we thought of the apples. And there they hang.

"You see, stranger, it was all because we were so hungry to be in the valley what Jesus would have been had He lived where we do. So humble as we are we have tried to live in this house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

The stranger deeply impressed with this sweet passion for service, went forth with this precious story and gave it to the world.

The stranger was Sam Foss and the poem he wrote from the scene is: "Let me live in the house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

The House By The Side Of The Road

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn,
In the place of their self-content:
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament:
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hulk the cynic's ban—
Let me live in the house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from the house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both part of an infinite plan—
Let me live in the house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.
I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night,
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice.
And weep with the strangers that

The Power of Stillness

A score of years ago a friend placed in my hand a little book which became one of the turning points in my life.

It was called "True Peace." It was an old medieval message, and it had but one thought, and it was this—that God was waiting in the depth of my being to talk with me if I would only get still enough to hear Him.

I thought that this would be very easy matter, so I began to still. But I had no sooner commenced than a perfect pandemonium of voices reached my ears, a thousand clamoring notes from without and within, until I could hear nothing but their noise and din. Some of them were my own voices, some of them were my own questions, some of them were my own cares, some of them were my own prayers. Others were the suggestion of tempter and the voices of world's turmoil. Never before there seem so many things to be done, to be said, to be thought, and in every direction I was pushed and greeted with exclamations and unspeakable rest. It seemed necessary to listen to some of them, and to answer some of them; but God said, 'Be still,' and I knew that I am God's child. Then came the conflict of thought for the morrow, and its duties and cares; but God said, "Be still." Then came the very prayers of my restless heart wanted to rest upon Him; but God said, "Be still."

And as I listened, and sought to learn to obey, and shut myself to every sound, I found that for awhile when the other voices ceased, or I ceased to hear them, there was a still small voice in the depth of my being. As I listened it came to me the power of prayer and the voice of wisdom, and the voice of duty, and I did not think so hard or pray so long or trust so hard, but that still small voice of the Holy Spirit in my heart was God's prayer in my secret soul, was God's life in my strength for soul and body, and came the substance of all knowledge, and all blessing, for it was the living God Himself as man and my all.—Selected.

moan,
As I live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 1.

MAY, 1930.

NO. 6.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

Leaving Home

Oh, boy o' mine, oh, joy o' mine, you're leaving home today,
Come with me to our Inglenook and let us kneel and pray.
The pathway leading from our door is full of pits and snares,
And dangers lurk on every side to trap you unawares.

Sweet Siren voices full of lure will whisper in your ear,
And seek to turn you from the way your mother holds so dear.
So come with me, oh, boy o' mine, and let us kneel and pray,
That God may be your comrade and protect you all the way.

Oh, boy o' mine, oh, joy o' mine, it's hard to see you go,
For my heart is a mother's heart and oh, I love you so.
My dream for you is not of fame or treasures vast of gold,
Or that men may speak your name abroad with praises manifold.

My dream for you is not of these, for fading flowers are they,
And some day by the whirlwind will be scattered by the way.
My dream for you is not of things that transient are and vain,
And as cheerless to the spirit as the cheerless autumn rain.

Oh, boy o' mine, oh, joy o' mine, wherever you may roam,
In this heart of mine remember you will always have a home.
My dream for you is purity, but if you should slip and fall,
Oh, wing a prayer to God, my boy, and He will heed your call.

His love for you is wonderful, and mother's love is true,
And day and night where'er you roam, I'll always think of you.
The years may bring you sorrow, and the years may bring you joy,
But in shadow, or in sunshine, I'll be praying for my boy.—Selected.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper Devoted to Our
Young People Everywhere

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One Year — — — \$1.00

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
716 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tennessee

MAY, 1930.

EDITORIALS

Again we are pleading for our young people to work hard for the financial side of our little paper. We need your help and must have it if the paper prospers. We feel it would be a great disappointment to some of you, especially those who are using the lessons, not to receive your papers each month. If you really like it that well, please show your appreciation by sending in for a roll each month at ten cents each. Make yourself a commitment of one to solicit among your friends. Ten cents will not mean much to the individual but a number of them will mean encouragement to me.

Quite a few have written their commendations of the paper and we are glad to know our work is being appreciated. One young woman wrote that the two issues she had received were worth the price of the paper. A young man who sends for a roll each month said, "It's the best little paper I have ever seen." Another said, "We find it a great help in our young people's meetings."

I am printing an extract from a letter of inquiry received a short time ago, just one of the many we are receiving, making inquiries and giving us an insight into the problems of the young people's work.

"We have very few young people. Most of them have never been saved. Some have been converted but have become discouraged and no longer come to services. What shall we do about it? Please give me some advice as some of us are very anxious to encourage them and help them."

A very common expression is, I don't know what to do with our

young people. They get saved and don't hold out. They soon get discouraged and quit coming to church. What shall we do with them?

Beginning with our next issue we expect to devote a page to answering some of these questions. If you have some problems, let me hear from you. Always send a two cent stamp to insure an answer personally if there is not room for all in the paper.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING.

I once heard a story of how our heavenly Father sent an angel to earth to search out and bring back the most beautiful thing this world possessed.

The angel came and began his search and found an American Beauty Rose. He took it back to the Father and the Father shook His head, and said, "No, there is something far more beautiful than the American Beauty Rose. Go back and try again." Once more he searched and this time he met a precious baby, and she looked at him and smiled. Surely I cannot be mistaken this time, so he took the baby smile and returned to the Father. Again He shook His head. "Go back," He said, "and this time I will help you in your decision."

He walked up and down the streets of a city one night and a voice said: "Go look in that window for a little while." As he looked he saw a fond mother tucking her infant child into its little crib, and as she did so the tears of joy and gratitude rolled down her cheeks as she thanked the Father for honoring her with motherhood. "This is very beautiful," said the angel "but I will look a little further to make sure." On he went until the voice again said, "Here is another home, I want you to look into." As he looked he again saw a mother and child.

The child was ill and back and forth the mother carried him, bathing his fevered brow and speaking words of comfort. Occasionally he could hear her say, "Oh God, spare my child." All night long she carried him, never murmuring, never complaining, her only thought being for the welfare of her precious child. The angel turned away strengthened in his belief that mother love was the most beautiful thing earth possessed.

On farther down the street he

wandered when again that inner voice bade him stop and listen. He heard a trembling voice praying and on stepping to the window saw an old gray-haired mother on her knees, praying for her wayward son, and beseeching her Father to return to her, her precious boy.

"Ah," said the angel, "I'm sure have it now, but I am confident that Mother's prayer will be answered, and I must wait to see him come home."

Only a few days of waiting brought an answer to mother's prayer, and one day a ragged, forlorn looking young man came up the street and turned in at the gate and on to the door of his home. As he knocked the door swung open and mother's arms were about his neck, and tears of joy flowed down her cheeks. She closed the door upon the scene, but a few hours later on looking in at the window, he saw a table set with all the fine white linen of the home, the silverware, the beautiful cut glass, and everything that she could find to adorn that table was there. Then he could see her taking down jar after jar of jellies, preserves and canned fruit on which his name was written. She said "John, I canned this for you home coming." Oh the joy in that mother's face as she served that boy whose very countenance showed dissipation was enough to convince the angel that mother love was the most beautiful thing that earth possessed. It did not take the dear heavenly Father long to give His smile of approval to the angel's decision.

If we truly desire an increase of faith we must consent to its testings and meet the issue when it comes. Faith grows strong by exercise.

God not only takes our sins away, but He takes them out of the way

"God commendeth His love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom 5:8.)

A BROKEN SPIRIT

By Susie A. Duncan

For more than a year there had been in my heart a deep cry to God concerning the failure on the part of many to live an overcoming life. I looked at my own life and saw failure, and also saw failure in the lives of those even who were teaching about a life of victory, the desire became an agonizing cry to God that He would show me the way, the real cause, of this failure on the part of many of His children. I believe He has shown me, and at the request of dear friends who have already been helped by my experience, I give it to you trusting God that it may help you go into a really overcoming life. Our annual convention had been announced, and many prayers had been offered that God would visit with Pentecostal power. One night I retired especially burdened, longing for the solution of the problem, but through utter weariness fell asleep unanswered. I awoke at early dawn, and became once again conscious that God was speaking to me. I lay as one listening to another speaking, making no effort to think or to analyze, but just receiving the heavenly message from God Himself. I give to you as it impressed me.

We have thought that an entirely surrendered will is all that is necessary to bring us into a life of victory, but that is not enough; there must be also a *broken spirit*, which will enable us to accept God's will *joyfully* without chafing. A surrendered will and a broken spirit are not the same thing. The will is in the realm of the intellect, and corresponds to the law; the spirit is in the realm of the heart, and corresponds to grace. Then there was presented to my mind several illustrations to show that a surrendered will alone does not bring overcoming power.

God, by the hand of Moses, called His people Israel. He delivered them by power and great might, many times causing them to stand reestruck and dumb, as at Sinai, before His lightning and thunders. Then face to face with God's power they were very penitent, and always said, "All this will we do," but as soon as the trial was over, first quenched or hunger apased, they fell to murmuring

and complaining against God and His way of working, thus disclosing the fact that though the will surrendered and said, "*We will do*," their spirit was unbroken, and wanted its own way, and was cross at God because it could not have it. That whole nation, for forty years, though following on, chafed against and questioned God, until all save two perished in the wilderness; and the record gives us the secret of *their* victory, they had "*another spirit*," an obedient, broken spirit. In time of war we have what we call a disciplined army. It is composed of men whose will is surrendered to the army rules and regulations, they rise at a certain hour, eat, drill, or do whatever they are commanded, faithfully, obediently; but though they obey orders, many of them chafe under the restraint, and inwardly are stubborn and unsubdued; their spirit is unbroken, though the will is surrendered and becomes obedient; they obey orders because they must, not because it is a pleasure to do so. I saw that this unbrokenness of spirit is the cause of all the difficulties and failures in human life.

Take a man in society; unexpectedly his friend offends him; hot blood begins to move, and rash words are forming on his tongue, but he is instantly composed, he does not speak. What is the fact? He has surrendered himself to the rules of etiquette, and though filled with rage and indignation, his will obeys the rules and he is outwardly the perfect gentleman, though it is the same unbroken spirit surging within that leads one less cultivated to harsh words or even to blows.

Parents begin the training of children. In most cases it amounts to this. The child becomes conscious that this man and woman are my father and mother, I am expected to obey them. He therefore submits to their authority, but with a wholly unyielded spirit. He soliloquizes when under the rod: I will submit now, but one day I will become of age, and then I will submit no longer; and sure enough he goes out from home perfectly unbroken in spirit, and as law held him within bounds at home, now

nothing but the larger law holds him from riot and bloodshed, and all manner of disaster that follows in the wake of an unbroken spirit. Parents are not satisfied with the results of a forced obedience, neither is our heavenly Parent, for in Heb. xii, we find that God dealeth with us as with sons, and that He corrects and chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness; and then He says that though the chastening be grievous, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are *exercised* thereby. The purpose of God is that our spirit as well as our will may yield to Him, and thus the whole nature be brought under His sway, and responsive to Him. The reason that we see so many Christians living a life of struggle and failure is because they have refused to be *exercised* by, and yielded to, the chastening hand of God, and thus, though rendering obedience thru fear, are wholly unbroken in spirit.

My thought was then directed to Paul as an example of brokenness of spirit. In the ninth chapter of Acts we have his conversion, where, with one masterly stroke of Almighty God, the riotous, persecuting Saul is changed to the ever-obedient, broken-spirited Paul. I saw that what happened to Paul in that hour must happen *sometime to every living man and woman who would know a life of victory over the flesh*. We have in Acts 9:5, 6: "And he said, who art Thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Saul found what was the matter with him, he had been kicking against God, and as soon as he saw it he surrendered, and God took the *kick out of him*. He said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" not as the terrified keeper of the prison, who yielded because of fear, and said, "What must I do?" Acts 16.

The will is always saying, What *must* I do? but a broken spirit ever says, What wilt *Thou* have me to do? I saw that the *kick* is in our *spirit*, not in our *will*.

To illustrate: Quite unexpectedly God called my sister, Mrs. E. V. Baker, to go to India, not as a missionary, but to accomplish a special

(Continued on page 14)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

BESSIE'S CHOICE

By Lady Hope

A little girl about nine years of age arrived with her mother and her two young brothers, after a long journey, at a large house by the seaside in India. Madras was the name of the city, and this house had a nice garden with shady trees and palms and flowers in it.

As it was getting late when they arrived, Bessie was very soon undressed and in her little bed on the porch, where she could hear the waves lapping softly on the beach close by. It was a moonlight night, and all the stars were shining.

Before she went to sleep her mother came to see if she were all safe and comfortable, and she said to her:

"Do you remember Mrs. Forbes who used to be so fond of you, and often asked you to go and see her, and have supper with her at her house?"

"Oh yes," said Bessie, "I remember her quite well."

"She has just been here," the mother said, "and she sent you her love and brought you a little book. But it is too late for you to read it now. I will put it in the pocket of your dress. It is a very small book. You may see it tomorrow morning."

Very early the next morning the children were up, and by five o'clock Bessie was dressed and ready to go out riding on her pony. India is a very hot country, and the white people have to go out early, before the sun gets up; for afterwards the heat is too great. They must come in about seven o'clock, and then they would have breakfast on the porch.

The nurse said that Bessie must go down first, as the others were not quite ready yet.

"Be sure you keep in the shade," she said, adding, "there are some seats under the trees on the grass."

So down she ran; and after she had sat still for some few minutes on the seat, she remembered about the little book in her pocket. When

she took it out of her pocket, she found her little present, not much more than an inch square, with a green cover, and gold letters printed on it. The name of the tiny book was "Daily Bread."

She found that it had a verse of the Bible in it for every day in the year.

"Now," said Bessie to herself, "I will see what is the text for today."

So she read the verse, and these were the words:

"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, my Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?"

Bessie read this two or three times over. Then she knelt down on the grass, saying to herself, "Yes, I will do it now."

As she knelt there, she prayed to God.

"O Lord," she said, "I will cry unto you now. Will you be the Guide of my youth? Will you be my Guide?"

The blue sky was shining overhead. She has never forgotten that day. The water in the lake reflected the beauty all around. All was so peaceful and quiet. Still Bessie prayed on. When she got up from her knees she knew that God had heard her; and she was glad because she had done what God had asked her to do.

Years went on, and Bessie was growing up. She had finished school. One summer she went to see the beautiful mountains all capped with snow in Switzerland. She stayed at a town called Interlaken, just at the foot of the Jungfrau and other mountains. This valley is all green and decked with flower gardens, and pretty cottages; it is surrounded, too, with woods, hills and lakes.

One morning she was sitting at breakfast in the long glass-covered porch at the hotel, where a number of other people were staying, when she saw a very tall, strong-looking man walking up and down the road in front of the windows. He had on a thick, rough coat, stout shoes, and a felt hat with a long straight

feather in it, sticking up at side of it.

"What a strange looking man," she said. "I wonder why he was up and down there?"

Some one explained.

"Oh, that is a Swiss guide. They always dress like that, and they wear that feather as their badge. Then every one knows that they are guides. That man is waiting to know if any of the people like to make up a party and go up the mountains."

"A guide!" she said to herself. "I have always wanted to see a guide ever since that day when I was a little girl under the trees in India, when I asked the Lord to be my Guide."

So when she found that some ladies were going up the mountains, she went with them as far as the waterfalls, where there was a hotel from which they were to start.

This was what she saw. Several ladies came out and stood in the yard of the hotel. They wore short thick skirts, and sailor hats. Every one carried a bag or a cape, or a wrap of some kind, and some had packages of sandwiches and crackers, in case they should be cold or hungry on the way.

Then the guide came around with two others, younger men who were to help to take the people up to those snowy heights.

The first guide came forward and stood in front of the ladies. Then he went up to one of the ladies and took away her hand-bag.

"I want that," she said. "I always carry it."

"Not today," the guide replied. "I will explain in a minute if I do this."

Then he took away one by one everything they carried, — cloaks and all the parcels; some he put into a knapsack on his back, others he slung over his shoulder with a leather strap.

"Ladies," he said, "will you listen to me? I am your guide. I entrust your lives to me. We are going up amidst snow and ice to the top of the mountain."

(Continued on page 14)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

We dedicate this page this month to my precious mother who went home to heaven four years ago. I well remember when I wore my first white flower. God bless and comfort those who are wearing their first white flower this year.

Mother, I wear my first white flower for you, in other years 'twas red and I was glad.

This year it blossomed white that hallowed day, heaven took you from us through the gates of pearl, eternal joy is yours, and I, regarding you, can still be glad.

MOTHERHOOD IS A LIFE WORK

Ten years of the life of a child lay in the heart of a mother. All the remaining years will be colored by the touches of those mother years.

So great the task nature has planned twenty years of instruction and companionship.

Spirit and quality of leadership enters here.

Destiny hangs on these precious years of experience and instruction. The nesting instinct is strong in the heart of a real woman.

So vital are the issues of motherhood, so beautiful its ministries and so far reaching the investments that without question motherhood is society's greatest career.

It should be classed as a career. Law, medicine, banking, or what not in no way outclass this great calling.

As it is the highest of all callings, it should never be incidental or accidental.

Greatest preparation should be made for this life work. Physical culture, domestic science, dietetics, business management and accounting, horticulture, poultry, dairying and many other subjects bear directly on the home life.

Child culture and nurture, child psychology and the many helps a

TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunk, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks and the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than anyone else upon earth. You cannot walk in a midnight haunt where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, cheer her declining years with tender devotion.—Selected.

NOTE.—As the fathers look over this page this month they may feel left out as it is Mothers' issue but never mind your time will come soon. Just remember that the right kind of a father makes it possible for mother to perform her duties well. Without him the home is crippled to a great extent. So we want to say from the depths of our hearts, God bless the fathers. We do this in memory of our own dear old father now 84 years of age, who resides in Oklahoma and has been a good father.

mother needs should be taught. "Get ready for a home" is great advice to young womanhood.

Mother's Prayer — Influence

Hannah prayed for Samuel, and he became a prophet and a mighty man in Israel.

Monica prayed for her wayward, paganized, and ambitious child, and that child after years of dissipation became a Christian, was made a bishop of the early church, and is known to the reverence of after ages as Saint Augustine.

The mother of John Newton, the hymn writer, prayed for him, and it must have been before he was seven years of age, for he lost her by death at that early period of life. But he himself tells us that he never forgot those prayers. He grew up to be a wicked man; a blasphemer and a "man stealer"—a kidnapper of slaves from Africa. In a terrible storm at sea, when every man was required to work the ship, he was missed from deck. A sailor was sent below to find him, and he found him on his knees, and he heard him say, "O thou God of my dead mother, have mercy on my soul!" And God did show mercy.

The last hours of the venerable Dr. Nott were peculiarly impressive and affecting. Visions of his childhood home floated continually upon his lips; and the last words he uttered were the last words of prayer his mother taught him when a child—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Says Mr. Spurgeon, "I cannot tell how much I owe to the solemn words and prayers of my good mother. It was the custom on Sunday evenings while we were children for her to stay at home with us, and then we sat around the table and read verse by verse, and she explained the Scripture to us. After that was done then came the time of pleading with God. And some of the words of our mother's prayers we shall never forget, even when our heads are grey. I remember her once praying thus: "Now, Lord, if my

(Continued on page nine)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

POLISHING

Editor

I am wondering this morning how many of my brothers and sisters who shall read this are going through the polishing process and are not aware of it. They do not understand. I am writing this to help you to know why your cross is so heavy, your testings and trials so great.

Years ago I visited a certain city and in my rounds of visiting the different parts of that city, I saw a beautiful white marble building, and as I looked at it, the Lord spoke to my heart and showed me the lesson. He would have me learn from those beautiful stones so white and so smooth. One day they were in the earth; the next they had been blasted out and lay in pieces on the ground. They were still in the rough and one could hardly realize the beauty awaiting the polisher's hand. Yes, the rough corners must be knocked off so that these stones would fit together before they could be put into the building.

God is building His church, and you and I have the privilege of being a stone in that wonderful structure. This church is to be without spot or wrinkle. Everything must be chiseled away that would mar the beauty of this building. All the murmurings, all the complainings, all the backbiting, all criticism, all that is unlike Christ must be chiseled away before Christ can set us into this beautiful structure. Oh how we should lift up our hearts in thanksgiving and praise for the chiseling that is going on in our lives, which shows us that we have a chance to be a part in this great and glorious building. Not everyone that calls Him Lord, Lord, shall enter in, but those who do His will and permit Him to complete the polishing un-

FAITH

I will not doubt though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and
sails,

I will believe the hand which never fails,
From seeming evil, worketh good for me.
And tho' I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,

"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt tho' all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still white realm
above,

I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused those things for which I
yearn;
And though at times I cannot keep from
grieving,

Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt though sorrows fall like
rain,

And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my
crosses,

I yet shall see through my severest losses
The greater gain.

I will not doubt, well anchored is this faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every
gale;

So strong its courage that it will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
O, may I cry, though body parts with spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may
hear it,

With my last breath. —Anon.

like this that the world v
call masterpieces. Nothing
needed more to win t
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masterpieces of God's pol
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for Jesus. Dear young peo
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but stand still until the p
ishing hand is through a
come out a masterpiece
Jesus Christ. It will be t
that you can turn around
win father, mother and th
associates for Jesus, and
able to lay many sheaves
the Master's feet.

To you who have gro
older in years and can look b
over your lives and see that
were not pliable in God's hands
the chiseling time, and who
that your life has been barren
useless, remember God is yet a
to polish and fix you up for t
beautiful structure. You will
have so many years to work for
Master, but we never get too old
shine for Jesus. Oh the people
the world who are blinded to

(Continued on page ten)

til He says, "It is enough." I wonder if you ever stopped to realize why this polishing hand causes us so much suffering. It is because we have not died to the flesh. Paul says we are to die daily. The pieces of marble are dead and there is nothing to hinder the sculptor from his work. He can polish one side, then turn it over and polish another, and so on until the block of marble is admired by all who see it as a masterpiece. Oh, how God does want to put out some stones

THE INNER CIRCLE

THE DISCOVERY OF GOD'S PLAN

Character, The Foundation

The will of God is boundless and would seem to be unfathomable. Nevertheless, He not only has endowed us with wills, but He has invited us to think His thoughts after Him and to reason with Him, assuring us that we may know His will. But how may we know His will? First of all, we may be sure that His plan presupposes positive Christian character. The life God has planned for us cannot be built on a weak, negative foundation. We must be willing to say: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me." Nor will it be sufficient simply to expel the evil. The heart must not only be swept and garnished; it must be so filled with the good that there is no room for evil to return. Removing the weeds of vice is only a part of the process—the flowers of positive virtue must be planted and nurtured there. God's plan for our lives must have the sure foundation of a positive, strong, winsome Christian character on which to build.

We may consider only those vocations which are in harmony with the character of God and His purpose for the whole universe. God never plans for any man to engage in any occupation which dishonors him. We know that God is righteous, just, true, merciful, beneficent, and, above all, a God of love. Any occupation which does not help to make this world a better and happier place in which to live must be without the pale of His plan for us. This leads us to the need of studying God's Word to know what His purposes are and by constant communion and prayer to become aware of the character of God.

When we know the character of God we shall know that there are some occupations which we can never even consider. Every young

man knows without asking that his father would not have him be a thief or gambler. Every girl knows that there are certain things of which her mother would never approve. She knows because association with her mother has taught her that such things are contrary to her mother's character and habits of action. We may leave out of our consideration certain occupations and professions which we know could never be approved because they are contrary to the very nature and character of God and therefore out of harmony with His general purpose for the whole world.

Limits Within Which His Will Is Found

We need not look for God's will outside of the limits of a life of service. God never planned any life to be useless, always to be getting, never giving. Nature itself abhors uselessness. When any species ceases to use an organ, that organ tends to disappear. How much of Jesus' condemnation was for those who did it not? Matt. 25:31-46. No outstanding evil is reported of the pious travelers who passed by on the other side leaving a wounded man on the Jericho road. Dives did no positive wrong to Lazarus lying at his gate. The man who hid the talent in the napkin did not steal it or lessen its value. The sin in each case was that they did nothing. In the parable of the judgment no sin of commission is charged to those who are sent to outer darkness. The sin is that those in prison were not visited, the hungry not fed, the naked not clothed. According to Jesus, useless chaff must be consumed, weeds burned, salt that has lost its savor trodden under foot, and the fig tree that bears no fruit cut down that it cumber not the ground. The surest way to miss the God-planned life is to do nothing. His will is never found outside the limits of a positive and

active service.

The life God plans for us is to be lived down where folks are. The man who counts for most in the business world or on the mission field is not the star player, but rather the man who can do team-work.

In the Middle Ages a St. Simeon Stylites could think he was pleasing God when he crucified his body and built him a tower that he might live sinless above the world. But Jesus prayed, "Not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." A God-planned life is always lived down where folks are. Nor does this necessarily conflict with the achievement of the highest personal development. It but gives a deeper motive and a new impulse to the achievement of personality. It leads us to "make the most of our best for the sake of others." It makes us see our transfiguration and pentecostal experience as preparation for healing demoniac boys and for making the blind to see and the lame to walk. We agree with Fosdick that, "Self-sacrifice is not therefore a bitter amputation of our personalities. It is an enlargement of our personalities to comprehend the interests of others. *** Self-sacrifice and self-realization flow together." A river that "gets to keep" becomes a swamp. It is only those who "get to give" that achieve the highest personality, and only in our highest achievement and largest service do we find the will of God.

The Yielded Life

Realizing that God has a plan for me which will be the glory of my life to achieve and knowing something of the limits within which all God-planned lives are found, how may I find His particular plan for me?

The first essential to finding God's plan is willingness to be guided. We must abandon the idea of making any plan of our own and

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THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

Lost And Found

"Stand aside, you drunken tramp, and make room for these gentlemen who want to be waited on," growled the saloonkeeper, as old Tim Connor moved farther down the bar.

"Give me some more drink to cool this burning thirst, and I will leave your house forever," answered the old man.

"Not another drop do you get in this house unless you pay for it; and what is more, if you don't get out and quit annoying me, I will call the police and have you run in. Now, get. I have no room for loafers or tramps who are in my way and have no money to spend."

"What will you have, young gentlemen?" he asked, turning to the two well-dressed young men who were standing at the bar. The young men had ordered their drinks; but before they had tasted their liquor, the old man had again walked up to where they stood, and addressing the barkeeper, said:

"True, I have no money. True, as you say. I am nothing but a drunken tramp. I came into the town three days ago in a box car and for three days have begged cold morsels from kitchen doors. My manhood is gone, and I am nothing but the physical and moral wreck you see me. But it was not always thus. The time once was when I could have bought a dozen establishments like this. I was a happy and prosperous business man, with a happy little family, but drink was my ruin. I am alone in the world now; no one to love, and none to care for me; but I will soon be out of the way, I am going now; but before I go I want to say to you young gentlemen, look at me and take warning. I was once as respected as you, but see me now! Oh! for heaven's sake, let the accursed stuff alone, for it will bring you to the same condition."

After leaving the saloon old Tim wandered aimlessly through the street, passing a large church, into which great crowds were pouring. "This is no place for me," he muttered; but, just as he passed, the congregation began singing—

"Jesus lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly."

It had been a long time since old Tim had heard that song, so he paused and listened. It seemed that he never heard such rapturous music in his life. As the song proceeded he felt drawn to the place, and turning slowly back, he stole around to the rear of the church and seated himself on the steps leading into the preacher's study, that he might hear more of it. By the time the song was ended the audience had gathered in the church, and he sat and listened as song after song was sung, and the minister prayed a fervent prayer, in which God's mercy and pity was invoked upon those who were wandering in sin. There was something in that prayer, as well as the songs, that touched him; and the poor old man sat and wept as a flood of memory came rushing upon him. His mind went back to a happy home, in the long ago, when he heard a happy young wife singing those same songs. The minister began his sermon, but old Tim heard it not, for he was dreaming of the past. He saw the bloom of health and happiness fade from a fair young face as the demon of drink slowly won a husband from his wife. He saw the peace and happiness of home slipping away as the husband plunged deeper and deeper into ruin. He saw the elegant home and its elegant furnishings all go to satisfy a demon's craze for drink. He saw a sad-faced little woman slowly pine away as she toiled day after day over the wash tub to earn a scant living for herself, her baby boy and drunken husband. He heard her prayers and saw her tears fall unheeded, and at last saw her laid away in a pine box in the potter's field and her child given into the fostering care of an orphan asylum. He saw a drunken, depraved man wandering for more than twenty years, begging from door to door, while manhood, self-respect and respect for his fellowman had slipped away.

"O God, why didn't I die before she did?" he moaned. "What have

I to live for? I am not fit to live among decent people, and God knows I am not fit to die."

The services in the church were over, and he heard the minister announce that the evening services would begin at 7:30; so slowly the old man moved away before the well-dressed throng should see him.

The hands of the great clock in the tower of the neighboring hall had just passed the hour of seven, and old Tim was again seated on the steps of the preacher's study.

"I must hear more of that sweet music, if nothing more," mused the old man, "and I want to be here in time to hear it all."

He had fully determined to move on after the song service; but before it began a sweet little girl of twelve years came running up the steps, and thinking he was the janitor said:

"Won't you please open the study door for me, Mr. Johnson? I want to get a book for papa before the services begin."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said old Tim, rising and lifting his tattered hat, "I am not Mr. Johnson, but —"

"Oh, excuse me, sir, I thought it was the janitor."

"I only stopped to listen to the singing," said the old man, apologetically, as he prepared to move on.

"Oh, won't you come inside where you can get a good seat, and you can hear it so much better? They will begin in a few moments," said the little girl.

"No, I am not fit to go into such a nice place as that," replied the old man; "besides, they would not want such as me in there."

"Oh, yes, they do, sir," said the little girl. "My papa is the preacher, and he always likes to have the old people come to hear him."

"It is not because I am old, but because I am not fit to be with such nice people. I am ragged and dirty, and I am afraid I am not a good man."

As the old man uttered these words the child saw tears trickling down his withered cheeks, and going up to him, she laid her little

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Lost And Found

(Continued from page eight)

and in his while she looked up in his face and said:

"Jesus loves you, and is able to make you a good man, if you will let Him. Do come with me and I now it will do you good."

Like one in a dream he suffered himself to be led around and into the church, where he seated himself far back and shrank from all who entered. The house was soon crowded, and the people rose to sing. Never had he heard such music; and the prayers that followed were so earnest, so tender, so loving that it seemed each one was offered in his behalf.

The minister arose and read his text: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." And he arose and came to his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

Then the preacher portrayed the love of God for lost sinners, the path of His Son on Calvary that they might be saved, and His wonderful mercy and goodness, in such a way as old Tim had never heard before. He drew a picture of the wretchedness of the prodigal, his earnings for home, his final relapse, and how that resolve was set into action. When the preacher reached the climax in which he pictured the prodigal clasped in his loving father's embrace, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

"Thus," said the minister, "Our Lord Jesus Christ stands ready to welcome everyone to Himself. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners. He says: Come unto Me, ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Christ hath once suffered for sins, be ye just for the unjust that HE might bring us to God."

With an earnest appeal he closed his exhortation, and the people began singing. The poor old man's head dropped forward, and he sobbed like a child.

As he wept aloud, he felt a soft hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the minister's little daughter standing beside him.

"Won't you come and let Jesus

save you?" the sweet voice said.

"Oh, I can't," he sobbed: "I am too far gone. I am a wretched miserable sinner, and there is no hope for me."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," quoted the little child. "Jesus can save you to the uttermost. Only trust Him, and He will make you whole. He gave His life that you might be saved."

It caused a flutter of excitement as the audience looked upon a scene which they had never seen before; and as little Mary, the preacher's daughter, led an old, gray-haired man to the front loud "Amen's" were heard from different parts of the house.

When the preacher came to Tim and extended his hand to him, the old man said:

"Sir, I am not fit to be a Christian. I am wretched and undone. I thought there was no hope for me, but you said God was willing to save, even to the uttermost. I must tell you my history; then you must decide if there is any hope for me. Let me stay when the people are gone, and I will tell you all."

Assuring him of God's mercy and willingness to forgive, the preacher told him to remain; and when the audience was dismissed the two went into the study, where the old man told the preacher the history of his life.

As he concluded his sad story, the preacher's cheeks were bathed in tears, and trembling with emotion, he asked the old man's name.

"My name is Connor—Tim Connor—but I am best known as 'Old Tim the drunkard.'"

"Father, father, my long lost father!" exclaimed the preacher, as he gathered the old man in his arms.

"Father, I am your own Willie, the boy you left at the orphan asylum. God has been gracious to me in sparing me to see my long lost father. For long years I have hunted for you, but had given you up as dead."

The father then learned how his boy had been taken from the orphanage, reared and educated in a Christian family, was born again in early life and became the earnest preacher he was.

Before they left the study that night Tim Connor had received the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior and had passed from death unto

life. Not by works of righteousness which we have done but according to His mercy He saved us. For as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God.

"Old Tim, the drunkard," is known no more, but "Grandfather Connor," as he is familiarly known, is loved and respected by all. He no longer begs for a cold morsel at the kitchen door, but every Sunday may be seen, a neatly dressed old man, led by a sweet-faced little maiden, as they happily walk to the church, and Preacher Connor has no more attentive listeners, nor has the church two more devoted workers, than Grandpa and little Mary.

—Sel.

Mother's Prayer —Influence

(Continued from page five)

children go on in sin, it will not be from ignorance that they perish, and my soul must bear a swift witness against them at the day of judgment if they lay not hold of Jesus Christ."

Said the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, a Methodist minister: "Oh, how much I owe to my mother's prayers. There is an hour in my life never to be forgotten—when I followed her softly upstairs out of curiosity to learn where she went so often and for what purpose, and I heard her, on bended knee, 'O God, have mercy on my wayward boy.'"

And what more shall we say? For the time would fail us to tell of the mother of the Wesleys, of Wilberforce, of Edwards and of others.

"We may forget her melting prayer,

While leaping pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years and sin and manhood flee

And leave us at our mother's knee."

"Across the fields of yesterday

He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

"And yet he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been."

—Sel.

PRAYER

PURITY, PRAYER, POWER

POWER

The great need for this year is a new manifestation of the mighty power of God. We need it for a victorious life, and for a fruitful ministry. Without it there is bound to be defeat; with it we can be more than conquerors. Without it there is bound to be bareness; with it there will be abundant increase.

As we approach the end of this present evil age, a greater manifestation of the power of Satan is noticeable. This is necessarily so if the power of God is hindered and limited by His people. When God withdrew His presence and power from Israel because of their sin and disobedience, they were overcome by their enemies; but when God showed His power in their midst, none could stand against them. What is needed today is the saving, keeping, enabling, counteracting and victorious power of the eternal God manifested anew through His people. Nothing else will avail.

That a loving Father is willing to give His power to His believing children who delight to do His will, none will deny, for He has declared: "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits;" but that most Christians today lack this power is sadly apparent. What is the reason?

PRAYER

One reason for this lack of power can be found no doubt in a lack of prayer. As long as Moses lifted up his hands in prayer, the Israelites under Joshua prevailed over Amalek; but when he weakened and let down his hands, Amalek prevailed. His hands were finally stayed by Aaron and Hur until the going down of the sun, and the victory was won by the people of God. IF WE WANT POWER, WE MUST BE CONSTANTLY IN TOUCH WITH THE SOURCE OF POWER.

Hezekiah prayed when Jerusalem was compassed about with the armies of Assyria. As a result the power of God was manifested in the destruction of his enemies and the deliverance of Israel. It was the zeal of the Lord of hosts which gave this victory, because Hezekiah's prayer was heard in heaven.

It is when God's people recognize their helplessness and humble themselves under His mighty hand, and call upon Him, that He delights to show His power on their behalf. WE NEED THE PULL OF PRAYER UPON THE POWER OF GOD AS NEVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. Shall we not really give ourselves to prayer until there is a new manifestation of the power of God? What is your answer?

PURITY

But there is also a reason why there is no manifestation of the power of God in answer to our prayers. It is a lack of purity in life, in heart, in thought, in motive, or in conversation. God looks at the heart and demands that our hearts be perfect before Him. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose hearts are perfect toward Him." UNCONFESSED SIN WILL HINDER OUR COMMUNION WITH GOD, PREVENT HIS ANSWERS TO OUR PRAYERS AND ROB US OF SPIRITUAL POWER. It was the man after God's heart who declared: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." The prophet of old understood this when he wrote: "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear; but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear."

If we are not "praying in the Holy Ghost" (Jude 20), or receiving answers to our prayers, or experiencing fresh manifestations of the power of God in our lives and in our ministry, let us honestly ask Him to search our hearts and see if there be any wicked way in us. There may be no revelation of outrageous sins as viewed by the world, but only those so-called "little sins" such as bad temper, impatience, pride,—pride of face, pride of place, or pride of grace;—envy, strife, jealousy; bitterness, foolishness, sensitiveness; neglect of prayer, NEGLECT OF READING GOD'S WORD, self-indul-

gence; love of money, love of praise, love of pleasure, and such like. But all these grieve and quench the Spirit and prevent us from really praying.

Remember that it is general—"the little foxes that spoil the vines." A little defective wiring prevents the electric current from producing light or power, or stops a conversation over the telephone. The sainted Robert Murray McChesney declared: "It is not great talents that God blesses so much as great likeness to Jesus; a heart man is a mighty weapon in the hands of God." Oh, for men to demonstrate through whom God can again demonstrate His power!

We must have a new manifestation of the power of God. This can come only in answer to prevailing prayer, and prevailing prayer is possible only when there is purity of heart and life.

Let every Christian be diligent to promote a world-wide revival of the entire body of Christ by individual PURITY, PRAYER, AND POWER.—Great Commission Prayer League.

POLISHING

(Continued from page six)

fact that it means something to in the church (The Bride of Christ)! How many sad hearts there will be when the trumpet of God shall sound and they are not ready to go. The Bridegroom will be the way of the cross and too if we are His Bride must be by the way of the cross. When the mother of Jesus and John asked for her sons to be honored with Christ set up His Kingdom, her answer was, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" Yet without a doubt this means a baptism of suffering. James and John responded immediately, "We are able." Can you say the same? If you can, you can be polished and made into a stone for the wonderful building, The Church of God.

Oh yes, many have their names on a church book but that does not put you in the Bride unless you have permitted God to polish you and fix you up like unto Himself. God help us to take an inventory of our lives and see where we are today.

Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC - THE ABUNDANT LIFE

SCRIPTURE LESSON, Jno. 7:37-39

When Dr. Truett was at the University, there was a skeptic among the seniors. The students said: "He doesn't believe as we do, do all you can for him." One night he stood at his door and said: "I want to ask you one question, 'Is Jesus real to you? Can He help you?'" The Dr. said: "He is real, when my soul was storm-tossed He spoke the word that brought peace."

The young man said: "I believe you and I will seek Him." The next morning at the close of his address he said: "Is there another man here who has found Jesus to be real?"

The young man started down the aisle. A thousand men threw their hats into the air and shouted, then bowed their heads and wept. There was joy on earth and in heaven because another man found Jesus to be a reality in him. Is Jesus Christ real to you? Are His promises real and literal or are they figurative and unreal? How may we come more fully into this blessed fellowship with the Divine?

First: We must take time for meditation and prayer. "But I have not time." O, you are wrong. God gives us all the time there is and expects us to use it to the best advantage. Luther could not get through a busy day without rising early and giving from two to three hours to prayer.

Second: If we would know the exquisite joy of fellowship with Jesus, we must fellowship with those who love Jesus. Our companionships influence us very vitally. God reveals His secrets from one to another. We can learn from one who walks with God more than we can learn in any other way.

Amanda Smith was a slave before the war; after it she earned her living at the washtub. She was converted at a street meeting and sanctified under the preaching of John Inskip, then became a world-wide evangelist, though not able to read or write. The crowned heads of Europe sat at her feet for spiritual instruction. At the General Conference, at Cincinnati, the whole august body rose to their feet and gave her an ovation. Let to the platform, she thrilled the bishops and delegates, and she was the peer of any of them in spiritual things. I would sit at the feet of the blackest African I ever saw if by

doing so I could learn to know Jesus better.

Third: We must love and study the Bible. We cannot know Jesus, the Living Word, unless we know the Bible, the written Word. The Bible tells God's way to us and our way to Him. The neglect of the Bible among Christians is the secret of the low tide of spirituality.

Fourth: We must set our faces against all forms of evil. Sin separates us from God. It shuts us out of heaven. There is no gaining admittance into the secret place of felicity without going through the strait gate of purity. Holiness and happiness are so joined that God will never suffer them to be separated. Sin, both actual and inbred, is the work of the devil which Jesus came to destroy.

What all Christians need is: a deeper crucifixion; a thorough illumination of the Spirit; an eclipse of the world and a deeper humility.

When we come into this fellowship our hearts will be cleansed and our vision will be cleared.

"Yea only as the heart is clean

Will larger vision yet be mine,

For mirrored in its depths

Are seen, the things divine."

Those trees who have their lower boughs of activity on earth have their top branches of hope in heaven. Oh, the joy and blessedness of this fellowship. This is the life that grows more abundant every day, full of exquisite charm, rapturous delight, transporting vision and celestial ravishment.

Oh, Love Divine,

"I give thee back the life I owe,

That in thine ocean's depths its flow

May richer, fuller be."

Yours in Christian fellowship, G. E. J.

FRUITS OF "THE ABUNDANT LIFE"

(Bible Readings)

Fellowship	1 Jno. 1:3-7
Cooperation	1 Cor. 3:9 (whole chap.)
Fruitfulness	John 15:3-9
Our Spiritual Mirror	Gal. 5:16-26
A Happy Life	Matt. 5:1-13
A Forgiving Spirit	Matt. 6:9-16

TOPIC - LITTLE THINGS

SCRIPTURE LESSON, Song of Solomon 2:15 (whole chapter)

It is the pennies put together that makes dollars and the seconds that make hours. Solomon says, "It is the little foxes that spoil the vines. It is true that the devil would not think of coming to us with a temptation to murder, steal or swear for he would know we would not do that, but he comes to us as an angel of light with the little things in an unguarded moment. I remember one time when I received a very discouraging letter from a friend of

mine. I was impressed to answer it at once, but the enemy said, "You haven't time, wait a while." Just a little thing, but word afterward came to me that she had lost her mind and was in the sanitarium. Another time I was impressed to go to see a sick woman. I put it off and she passed away without my seeing her. It's the little failures that spoil our lives of usefulness. Perhaps God wanted to use me

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Young People's Bible Lessons

LESSON TWO, CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN

to help those poor troubled ones in this trying time and I failed Him. Did you ever fail in the little things?

A picture in a public gallery in London gives a scene in the Higher Alps. A noble eagle in flight is pursued by scores of birds. The hawk and other large birds he can keep at a distance. Whenever they come too near he tears them with his claws or strikes them with his beak. The humming bird, a tiny thing compared with the eagle, has joined the other birds in their attack upon the eagle. He can do more injury than all the others. He sits on the head of the king of birds, pecking away and scattering the feathers as the eagle soars higher. The humming bird is small and has a small beak and little strength, but sitting on the vital part and constantly teasing, he frequently injures the brain of the eagle and causes its death.

How often is it the case that we allow little things to annoy us, to destroy our peace, our happiness, our health. Great troubles we manfully meet and conquer, but little things, little humming bird troubles, get near our hearts, and we fail to comprehend that only God's infinite grace can help us overcome.

A little boy who held a sixpence near his eye said, "Oh, Mother, it is bigger than the room," and when he drew it still nearer he exclaimed, "Oh Mother, it is bigger than all outdoors." A silk fiber stretched across the glass of a telescope may hide a star. A hair may strangle a giant. A pebble dropped into the

ocean from an infant's hand will stir the waters to their great depths and their widest bounds. Little things have turned the tide of a great battle, crushed a dynasty, obliterated an empire and changed the map of a continent. Little things frequently shape the policies of governments and make and unmake public men. Little things raise men from poverty to wealth and destroy the accumulations of years of hard and honest labor. In earlier years we may have planned wisely and cautiously, but some little thing, some concealing switch, may have turned us from our course entirely. A very small self-gratification, a very little love of pleasure, a very small thread, may hide the light from view and turn us on the wrong course.

There can be no little transgression of God's infinite holy law. There can be no little sins. Little "short comings," little "indifferences" are not found in God's vocabulary. Nothing is little in the eye of God. Nothing is too little for the pen of the recording angel.

In this lesson we have emphasized the little sins which grow and develop until they ruin lives and spoil your usefulness. On the other hand, there is a beautiful side to this question. The little deeds of kindness, the little words of love you may speak along the way, the little time spent in prayer and Bible study, will also grow and develop until soon the world will be blessed by your lives. Let us cultivate the little things that will lead us on to lives of usefulness in the Master's service and give us entrance into the beautiful city.

SCRIPTURE FOR COMMENT

A little member Jas. 3d chapter
A little deceit Gen. 25:27-34
A little disobedience 1 Sam. 15:13-23

A little envying or malice Gal. 5:19-22
A little refusal Prov. 1:24-33
A little wine Prov. 23:31-32

TOPIC - FOUNDATIONS

SCRIPTURE LESSON, Matt. 7:24-29.

The Scripture likeness of a house built on a rock and of a house built on the sand is very familiar; nevertheless the looking after foundations is as much neglected today as ever.

The government building at Chicago, a large, massive structure and apparently well built, so that it might stand for a century, was torn down, not because the superstructure was not firm, but because the foundation at several places was found faulty. Thus, at a great expense, the old building is removed and a new structure is erected, all because the foundation was not safe. Men fail of their best efforts because they were unwilling to prepare well in days when preparation was the one duty.

The foundation for greatness must be laid in youth. Young men frequently make a mistake

here. They are content with following the pleasures of youth instead of improving early opportunities for preparation for life's great work. Wellington frequently said that Waterloo was fought and won while he was a schoolboy. It was what he learned then that prepared him for that great battle. Inattention to the foundation has ruined many a structure. Inattention to the intellectual and moral development and preparation has ruined many a life.

See you building rise. While men were engaged in laying the foundation there was nothing attractive about it. Dirt and stones and mortar are not slightly objects. It is only when the superstructure is rising that the attention of the passer-by is given to it. This is why more attention is not given to founda-

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

Young People's Bible Lessons

LESSON THREE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

tion work. Many a youth who has attracted attention by doing work successfully thinks that his foundation is sure, and looks only to the superstructure. Many a college graduate has dreamed of greatness while delivering his final oration as the applause of friends greets his ear; but too often he is never heard of afterward. Life consists of more real and earnest things than brilliant graduating orations.

Do not mistake the applause of others as success. Avoid the idol which many worship—the love of notoriety and applause. Look to the foundations. Intellectually, make thorough preparation for your life work; morally, shun even the appearance of evil; spiritually, build on Christ, the only foundation.

Build it well, whate'er you do;

Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.

But first of all look to the foundations.

Traits of Character.

Foundation tried by fire 1 Cor. 3:9-15
Worldly foundation 1 Jno. 2:14-17
Money foundation Luke 16:19-31
Faith foundation Num. 13:30; Heb. 11
A good foundation 1 Tim. 6:17-21
Self foundation Luke 18:9-14

There is only one foundation that will stand secure amidst the storms and trials of this world and land us safely over in that beautiful city. Which foundation are you building on?

TOPIC - POSSESSORS AND PROFESSORS

SCRIPTURE LESSON, Matt. 7:16-23

Ever since God has had a people of His own on this earth, they have been sorely troubled by the presence among them of those who professed to be, but were not, of them. It is that today that is hindering the cause of Christ more than open sin in the world. It is this class of people who are stumbling blocks in the Church of God today, and is keeping thousands of people from joining our ranks. Beginning under the very gate of Eden, this state of things will continue until "the Son of Man shall send forth His angels and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13:41-43.

The recognition by Scripture of this mingling of tares and wheat, of mere professors among true believers, greatly confuses many people today. It is impossible to find a group of people on the earth so perfect that no Judas can be found among them. Jesus said, "Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest, I will say to the reapers, gather ye together first the tares, and bind them together in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn." Matt. 13:30.

Yes, some day we'll be rid of those who disturb and molest, for the Word plainly tells us what will

become of them.

Jesus said, "Judge not that ye be not judged." This means we are not to judge hastily, realizing we cannot see a man's heart. Many of us would have judged Peter wrongfully had we been down there when he denied his Lord, and yet a little further on we find him preaching a sermon that brought three thousand souls to the foot of the cross. Man looketh on the outward appearance but God looketh on the heart. Let us be slow to judge our brother for his little faults and failures for he may be another Peter, and we might be the one to discourage him in the testing time.

Below we are giving a few Scriptures showing the difference in the believers and professors only.

POSSESSORS

Luke 7:50 —
Acts 2:42 —
Jno. 10:27-29 —
Jno. 6:37-39 —
Matt. 25:10 —
Rev. 19:7-8
2 Tim. 2:19 —

PROFESSORS

Acts 8:13-21 —
1 Jno. 2:19 —
Jno. 6:64-66 —
Matt. 23:28-33 —
Matt. 25:11-12 —
Matt. 22:11-13
Matt. 7:22-23 —

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

Which side am I on?

Does my life ring true in the presence of my friends and those with whom I associate?

When my friends and acquaintances see me in the choir or hear me testify, does it draw them heavenward, because I am a possessor?

NOTE:—Use the above Scriptures with others

you may find on the subject as a Bible reading, or hand out to different ones to use in discussion in meeting. We would suggest that you do some studying on these subjects and give God a chance to give you thoughts outside of any thing I have suggested in these lessons. Perhaps your own life is rich with experiences that would make your talk more real and to the point.

BESSIE'S CHOICE

(Continued from page four)

those high mountains. You will need all your strength to climb with. And you will be climbing most of the time. So you must not carry any burdens yourselves. I will carry everything for you. But now I will show you how you will travel. Here is a very thick rope, many yards long. Every one of you will have a coil of this rope around the waist, and so you will all hold each other up, if anyone should slip or fall. One end of the rope will be around my waist, and the other guides will hold it at the other end. In this way you will all be safe."

Some one said,

"Will they have anything to eat tonight?" They were all going to spend the night in the snow, far, far away, on the mountain top.

The guide smiled and said:

"A fine supper is prepared for them up in the mountain hut where they are to sleep. It will be steaming hot, and all ready for them when they get there. I have sent two men on before us to see that everything is in order. And now, ladies," he continued, "I have a present for every one of you."

He whistled, and a guide brought a lot of alpenstocks, which are long sticks, with a crook at one end and a sharp point at the other, to dig into the ice and snow, if the path should be steep and slippery. Every traveler had such a staff given to her.

Then Bessie remembered again her verse about the Guide; so she just asked this question,

"Will you bring them again all safe home to the hotel?"

"Yes," he said, "I will bring all safely home. I have been doing this work for many years, and I have never yet lost any one of my travelers."

So that is the way that Jesus guides His people through this world's journey. It is an unknown way to every one of us, full of dark valleys, and steep mountain paths. He holds them up and keeps them safe, so that they need never slip or fall. For His Word is like the staff. His promises are so strong and true. You can always depend upon them. He feeds us too, and strengthens us: He gives us rest when we need it. Remember this too,—our faithful Guide carries all

our burdens for us. We read in the Bible—

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee."

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

Will you make your choice now, and ask the Lord to be your Guide?

Then He will care for you, and keep you safely, and bless you all the way to His glorious home. He never slumbers nor sleeps. He watches over us night and day.

Without this heavenly Guide, life is full of dangers. Many a girl has wandered into crooked paths. Many a one has slipped and fallen, and many are unhappy and unsatisfied because life has been so hard and the road so rough. They wanted their own way perhaps, as many girls do, and then when they had it, everything went wrong, and the trouble came, just because they did not look up, and say earnestly, "My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth." So they had no Savior, no Guide, only their own self-will and pride to lead them along the rough paths, so that they had bad falls, and shed many tears when they might have been safe and happy all the time.

If you will think about this now, and make the right choice, you will never regret it. For the Lord Jesus Christ loves you better than you love yourself, and better and more truly and wisely than any other friend here can ever love you.

He is so TRUE too; you can trust Him all the way. Some earthly friends might fail you; but this Guide says, He "will never leave you, nor forsake you."

A BROKEN SPIRIT

(Continued From Page Three)

work, and to return, requiring six or seven months. The call came to us like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. There were many reasons why it seemed impossible, my sister being in charge of our work, and we just having taken possession of the new Elim Home, with much of the business unsettled, seeming to require her presence. I was the one upon whom the responsibility would largely fall in her absence, and to me it seemed absolutely impossible; in other words, I kicked. Do you imagine that as

I took the matter to God in prayer, I entreated of Him not to take her away, and as the days passed by became more resolute in my entreaty that God would change the plan? Not at all; why? Some years ago I had surrendered my will, and I had said an eternal yes to God, and now in my *will* I was saying yes, and had no thought of asking God to change His plan; but my spirit was not one with Him, my will said yes, but my spirit chafed, and if I had put the matter in words, it would have read thus, "Not my will but Thine, be done, nevertheless I think it a most unreasonable request." My will consented that God should have His way, but I questioned His wisdom, and my spirit chafed and was cross.

Here is where many dear ones fail; they are perfectly sure God is speaking, and they do not actually intend to disobey; like the Israelites they say, "We will do," but they do it with a "kick" in their spirit, which destroys peace and hinders blessing. God made me to see how one could even be willing to go to the stake, and yet do so with a wholly unbroken spirit, utterly at variance with Him who said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will. O God;" and whether it was success or bitterest persecution, it was all the same, "I *delight* to do Thy will"—no chafing, no resistance, no questioning, but absolute brokenness of spirit. Had it been otherwise, His mission on earth would have been a failure. Can you imagine Jesus all His life obeying His Father, but His spirit chafing, and crying out at every step to be eased or released from the trial, the burden lifted or the circumstances changed? It is not alone His utter surrender of will that excites our admiration, but it is the consciousness that His whole being went with the will in glad obedience, and thus we learn the meaning of the Lamb slain. And we, His bride, are to be united to this Lamb. How can we unless we too have been slain?

Much has been spoken and written on the subject of death to the self-life, and much honest effort has been put forth on the part of those seeking an overcoming life, but alas, all our efforts have not left us *dead*, but more like the prophets of Baal on Carmel, only hewed and hacked until body, soul, and spirit are bruised and sore and

(Continued on page fifteen)

BROKEN SPIRIT

(Continued from page 14)

ing. What then, is the way out, if honest desire and effort will bring victory, where are we? Now that something is radically wrong with us, that the *root* I had seeking is in a wrong spirit. It is just as necessary that we have a right spirit as a clean heart; a heart that is cleansed from sin, and a spirit *broken*, the "kick" taken. How are we to obtain it? We are told in Ezekiel 36:26: "A new spirit also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." A heart simply leaped with joy to see God had provided a way. "A new spirit will I put," no works of mine, but a work of God, creation, as it were, of a new human spirit, a displacing of the unbroken spirit by a new one that will yield, that will be obedient that will not chafe, but will be early and for ever *one* with God. What a relief! nothing to do to feel our need, bring it to God, and make the exchange. What will happen then? He tells us in Ezekiel 36:27: "And I will give you *My* spirit within you, and ye shall walk in *My* statutes, and ye shall keep *My* judgments, and do them." Blessing of course, "*ye shall*," because now it is God, not you, work-

people everywhere are praying for Pentecostal power; I saw the power on it is not given. God will not baptize the flesh with His Spirit. Of the sacred oil, it is said, "On man's flesh it shall not be poured." He does not baptize our flesh, but the Holy Spirit comes into our spirit, and He gives wisdom through the heart, instead of through the head. David saw after his one sin that what he needed was a broken spirit. Psalms 51:17. This is why God often takes up one of no more, and little intellectual powder like the case of the African Boy, so baptizes them with the Holy Ghost that they become a father unto many. If it were not man would use God, instead of using man.

He does graciously put His Spirit upon man at times, and this is really Pentecostal power, man can not be trusted with power, so that this intermittent life is the best God can do for an unbroken spirit. But when once the

will is surrendered and the new spirit received, it is upon *this spirit* that God says, "I will put *My* Spirit," and a life of power and victory is assured. Weary heart, as you read these lines, give to Him the old, hard, unbroken spirit, and let Him put within you the new, and life will be a joy. Whether you are called to "scrub or preach," it will be all the same; for, like your Lord, you will say, "I delight to do Thy will."

One dear Christian man, on hearing this address, said, "I have long known that something was wrong somewhere, but I did not know what to call it, and I am so glad that it is now labelled, for I shall know better how to deal with it." God has made me see that the character and work of many an honest Christian bears the label "*unbroken*," and that this is the reason that He permits many trials that are beyond our understanding, beyond our faith, even beyond endurance, not only that the will may surrender, but that we may be pressed to exchange our human spirit, which is forever warring with God, for the *new spirit* promised us, which is broken, teachable, humble, and like our Lord. "I will yet for *this* be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Ezekiel 36:37.

"My wild will was captured, yet under the yoke

There was pain and not peace at the press of the load;

Till the glorious burden the last fiber broke.

And I melted like wax in the furnace of God.

And now I have flung myself recklessly out,

Like a chip on the stream of His infinite will;

I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,

And just let my God His dear purpose fulfill."

"The clock of life is wound but once

And no one has the power

To tell just when the hands will stop

At late or early hour.

Now is the only time you own:

Live, love, toil with a will:

Place no faith in tomorrow, for

The clock may then be still."

—Sel.

The Second Mothers

By G. Frank Burns

For days and months and years
I've praised my mother dear—
I loved her while she lived,
Her voice I joyed to hear;
She loved me in return,
Our lives were knit in twain;
I thank my God each day
We hope to meet again.
When mother mine returned
To God who loves and cares,
There came to me in time
Another one who bears
The ills and brunts of life,
But who adjusts her thought
To whims of children all
In everything that's wrought.
Her place to fill is hard,
To do a mother's part,
To understand and teach
A child's rebellious heart;
She comes within a sphere
Of thoughts and words and deeds
Apart from usual life
Of care and children's needs.
I sing a song of praise
To second mothers—all—
Who have a sacred place
In life's romantic hall,
To be a mother true
In every phase of life;
She knows just how to be
A "mother" and a "wife."
Lebanon, Tenn.

MOTHER

By Mrs. A. Murry Street

Your gentle touch upon my brow
Soothes my heartaches—I feel it
now;
Somehow the tears would go away
When you were with me every day.

When I first knew and loved you
too

Your face was sweet as violets
blue;

You seemed just come from Para-
dise

With God-given love-light in your
eyes.

Your face was filled with loving
deeds

And always ready hearts to ease;

Unselfish, and so patient, true,

With God's own love brightly shin-
ing through.

Dear mother, may I somehow tell
The love of God you lived so well;
I see God's love reflect in you;
His tender care will keep us too.
Oklahoma City.

The Discovery Of God's Plan

(Continued from page seven)

commit ourselves to whatever plan God has without waiting to know what it may be or where it may lead. We must put ourselves in His hands without reservation. It is not necessary to decide at once whether we shall be preachers, lawyers, nurses, or teachers. Let us first decide that we shall seek God's plan and follow it wherever it leads or whatever be the cost. Let us put our trust in Him for whatever the future holds, knowing that

"Our times are in His hand
Who saith: 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half;
Trust God: see all nor be afraid.'"

This commitment to God's plan cannot be a provisional matter. One who says, "I am willing to go to China, but not to Africa; I am willing to be a teacher, but not an evangelist," will never find the will of God. To quote Fosdick again: "You must hand God a carte blanche to be filled in as He wills, and there must be no provisos and no reservations to limit the guidance of God." God does not hand out plans on approval—but all His plans are guaranteed. Neither must we expect God to show us all the plan at once. It is true that "God will give every girl a piece of ready-stamped embroidery by which to work her life and to every young man a blue print by which to build his life," but He does not promise to show the whole pattern at once. We must follow step by step as His will is revealed, knowing that

"It is better to walk in the dark
with God

Than to walk alone in the light.
It is better to walk with Him by
faith

Than to walk alone by sight."

"We must so believe that God has a wise and good purpose for every child of His that we deliberately put ourselves at His disposal." That does not mean that we are to be content with passive willingness. It does not mean resignation, but active cooperation. We are not servants, but friends and co-workers. It is not enough to

yield our wills. We must yield them in an enthusiastic endeavor to lose them in the will of God. —
The Choice of a Career.

"Come Unto Me"

Continued from Unbelievers' page

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," (Matt. 11:28.) This is the call not only of Jesus crucified, but of Jesus now in heaven and coming again. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh," for He is coming to judge the quick and the dead. * * * Think of the day when the Son of Man shall come in His glory; when all shall be gathered before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, and know that it is "this same Jesus" who now says to you, "Come unto me!"

And without coming to Jesus you cannot have life. And if you do not have life, there is nothing but death for you—the second death, with all its unknown terrors, into the realities of which any moment may plunge you. "Why will ye die?"

We must not and dare not leave out of sight the awful revelation that it is the Lord Jesus Himself, the very same tender Savior who now bids you "Come," who will take vengeance in flaming fire on them "that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord when He comes." Oh, "see that ye refuse not Him that speaketh!"

If you do not obey the "Come unto Me," there remaineth nothing for you but the "Depart from Me!" Frances R. Havergal.

A Christian soldier in the trenches spoke to two officers of his regiment of the danger of refusing God's blessed invitation. In less than a week both were lifeless.

Two soldiers of the — Regiment were advancing in the front line of attack at the Battle of M—. Said one, a Christian, to his comrade; as the bullets were whistling over their heads, "Are you ready, H—, if the worst happens?"

"No, I am not!"

Whose fault is it? Christ has died for you, and God is satisfied with what He has done."

They prayed together, and shortly afterwards H— grasped his Christian comrade by the hand, saying, "I am ready now!"

NO TIME FOR GO

"You've time to build houses, and in them to dwell,
And time to do business—to buy and to sell,
But none for repentance, or deep earnest prayer;
To seek your salvation you've time to spare.

You've time for earth's pleasures for frolic and fun,
For her glittering treasures hasten quickly you run,
But care not to seek the fair missions above;
The favor of God, or the gift of love.

You've time to take voyages on the sea,
And time to take in the gay world's jubilee;
But soon your bright hopes will be lost in the gloom
Of the cold, dark river of death and the tomb.

You've time to resort to woeful mountains and glen,
And time to gain knowledge from book and of men,
Yet no time to search for the kingdom of God;
But what of your soul when you under the sod?

--Selected.

Keep your guard on your lips, darling,
For words are wonderful things
They are sweet, like the bees' honey—
Like the bees—they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the cheerful sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of a life an open two-edged knife
Immanuel Messenger

"How?" replied his comrade
"Through trusting in Christ was the answer. 'I am not a now whatever happens, praise God.'"

That same day he fell in battle
Well may the reader of these lines inquire, "When will my come? Am I ready if anything happens?"

If you have not heeded this serious invitation to come to Jesus you are hurrying on as fast time can take you to eternal life —Selected.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,
Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 1.

JULY, 1930.

NO. 7.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

"THE ISLE OF PRAYER"

By Winifred Davison

DO you ever feel discouraged with the story of your past?
Have you tried to do your duty, tried and tried, and failed at last?
Does your life seem vain and empty, crushed and desolate your heart?
Would you give earth's dearest treasure just to get another start?
Then I know a little island that is just the p'ace for you.
Where your soul may find refreshment and your life begin a new;
I have often drawn fresh courage from its purifying air:
'Tis the place where God meets mortals, 'tis the sacred Isle of Prayer.

There the sunbeams of forgiveness soon dispel the clouds of gloom;
From our tears of deep repentance flow'rs of hope begin to bloom;
From the crystal streams of mercy, rising washed and purified,
We begin our lives all over with a loving Friend to guide.
Let us often seek the pleasures of this lovely little isle.
And forget our cares and worries in the sunshine of God's smile;
He has given many blessings, but no privilege so rare
As a full and free admission, to this golden Isle of prayer.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my
path."—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA E. HARRISON, Editor
714 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tennessee

JULY, 1930.

EDITORIALS

Good morning, Lighted Pathway readers. God bless you. We hope you are all happy in the Lord and doing His will.

I want to mention a little story this morning that likely you all have heard, of the eagle's dealings with her baby eagles how when the time comes for them to fly she gets into the nest and stirs it up so that it is so uncomfortable that they must fly away. When they make the effort she watches them very closely until they learn to fly, letting them fall, fall fall until they almost reach the ground, which would mean death, and then she spreads her wings and flies underneath them and saves them. This is a beautiful picture of how our heavenly Father watches over His children.

I want to use the above as an illustration in regard to my little paper.

It means something to launch out in work of this kind with no means to finance the work, but when you feel that God has called you, it is not easy to lay it down though everything does look discouraging at times. Many times since we have been publishing this paper we have been almost ready to give up, but the dear Heavenly Father, like the old eagle, has slipped under with His wings and upheld me as that beautiful song would burst forth from my heart and lips, "Fear not I am with thee. Oh, be not dismayed for I am thy God. I will still give thee aid." Occasionally I would receive a letter like the one below, that would encourage my heart. I have not asked this young man's consent but I'm sure he will not care for my publishing his letter if it will help the cause. Last month he sent \$5.00 for a roll of fifty papers. This morning we received

this encouraging letter with an order for twenty papers. If I had twenty who would send in an order like this each month, it would publish the paper and would mean freedom from financial burden for me. Doesn't it look like we ought to have them? Below is the letter.

O

Rt 1. Oneonta, Ala.
June 9, 1930.

Mrs. Alda B. Harrison
716 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sister in Christ:

I have handed out the roll of papers you sent me. Some of the people came back for more for their friends, others have said it is the best paper they ever read.

I do enjoy placing good literature in the homes of the people. I think it is one of the best ways to work for the Lord and the interest of the unsaved, especially the young people.

I am sending you \$2.00 for which please send me another roll of papers. I will try to send you this amount each month for a while anyway, the Lord willing.

May God ever bless you in your work for Him.

Your brother in the Lord,
J. M. Magouirk.

Now this is what I want to say to you. I am forming "A Lighted Pathway Helpers Club." To become a member you are to pledge yourself to send in for at least ten papers each month and sell them among your friends, and sell them at ten cents each. Of course, we will not limit you to such a small number, the more the better. And we want to publish the names of the five sending in the largest number each month. In this way you can be a partner in this work for the young people. Pray about it and if you feel that the Lord would be pleased with you becoming a coworker with me, send in your name and be one among the first.

Now we want to make mention of another young man with his group of young people who never fails to send in for a nice order each month. I always feel that I can depend on them. They are Mr. Wiley E. Wright and the Y. P. E. of Maud, Okla. Mr. Wright has been a great encouragement to me by sending for good rolls of papers, and also his encouraging letters. I might make mention of others whose good letters of encourage-

ment and contributions have meant much to me, but space forbids.

Dear friends, let's join hands to do all we can for our young people. They are being surrounded on every side by all kinds of worldly literature and how we need to get good, spiritual literature where they can read it if they will, then we will not be responsible.

O

One of the sad things today is the light way people look on the training of our children. Not long ago I asked how a certain Junior Y. P. E. was coming on and I was told that they were not doing very well, that some of the boys became unruly and they went to their parents about it and the parents stopped them from coming. Now I am wondering if it had been a day school if they would have dealt with the situation that way. If they had, they would have been considered by school authorities as bad citizens. No, they would have sent them back and told them that they would punish them if they did not obey the teacher.

It seems to me that when someone takes it on themselves to sacrifice their time to help our children, we ought to be interested enough to stand by them and see that our children attend and cooperate in the work. We are living in an age when it is hard to hold our children the very best we can do and if we are careless along this line, what can we expect? If a few years from now your son or daughter is behind prison bars or goes to the electric chair, can you say, "I did my best"? Yes, you would look with horror at me if I should say this to you, but the devil is no respecter of persons and your child and mine are not any better than any other child, so far as he is concerned. Every church ought to have some kind of a training school for their children and the parents ought to see that their children attend.

In one of our Bible lessons we spoke of forming a "Reading Club" for our young people. I wonder how this sounds to you. I feel that we can get a great blessing out of reading good books together. I am going to suggest that we take up the lives of some of our great missionaries. They are very interesting and will make some of us ashamed of the little we are doing

(Continued on next page)

GOING SLOW WITH GOD

Draw me, we will run after thee:
The King hath brought me unto
his chambers. We will be glad and
rejoice in Thee. Song of Solomon
1.

God is never slow from His stand-
point, but He is from ours, because
of our impetuosity and doing things pre-
maturely are universal human
weaknesses. It may not only be the
result of our fallen condition, but
also of the infirmities in our very
nature as creatures, to be in a
hurry. When we begin to learn the
ways of God, we have so many
things to unlearn that there are
many lessons which God does not
begin teaching us till after we have
passed the initial stages, and one
of these deeper lessons is that of
going very slowly with Himself.
It is not indifference, nor lagging
behind; it is just the opposite of a
hasty and slovenly spirit, for it is a
position entirely wide awake and
vigilant to keep in the order of
God's will.

God lives and moves in eternity,
and every little detail in His work-
ing must be like Himself, and have
all the majesty and measured
movement, as well as the accuracy
and promptness of infinite wis-
dom. When we deal with God we
are not dealing with impetuous,
short-sighted creatures. It is a
great thing to really come to the
knowledge as to who God is, and
how we are to behave with Him.
There is no hurry in a Being who
knows and knows everything from
eternity. True, God often acts
instantaneously, but it is the in-
stantaneousness of mature and
endless wisdom, and not the
weakness of a creature's hurry. It
is also true that we are to "run
the race set before us," and "run in
the way of God's commandments,"
but we are to run with all our
faculties calmly collected, with
thoughtful deliberation. Running
with God is a slow walk with the
Father. We are to let God do the
work and we do the slowness.
The Holy Spirit tells us to "be
quick to hear, slow to speak, slow
to wrath." That is, swift to take in

from God, but slow to give the
opinion, the emotions of the crea-
ture. We can never walk with God
until we learn to go slow, to take
time to pray, to think twice before
we speak once, to watch the pace
of His guidance, and measure our
steps accordingly. Rebekah and
Jacob were in a hurry to get God's
fore-ordained blessing from the lips
of Isaac, and paid the penalty of
twenty years' separation and sor-
row. Peter lagged behind Christ at
the trial before Pilate, but his very
tardiness was the effect of his pre-
vious impetuosity in boasting of
his fidelity. Had he gone slow in
his avowals of heroism, and taken
time to weigh his words, he would
have gone faster, and closer to the
cross. The very recollection as to
who God is, would produce a
thoughtful, slow, quiet movement
in all our dealings with Him.

We miss a great many things
from God by not going slow enough
with Him. It must be a secret joy
in God to give Himself forth to
those who love and appreciate
Him, but God must always act like
Himself, and if we fail to move in
harmony with His attributes, and
get the things He wants to commu-
nicate in His own way, He cannot
change His perfections to accom-
modate our whims, and even if He
should undertake to hear and bless
us without regard to time and fit-
ness it would do us no good, for the
very blessings of God, if not con-
ferred in God's way, would prove
curses, like eating raw meat or
green fruit. There are glimpses in-
to God's perfections, insight into
wonderful truths, quiet unfoldings
of daily opportunities, gentle
checks of the Holy Spirit upon our
decisions or words, sweet and
secret promptings to do certain
things, the quiet solving of hard
problems and mental articulations
of special words of strength, which
we have often missed because we
took our ear from God's telephone
a little too quickly or ran past the
angle of vision, or wasted time by
asking a question, or got in a fev-
erish state of anxiety, or attempt-
ed to take God's work into our own
hands. There is no telling how
much we have lost spiritually,
mentally, and physically, by not

(EDITORIALS CONTINUED)

and sacrificing for the Master. I
think we will begin with the life of
William Cary, the father and found-
er of modern missions. You can get
this book in most any public libra-
ry, or from most ministers' libra-
ries. If you are able, buy it and
put it in your own library, if you
have one, and if you do not already
have one, this is a good time to
start one. Every church ought to
have a library if they are able.

O

In our last paper we promised to
answer a question. I am wondering
if I could change my plans and ask
you to answer it for me. This is the
question. What is wrong with our
young people? Some of them seem
so indifferent, others get saved and
soon backslide. Now if you have
any idea along this line, let us have
it. Maybe we can locate the trouble
and find a remedy.

O

THE INNER CIRCLE

In order that our new subscrib-
ers will understand what our Inner
Circle page means we are reprinting
the Inner Circle page from the
first issue of our paper. This is
the "Lighted Pathway" pledge. Are
you in the "Inner Circle"?

going slow with God.

There is a time for everything
in the universe to get ripe. All
thoughts, words, prayers, actions,
providences, opportunities, bless-
ings, spiritual experiences, divine
revelations, all avocations, all dis-
pensations, whether in nature,
grace, or glory, have a time in
which they get ripe; and to go
slow with God is the heavenly pace
that gathers up all things at the
time they are ripe. What can be
greater than to see God, or to hear
Him speak, and we miss both by
not going slow.

Going slow with God is our
greatest safety. It is dangerous to
live with a thousand live wires
around us, against which we may
jostle at any time by not keeping
calm and thoughtful in our move-
ments. In factories of multiplied
and complicated machinery a man
must needs move cautiously, and
especially when wheels, bands, elec-
tric motors, and sharp cutting in-
struments are running with light-

(Continued on page 14)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

By Mary Elizabeth Harrison

A famous American preacher, Dr. R. H. Conwell, once told the story of the influence of one little girl. She had been refused admission to the Sunday School because it was overcrowded being too small for the scholars who came. A new building was badly needed but there were no funds. Little Hattie Wyatt thought it a great shame that scholars had to be turned away. Sometime later she became ill, but before she died she asked her parents to give the fifty-seven cents in her bank toward a new church building. It was all she had and that was the way she left it in her "last will and testament." The money was handed to Dr. Conwell and he straightway went and bought a plot of ground, paying little Hattie Wyatt's pennies as the first instalment.

"That money" he said, "built the church," for almost everybody in Philadelphia heard of the girl's gift. Money began to pour in from all quarters. The challenge of her fifty-seven cents had a perfectly marvelous influence. Nor was it long before a great new church was built from which no little children had to be turned away. Such is the power and reach of one small deed. No one can ever measure the extent of its influence. The waves of influence, like wireless waves, go on and on.

When Dean Ing lost his little girl a few years ago he wrote a lovely chapter about her in one of his books. "No one," he said, "ever quarreled in her presence." "In her long life," her little brother said, "at least it seems long to me. Paula has never made anybody angry; she has always made everybody happy." "You will never know," said her daddy to her, "How much you have done for all of us, simply by living what God has helped you to be." Such was her influence in her home near famous St. Paul.

Speaking of the influence of his

boyhood, someone naming one of his chums, said, "That boy had a great influence over me. You could not get him to tell a lie." That boy was the unconscious leader of his community. What a marvelous influence had the little orphan silk weaver in Browning's lovely poem called "Pippa Passes." As she went along the road singing about the world's loveliness and its Maker her song touched quite a few lives to finer issues. Like a ray of sunshine she sped down the road and in her presence evil things lost some of their power. It was easier to be good because she was near. Her song was both rebuke and inspiration. Life was sweeter and purer because of her passing. Fame must have been the very last thing she would ever win, yet a great poet thought it worth while to use his genius in telling the world of that little orphan's song of joy.

Also another poet thought it worth while to use her genius to illustrate the influence of a little child and this George Elliot did in her greatest work, "Silas Marner." In "Silas Marner" we read that in the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no whitewinged angels now but yet men are led away from threatening destruction. A hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently to a calm and bright land so that they look no more backward and that hand may be that of a little child.

In the influence of children we may find many a parable of life. The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them."

OUR BEST FRIEND

In the mountains lived a little boy. He often played near the house, but did not go far away. Near the house were many trees and rocks and among these wild animals stayed.

One day the boy missed his mama and thought he would try to find her. He went down the path toward the spring where he had often gone after her. He went on and on.

Finally he wished to return, but did not know the way. Poor boy, he was lost.

He started toward what he thought was home, and walked and walked. Becoming very tired, he sat down and fell asleep.

His mama missed her boy and hunted everywhere for him. Night came on but she did not give up her search. She hunted and called but no answer came. She feared the wild beasts would get him, but prayed to God to protect her child. She hunted all night and in the morning found him safe and asleep.

The best friend we have on earth is a good mother. She thinks of her children at all times. She loves them and lives for them. She seems to know all about our little cares and trials. When we are willing to help her, it shows that we think of her and love her too.

Have you ever thought of how she toils and cares for you? She works for you every day, gets you meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper; washes and mends your clothes and stockings and at night makes your pillow nice and soft for you so you can sleep well. She seems to know just what to do if we happen to get hurt. Mother is watching after her little ones all the day long and when she puts her hand on our heads at night as we bow our heads at her knee in prayer, she seems to say, "God bless and keep my darling child." When she tucks the cover tight about us and sits by our side, we think mama is the best friend we have. Don't we?

Selected.

A MORNING PRAYER

By C. A. Yersin

Our Father God, to thee we pray
For grace to guide us thru this day
We thank thee for the morning light,
And thy protection thru the night
Be thou our strength when we are weak,
And help us some kind word to speak,
And when we work or play or rest
Help us, dear Lord, to do our best

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

FATHER'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

By the Editor.

I believe that I promised to make this month a fathers' issue. Last issue we gave this page entirely to mothers. We feel that our fathers deserve more recognition than they get. A few days ago we were sitting at the table dining with a certain woman. Mother's Day was mentioned, and the wearing of flowers on Mother's Day. To my astonishment she said, "I do not believe in Mother's Day, nor do I ever wear flowers on Mother's Day. I, of course, inquired into the why of her stand along this line. She said, Well I don't think it right to separate Father's and Mother's Day. Of course they have Father's Day but there is very little said about it. Why don't they have the day together? They are supposed to be together. Why separate them?"

I agree with her that they ought to be together. One is as essential to the child's life as the other, and a child reared by one alone has missed something that is worth consideration. I think we should emphasize father's place and his importance in the bringing up of our children more than we do. For so many of them are leaving the burden of the rearing of the children upon the mother and need to feel their own responsibility more. The boy in the home that has missed the companionship of his father, because father is too busy, has missed half of the joys of childhood and feels the regret of it all through his life. And many times after the boy has flown away from the home the father wakes up to the fact that he too has missed something, and causes sadness to fill his heart. Usually "Daddy" is the boy's ideal and he follows closely in his footsteps. What "Daddy" does is all right, and after while when the boy inches out in sin the father wakes up to a realization of what he has done, but it is too late.

I talked on with this woman for a while and she told me her story. Her mother died when she was fourteen years of age and left her father with six children. She was the eldest and took the place of housekeeper. I said, "So you were the mother of the little family." "No," she said, "my father took both the father and mother's place. He gave up his practice of law and took up school teaching so that he could be with his children and educate them. He never married again but gave his love and attention to his children. He not only reared his own, but he took the son of one of his neighbors' children and reared him to manhood and a strong Christian character." What about a father like that! Do you blame her for feeling hurt on Mother's Day to have father ignored and left out?

Not long ago I attended a Mother's day testimony meeting and I believe I heard two or three mention father, that he had been a blessing in their lives. I thank God for Christian parents and I never think of leaving my dear old father out on Mother's Day. So I join hands with this woman in wishing they could combine the two days.

Not long ago a young man of my acquaintance was preparing to start a home. He was very anxious along financial lines, whether or not he was able to start a home on his present salary, and was very much undecided about taking the step. Even that early in the life of the right kind of a man the responsibility of a home is no small thing and then when the little ones begin to come along the responsibility grows and the father needs much love and encouragement to help him along the way. The most beautiful thing in all the world to me is to see father and mother marching along hand in hand, bearing one another's burdens, each one looking to the best interest of their children both living good Christian lives and leading their children in the beautiful highway of Holiness.

So often the home is divided along spiritual lines, the father pull-

ing one way and the mother the other. Perhaps one living in sin and for the world, and the other trying to fight through clouds of discouragement to lead them for Christ. Oh, what a sad picture! If only each could take their proper place and realize one is just as important as the other, soon our Mother's Day and Father's Day could be made one. Of course the mission of mother and father is different. The mother is more closely associated with the children and has a better chance to mould their lives. It is she who kisses away the tears and binds up their little broken hearts. It is she who has to toil from early till late to keep them fed and clothed, after father has provided the means. It is usually mother who bathes the fevered brow when they are sick and walks the floor with them day and night if needs be, to bring them back to life but the sweet, gentle, comforting voice of a good father makes it easy to do this. I believe we should all take off our hats to this woman's father and all other good fathers and set them on an equality with the mothers. God bless the good fathers and mothers.

Young men and women, as you perhaps are planning to start a home in the near future or perhaps have already done so start your home right. Make it a Christian home. Let God rule your lives. Begin now to sow the kind of seed you want to reap after while. If you want to reap sorrow, then live in sin, but if you want to reap joy and pride in your children in your declining years, then sow seed of righteousness now. The boys and girls who are to-day behind prison bars or who are filling murderers' graves might just as well have been beautiful characters filling places of usefulness and blessing the world, as to be where they are. The greatest institution this world holds to-day is the home. If only young men and women as they start their home could realize this, this world would be different.

God bless the homes of our land.

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

"THE APPLE OF HIS EYE"

By Carrie Judd Montgomery
 "Keep me as the apple of the eye."
 —Ps. 17:8 "He that toucheth you
 toucheth the apple of His eye."
 —Zech. 2: 8.
 "He kept him as the apple of His
 eye."—Deut. 32:10.

Am I, Lord, so dear to Thee?
 He harms Thee who toucheth me;
 Every grief that hurts my heart
 Reaches Thee with stinging dart.

Sensitive my eye to pain,
 Quiv'ring sore thru nerve and
 brain,
 But more keen the pain to Thee
 When a sorrow toucheth me.

Like the apple of Thine eye!
 In Thy love thus let me lie;
 What can harm Thy little child,
 Though oppressed, abused,
 reviled?

Let me leap for joy of heart
 Over every sting and smart;
 Not an ill can come to me
 Which has not come first to Thee.

Fill me with this thought of grace
 As I gaze on thy dear face—
 This my comfort and my plea,
 He harms Thee that harmeth me.

**EVEN THE WIND
AND THE SEA**

How grateful we may be to the Holy Spirit that he has not recounted the incidents in the Book of God merely to preserve for us their record, though that record is a marvelous one, particularly that of our adored Lord. We love it and rejoice in its simplicity, its completeness and permanency, and above all, its divine inspiration; but it is so much more than a record. In respect to the familiar text, "Even the wind and the sea obey him" (Mark 4: 41), it is as though our Lord had said: "Here is the story of that day,

when I was out with Peter and John and the rest in little boats on the Sea of Galilee. You will read in it how I quieted the storm of wind and spray with a word, and you will read too, how I can breathe 'peace, be still!' over every wind and sea in your life, until there shall be a great calm. Be not afraid, only believe."

For wind and wave are symbolic of affliction and pain, of sorrow and trouble, of sin and death. David weeping over the bitter cup that was his portion, cries out, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." Jonah, after his disobedience to the heavenly vision, groans at the foot of his strange and unsteady mercy seat: "The floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me." And Jeremiah stretches out his hand toward the greatest city of ancient times and sobs, "The sea is come up upon Babylon: she is covered with the multitude of the waves thereof."

There are certain things about the high winds and stormy seas of our lives that are worthy of consideration.

In the first place they are sure to come. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." When our gardener of Eden chose to disregard the divine mandate, he entailed upon us all lives of sorrow and distress,— often because of sin in others, often again because of our own missing mark. But the beautiful thing about it is that every one of these things is actually overruled for our good. It is as though the Lord should look down in the morning, his infinite mind centered upon all of his children, and should say: I see that physical suffering will work for good in the life of this one; that a painful misunderstanding will develop spiritual character in that one; that financial loss will humble another, and bitter bereavement sweeten still another. These things I mark out for my children today, that they may learn the blessed lesson, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

It is also a precious truth that the wind is never fierce enough to overwhelm us. "But God is faithful, will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but with the temptation also make way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." This is always true, we have our house built solidly on the Rock of ages, if we have forever made our choice to be entirely his.

When through the deep waters
 call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not
 overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy trials
 to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest
 distress.

Again, the seas of trouble are often quieted, for a longer or shorter time in answer to the cry of help and need. Sometimes a child is ill at home. It cries out in the night again and again. Perhaps this may continue for weeks or months, the disease is a stubborn one. Members of the family grow accustomed to these night disturbances and sleep through them; but not so the mother. Night after night she reaches with her hearing alert, and the faintest cry, or merely a change in the sound of breathing, brings her to the bedside of the little one. Could our Lord be less tender? Could he continue his sleep in the bow of the boat while his child was crying, "Master, carest thou that we perish?"

And we must never forget that God has promised us grace for every trial, every sorrow, every unfavorable environment or uncongenial association — enduring, overcoming, triumphant grace and forever. "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph." "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you." We do not know whether Paul's wave of trouble came from a little Sea of Galilee or from an engulfing ocean, but we know that, however large or small,

(Continued on page 14)

THE INNER CIRCLE

CONSECRATION PLEDGE

**O LORD: I present
myself unreservedly
to Thee**

**My Time,
My Talents,
My Tongue,
My Will,
My Property,
My Reputation,
My Entire Being,**

**To Be and Do Anything
Thou Request of Me.**

Pledge of Faith

Now as I have given myself away I am no longer my own, but all the Lord's.
I believe thou dost accept the offering I bring.

I trust Thee to work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and I will receive you.

As I give myself to Thee, I believe Thou dost receive me now.

Name

Date

Explanation Of The "Inner Circle"

We remember one time we were working with a church where they had a very high standard of religion, and we thought that many of them would sign this pledge, but we found that they were afraid of it, and nearly all refused to sign it. I found later that they did not understand what the pledge meant, and after I explained it more fully others were able to sign it.

Signing this pledge doesn't mean that everybody must leave home and go to the foreign field, or go preach the Gospel in the home field. It simply means that you are to be faithful in your calling, whatever and wherever that may be. It may be over the wash-board, it may be in the kitchen, in the office, behind the counter, on the farm, or it may be the little mother with her little brood of children around her to teach and train for the Master's service. All of these places are just as important as the call to preach the Gospel, and many who have toiled on the farm and in the kitchen and over the wash-tub and who have done it faithfully and for the glory of God and have given of their means to support the Gospel, will perhaps have a greater reward on the other side than some who have spent their (Please look on page eight)

We can serve Him as disciples
Far our place is just the same.

Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling,
We, thy children, humbly wait,
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us,
Till we enter Heaven's gate.

—Flora Kirk.and.

Dedicated to J. Wilbur Chapman,
D. D. and sung first in the union
meetings at Mt. Vernon, in Nov.
1898.

OUR PLEDGE

Here, boys and girls, is a pledge that the Lord sent my way years ago and helped me to sign it. It has meant much to me along the way. It is this thought that I want to hold out before the young readers of "The Lighted Pathway" and help them decide to make this complete consecration to the service of the Master.

It is not my aim, nor desire to entertain with amusing stories to increase the popularity of the paper, for there are many entertaining magazines and papers in the world without another being published; but our aim is to develop good, consecrated laborers for our Master's vineyard.

Our Lord commanded us to pray that laborers might be sent forth into His vineyard, but we must, as we pray this prayer, put feet to our prayers and be instruments in God's hands in helping answer our own prayers. God could do everything Himself, but that is not His

plan. His plan is to use human instruments to do the work. We want you to understand fully our plan and purpose and then you will not be disappointed. We want to get a large book, for we hope it will take a large one, and we want to receive a letter from every young person who can sign this pledge. We will write your name down in this book and we are going to call this class the "Inner Circle." In my articles I shall call you by this name.

Have you heard the voice of Jesus, Whisper, "I have chosen you?" Does He tell you in communion What He wishes you to do?

CHORUS:—

Are you in the "Inner Circle,"
Have you heard the Master's call?
Have you given your life to Jesus
Is He now your all in all?

As my first disciples followed
As they went wherever He sent:
So today we too may follow,
On His leading still intent.

Or if He shall choose to send us
On some errand in His name,

THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

"TIME ENOUGH YET"

Thousands are trying to persuade themselves:—

"There's time enough yet." Reader, are you thus being deluded?

"Time enough yet"—for settling matters between you and God?

"Time enough yet"—and your feet standing on the very brink of hell?

"Time enough yet"—and the shadow of death darkening round your path?

"Time enough yet"—and the dark thunder-cloud of wrath gathering thick and fast over your guilty head?

"Time enough yet"—and judgment nigh?

"Time enough yet"—and the Lord at hand?

"Time enough yet"—and the day of grace well nigh run?

"Time enough yet!" Yes, thank God! there is still time to be saved, but not a moment to lose. "NOW," this fleeting moment, as you read these lines, "IS THE ACCEPTED TIME." Satan will say to you: "Tomorrow." That is his gospel. Will you be deceived by it? God says: "Behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2).

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Gal. 6:7, 8).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts 16:31). —Selected.

YOUNG MAN

Do you realize that you are now shaping your destiny for time and eternity? If you do not improve your time as you ought while young, you will have it to regret in your later life and for all eter-

nity. A wrong step can never be wiped out of your memory. Do not fail to start right.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—Ps. cxi., 10.

Do not fail to keep good company, and to be careful of your good name.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.—Prov. xxii., 1.

My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not. Walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path.—Prov. 1, 10, 15.

Do not fail to seek for wisdom, and be sure to go to the right place for it—the fountain of all wisdom.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—Prov. iii., 5, 6.

Do not make the great failure in life of bending all your efforts to secure earthly treasures, and neglecting that which is of far greater importance.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith.—Prov. xv., 15.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Matt. 6:19, 20, 21.

Have you sought and found Christ? If not, let me urge you not to put off this, the most important transaction of your life. Tomorrow may be too late.

Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Prov. xxvii., 1.

Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.—Jer. xxix., 13.

Do not longer grieve God's spirit by rejecting His offered mercies; but come to Him now and seek Him with all your heart, and he will give you peace and joy that the world cannot give.

B. J. Kendall.

Explanation Of The "Inner Circle"

(Continued from page seven)

lives preaching the Gospel.

What good is there in signing this pledge? Not a particle of good only just a little reminder to make us think. If we have ever become real Christians we had to make this consecration. Of course we can put our names on the church book without it, but it will do us no good at the judgment. The "Inner Circle" are those who keep close up to the Master's side and in touch with Him. Peter, James and John made up the "Inner Circle" among the disciples during Christ's sojourn on the earth, and were at His side at the transfiguration and in the garden of Gethsemane, and yet at the time Christ needed a friend most, Peter denied Him, showing us that however great the consecration and determination to be true to God, we may fail if we do not watch and pray. Jesus had warned Peter with all his boasting that he must watch and pray lest he enter into temptation. Jesus knew his weakness and He knows ours and is constantly speaking to us by His still, small voice, saying, Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. This "Inner Circle" thought to me is beautiful and my greatest desire is to keep up close to the Master's side and that I may be an instrument in God's hands of leading others into this place which is the only place of peace, joy, and victory in the Christian life. Hannah White Hall Smith says, most people have just enough religion to make them miserable, and I believe it is true—holding on to Christ with one hand and the world with the other. What are we going to do about it?

:-= MISSIONARY PAGE =:-

OH, AFRICA! DARK AFRICA!

Oh, let me go, I must away
To Africa's wilds while yet 'tis day;
To change the darkness into light,
And break the chains of darkest
night.

CHORUS

Oh, Africa! dark Africa!
Who will to thee the message bring,
And to thee the Gospel sing?
I haste and take it now,
Who in my stead will soothe thy
brow?

Let me not stay and while away
My time and minutes and the day;
Waiting here for boat and fare,
And anxious be by many a care.

While sinking souls are still afloat;
And rescue them from dark de-
spair.
Do you not see them sinking there?

Oh, let me to their rescue go
Before they sink in endless woe;
O brothers, come, join hand in
hand,
And read the Gospel in that dark
and.—Selected.

WELCOME ARMS

By Clara M. Brooks

"Lung wide open to the mission-
with the challenging word
welcome" written above them are
long-sealed gates of every for-
n land. Walls which for cen-
ies have looked down upon
nes of vice and squalor, oppres-
sion and massacre, now crumble
before the irresistible tide of the
spirit of the "Man of Galilee,"
who through the ages has never
ceased his knocking at their por-

the onward tread of years, what-
other lessons it may have
taught, has written this one indeli-
on the brain of heathen nations,

namely, that their own religions are
as incapable of relieving their de-
votees of their burdens of wretch-
edness and sin as are their massive
walls of resisting the soldiery of
modern warfare. On the verge of
despair they stretch toward us
their hands pleading for a ray of
the light which copiously beams
upon our land.

Dear Christian, can you close
your eyes? Can you peacefully
slumber on? Do not the cries of the
dying, the wails of the plague-
stricken, the groans of the help-
less sounding in your ears cause
you to start from the stupor,
which fulness of bread and thought-
less ease have thrown over you,
and to look Calvaryward and de-
clare, "Dear God, I'll do some-
thing?"

The call is urgent. The task is
tremendous, but that "something"
done by the heart animated by the
spirit in which Christ gave him-
self for us, and not for us only,
but for the world, will be suffi-
cient to hurl volley after volley of
heavenly ammunition against the
cruel monster, Satan, who sways
his scepter over millions of help-
less souls.

We must feel more deeply, think
more unselfishly, pray more fer-
vently! Yes, we must love more
truly. Not only must we love our
brethren on the field, know their
work, and give to save them from
suffering (while indeed this we
must do), but we must go beyond
this. We must see Christ, the friend
of sinners, dying on Calvary for
all the world. We sing in adora-
tion, "He died for me!" but we
must reach farther. He died for
all! Let them know it, let them
feel it. O Christian, tell them.

Let the mighty shock from Cal-
vary sent forth to release the cap-
tive from their slavish claims go
hurling through the choking atmos-
phere of heathen superstition and
dread. We are an ARMY INVINCIBLE. Devils will flee before us,
walls of human religion will crum-

TELL ME AGAIN

By S. M. Mead.

From Triumphs of Faith

"Oh, tell it to me again," were
the words of a poor slave as she
listened to the story of God's great
love through His Son to all peo-
ple, black and white. As we travel-
ed through the country, it was our
custom to tell the story in a most
simple way. This was a poor slave,
one of the most discouraging sub-
jects we ever met with in dark
Africa.

We were going down to the Con-
ference at one of the lower sta-
tions and had stopped at a native
hut to prepare our noon meal. This
slave was the property of a native
that lived there. She had a most
sad and forlorn look on her face,
and one could see the looks of
hunger and degradation stamped
on her features. My wife commen-
ced by saying, "Jesus loves you
and He is great. He sends the sun-
shine and the rain so that the
manioc and corn grow. He
knows all our pains and our sor-
rows." The poor woman greets this
statement with a smile. My wife
continues, "and there is another
life that we are going to live after
we die, and we shall then see this
great and good King and be with
Him forever." The woman began
to grow more interested and said,
"tell it to me again." The story
was repeated with some variations,
how Christ had healed bodies and
raised the dead, and sent many
blessings upon His children who
believed and trusted in Him. The
woman became more interested,
and cried out, "Oh, tell it to me
again. I shall forget it, I shall
forget it; can't you tell it to me
on my fingers?" This is a custom
that many of the natives have, by
associating some truth with some-
thing visible. We said to her, "yes,
hold up your hand. Your first fin-
ger is that God loves you. He has

(Continued on page fifteen)

ble at our approach. We can plant
Christ in every land; we can
preach his saving power to every
creature. The task is ours; the
command is ours—"Go ye!" where
these welcoming arms invite.

P R A Y E R

PRAYER WARFARE

For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the authorities, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly lies.

Because of this take up the panoply of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. With all prayer and supplication PRAYING AT ALL SEASONS IN THE SPIRIT, and unto this watching in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints. (Eph. 6:10-13, 18).

The Importance Of Prayer As Evidenced By The Practice Of Christ

Prayer was more important even than teaching and healing, for "great multitudes came together to hear and be healed," but "he withdrew himself into the desert and prayed." (Luke 5:15, 16).

Prayer was more important than rest, for "in the morning a great while before day he rose up and went out and departed into a desert place and there prayed." (Mark 1:35).

Prayer was more important than sleep for "he went out into the mountain to pray and he continued all night in prayer with God." (Luke 1:6-12).

Prayer was more important than the working of miracles for instead of working a miracle to deliver Peter, he said, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." (Luke 22:32).

Prayer was more important in securing workers than either money or machinery, for he said, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest. (Matt. 9:38).

Prayer was more important to be taught than preaching for he taught men to pray, but we have no record that he ever taught them to preach. (Matt. 6:5-15).

The earthly ministry of our Lord was begun in prayer, (Luke 3:21), continued in prayer, and ended in

prayer. (Luke 23:34).

The heavenly ministry of our Lord was begun in prayer (John 14:16) "I will," and is now continued in prayer, (Heb. 7:25). "Lord, teach us to pray."—F. W. Troy.

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. (Matt. 21:22).

PRAYER

Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee.—Isa. 26:20.

There is a place where thou canst touch the eyes

Of blinded men to instant perfect sight;

There is a place where thou canst say, "Arise,"

To dying captives bound in chains of might;

There is a place where thou canst reach the store

Of hoarded gold and free it for the Lord;

There is a place upon some distant shore

Where thou canst send the worker or the Word;

There is a place where God's resistless power

Responsive moves to thine insistent plea;

There is a place, a simple trusting place,

Where God Himself descends and fights for thee.

Where is that blessed place! Dost thou ask where?

O soul, it is the secret place of prayer!

We pray, O Lord, that we may find a place in Thy vineyard where we can do something for Thee day by day! We seek from Thee the willingness to toil, the ability to watch, the power to pray. Amen.—Record of Christian Work.

It is a good, safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, speaking a true word, or making a friend.—Ruskin.

A YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER

God make me a man—
Give me the strength to stand right

When other folks have left fight.

Give me the courage of the man
Who knows that if he wills he can

Teach me to see in every face
The good, the kind, and not base.

Make me sincere in work and deed
Blot out from me all sham and greed.

Help me to guard my troubled soul
By constant, active, self-control

Clean up my thoughts, my speech
my play,

And keep me pure from day to day.

O make of me a man!

Harlan G. Metcal

GENTLENESS AND COURTESY

Closely associated with humility is gentleness and unflinching courtesy.

Great characters are gentle. They live in a world of peace and love.

Love never storms or blusters. Love is never harsh. It does not censure. It does not scold. "It suffereth long and is kind."

Love speaks calmly, in a low tone of voice with beautiful touches of courtesy.

Reproofs are most effective given in gentleness.

Troubled hearts grow calm and peaceful in the presence of the touch of gentleness.

A great gentle soul is like a great rock in a weary land.

Great souls are thoughtful of comfort and convenience of others. Every day courtesies cost nothing but are sweetening influences which are most valuable to society.

Gentleness and courtesy are effeminate and weak. Nowhere these qualities shine with greater brilliancy than in the lives of great, strong men and beautiful women. The wealth of social life can be formed in no better way than by gentleness and every courtesy.—Selected.

Young People's Bible Lessons

Topic:—OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

Scripture: Rev. 3:14-21.

The more difficulties one has to encounter within and without the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be.—Bushnell.

Nature, when she adds difficulties, adds brains.—Emerson.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

John Carter, one of the remarkable men who have achieved success under more than ordinary difficulty, was twenty years old when he fell from a high tree and was taken up as dead. He lived but was paralyzed from the neck downward. Thus he lived fourteen years longer. He learned to use the pencil with his mouth. The beautiful etchings drawn in this way were admired by the best artists. Such invincible courage and self-reliance ought to put strength into the weakest heart that shrinks disheartened from its appointed lot in life. It puts to shame those who with sound bodies and perfect senses are overcome by the trivial obstacles in their way.

No man has yet found a royal road to victory that is worth having. If victory is indeed achieved it is at the expense of hard persistent toil, of repeated and continued encounters with opposing forces. Difficulties are but tests to increase our faith and earnestness.

Fannie J. Crosby, although blind, has been an inspiration all down through the years. Of all the sacred hymn writers, none are so well known, none have touched the hearts of the American people as the happy hearted Fannie J. Crosby, born March 24, 1820. An infection in the eyes demanded treatment when she was only six weeks old. The remedies applied proved of no avail and her sense of sight entirely disappeared. It is said that at the age of eight she began her career of song writing with the following:

Oh, what a happy soul I am,

Although I cannot see;
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be;
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't;
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot and I won't.

Her hymns are loved and sung, not only where the English language is spoken, but they are found translated into many other languages. Some of her best known are, "Blessed Assurance," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing," "Every Day and Hour," "Saved by Grace," "I am Thine O Lord," "Redeemed," "Wonderful Savior."

We might give you many other examples of overcoming difficulties if we had space, but this is enough to inspire us to rise above our small difficulties and cease complaining.

We are going to ask something of you this time that we have never asked before. I am sure it will do you good. Please appoint five of six of your young people to bring up a Bible story of some great character, someone you have known or read about who have overcome difficulties. It may be your own experience would be a help to others. It will do you good to think for yourself.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

Have you longed for an education and the way has seemed impossible? Step over every obstacle and ask God to help you solve your problems. Every young man and woman needs an education these days and can not do their best without it.

Are you longing to do more for the Lord and you are hedged in on every side, seemingly behind prison bars? Just remember how the prison bars were broken for Paul and Silas. He will do the same for you in His own good time if you do not get discouraged and give up.

Topic:—RESPONSIBILITY

Scripture: Gen. 4:2-9.

There are many people today who like Cain are trying to get away from the fact that they are their brother's keeper. Jesus Christ went away from this earth and told us to "occupy till He come." I wonder if you and I really understand the great responsibility that rests upon us as children of God. I believe if we could once catch the vision it would revolutionize our lives and would put such a burden upon us that we could launch out for God in a new way to help rescue our brothers and sisters.

If it took some great talent we might shrink from the call of God and say, "Impossible," but the great-

est call to us is to live the life and it doesn't take a great talent to do that, however, it does take more of the grace of God than the average Christian has.

A consistent Christian life lived here on this earth is the greatest preacher that exists on the face of the earth. A life above reproach, a life the world cannot gainsay is of more value than the greatest evangelist on the earth. People might doubt him, but the man or woman who lives it right in our midst is unanswerable. If this be the case then we

(Continued on next page)

Young People's Bible Lessons

LESSON TWO, CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN

are to a certain extent held responsible for our neighborhood. God has put us there to be a shining light. We are responsible for the group of young people we associate with. Our little misstep or blunder may cause the one we are trying to lead to Christ to stumble and fall. A constant looking to God for guidance and strength for each day is what we need. We are especially responsible for the ones in our home. Let us ask ourselves the question, How does my life look to those in my home? We are responsible for the man or woman that works by our side in the shop or in the factory or in the mill, yes, or in the church. Many a good man has been run away from the church because of the criticism of those professing to be Christians. Am I my brother's keeper?

SCRIPTURES FOR DISCUSSION

Personal responsibility, Ezek. 18:20-30.

Official responsibility, Ezek. 33:7-16.

Responsibility for gifts, Rom. 12:1-8.

Responsibility according to light, Matt. 11:20-24.

Responsibility according to opportunity, Matt. 25:19-30.

NOTE.—This month we hope we can draw you out more along the line of self-reliance. By this I mean that those of you who can take this topic and find something from the outside, something original, something from your own experience or observation and bring it into the meeting. Let each one study all of these scriptures and others that may suggest themselves to you during the week preceding the meeting and open the meeting for general discussion. Try changing your meeting about and your young people will be more interested. Always choose songs appropriate for the subject. You need to have a wide awake choirster to plan the songs ahead of time and you should never fail to have a special of some kind.

Do not expect your meetings to have an evangelistic spirit always. The meetings are supposed to be for training for service and their purpose is to instill the thoughts in the hearts of the young people that will lead them on into the evangelistic spirit.

This week we are asking you to bring a verse of Scripture with the word "peace" in it. Encourage your young people to memorize Scriptures. Have a Scripture shower often, or a contest.

Topic:—FOREIGN MISSIONS

Scripture: Mark 16:15-18

We feel that nothing is needed more among our young people today than a stirring up along missionary lines. In our scripture lesson we have next to the last commandment our Lord gave to His disciples. This combined with the last commandment in Acts 1:4 makes us ready to go. In one He gives the command to go and in the other He tells them how they may prepare themselves to obey the command "go ye." None are capable of going out to carry this gospel until they have obeyed this last command. It seems strange to find some people who claim to have this power in their lives who have seemingly no interest in carrying this gospel to the foreign field. There is something wrong with the man or woman who does not take all of God's Word.

We have two classes of so-called Christians in the world today. One class believes in the first part of our scripture lesson and the other believes in the last. The average church member stands for the "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and preachers preach about it, but the last part they ignore, and say it was for another day. Jesus has given the promise to those who go that these signs shall follow them that believe. They shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. If we could find a few people who would combine the two and launch out for God, I am sure God would keep His Word.

The first of our scripture readings below is

"Know the need." This is what the average person lacks. The majority of our people are ignorant along missionary lines and that is the reason they are not interested. Now the first thing to do is to find a way to get this missionary education over to them. One way is to read missionary books. The best way to get interest among our young people is by taking advantage of the knowledge of those who have been on the mission fields and have brought back to us pictures from the field. We find people in the world, and some of them good people, who have become so prejudiced against pictures that the very mention of pictures of any kind looks like Satan himself. I wish I could get everything that could be used for the Lord out of the devil's hands and use them for God. We remember when the violin was looked upon as the tool of the devil but we decided differently and now it has its place in the church with the other musical instruments. Couldn't we do the same in regard to the pictures? Right now I wish I had a good stereopticon machine to use for missionary education among our children and young people. We must get it to them some way. I am forming a reading club elsewhere in this paper will you not join and learn something about what missionaries have done in the past and maybe it will make you hungry to do likewise.

SCRIPTURES FOR DISCUSSION

Know the Need, Neh. 1:1-3.

(Continued on next page)

Young People's Bible Lessons

LESSON THREE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Our Lord's Command, Matt. 28:18-20.

Equipped with Power, Acts 1:8; Acts 2:1-4.

A Man that Failed, Jonah 1:1-16.

The Whiten'd Fields, John 4:34-38.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

Do I want to know the need of the mission field? Am I interested?

What does our Lord's command mean to me?

Have I been equipped with power?

Have I like Jonah failed?

Do the whiten'd fields interest me?

Would I say yes to God if He called, or would I be like Jonah?

NOTE:—Use these questions for discussion in the meeting. It will help to locate your young people.

Appoint two at least in your group to find some material on missions outside of that laid down in this lesson. Start your young people to reading on the subject.

Please memorize a missionary verse this week. Use the word "heathen," or any good missionary verse. Also use missionary songs.

Topic: - DOES IT PAY TO BE CHRISTIAN?

Scripture: 1 Tim. 4:6-16.

As we study this lesson we shall not theorize but rather observe Christianity in practical operation. Let it be judged by what it has done and is doing. Let it be a tree growing before us and you and I shall gather under its branches and judge the tree by its fruits. If its fruits be not good, I promise you that I will spend the rest of my life trying to cut it down; but if good, I ask you to remain with me under its branches.

Two brothers went into a pastor's study in Philadelphia: one a neat business man, the other a slovenly tramp. The business man arose and said, as the pastor entered, "I have brought you my brother. Would you believe that this is my brother?" In Trenton, N. J. years ago they had parted. One had said "I am going to have a good time. I have \$1,100. I am going to see the world. I'll spend my Sabbath in a yacht on the river or on the sea. I do not believe in spending my life in church as some do." The other went to church, to Christ, to honor and to business. The two brothers may both be saved, one a regenerated tramp, the other a fine specimen of manhood. In reviewing their lives does godliness pay?

A few years ago a certain man arose in the Moody church in Chicago to give his testimony for Christ. He told them he was on his way east to spend a few days with his parents and relatives. At the close of the meeting a woman with a sad face came to him and asked him whether he would go to Auburn, N. Y. and see her boy who was in the Auburn Prison. She wanted to send a message to him, and of the man to carry her photograph to her boy. He took the picture east with him, and after his visit returned by way of Auburn. He went to the prison and called for the boy. He made known the nature of his visit and after a few words presented the picture. The young man whose face was hard and bore the marks of dissipation, took the picture. After looking at it for a while he said, "Yes, that's mother. Her hair is a little whiter than when I saw her last. She was a good mother in many respects, and I guess

my evil deeds and bad life have caused her a good deal of sorrow. I presume her hair is a little whiter because of it." He looked at the picture a little longer, then handed it back and said, "I don't think I care for it. You can take it back and tell her that if it had not been for cards and drink I would not be where I am now. Take the picture back to her and tell her that the first card I ever saw was in her home and the first glass of wine I ever drank was at her table. Tell her I saw her take down the cards and lead us children in the game many a time, but I never saw her take down the Bible and lead us in the worship of God. Take the picture back and tell her to keep it. But, if you think it will do her any good, tell her that if I ever get out of here I am going to try to be a better man." Would it have paid that mother to have been a Christian.

BIBLE READINGS

Did it pay Stephen to be "faithful unto death?" It was without a doubt Stephen's beautiful triumphant death that won St. Paul for Christ. When Stephen gets over there and sees all the fruits of his death he will say, "Yes, it payed to be faithful even unto death."

Did it pay the three Hebrew children to be Christians, as they heard the king acknowledge that their God was the only God? Dan. 3:26-31.

Did it pay Noah to be a Christian? Did it pay him to work on and on for one hundred and twenty years with the people scoffing him and jeering at him, and seeing no results? Gen. 7:13-24.

Did it pay Ananias and Sapphira to disobey God? Acts 5:1-11.

Did it pay Joseph to be a Christian? Gen 41:38-45.

Did it pay Mary the mother of Jesus to be a Christian, to lay her life at the feet of her God to be an instrument in His hands? Did it pay her to say, "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord"? Luke 1:26-38.

Has it paid you to be a Christian? Can you prove by your own experience or that of individuals you personally know that it pays to be a Christian?

GOING SLOW WITH GOD

(Continued From Page Three)
ning speed, and a wrong step, or a careless movement of the hand, may cause instant death. In many respects, we are moving amid just such unseen and complicated machinery; and walking quietly and slowly with God is the only safe way to escape the swift flying bands and pulleys of mighty laws, as well as demoniac snares.

There are more religious delusions at the present day than since the fall of man, and every one of them could be traced to a rash, impetuous taking up with thoughts and things without taking time to wait on God in humility and teachableness of spirit. Doctrines are formed on one text of Scripture not half understood, while a dozen plain texts to the contrary receive no attention. New, wild, and extravagant teachings are rushed after like a Klondike gold field. All sorts of pious fads, religious delusions, and visionary theories are hastily swallowed down, because people do not keep humble enough to watch God and trace His slow and peaceful footsteps. It is not merely going slow that is our safety, but it is **LOVING** to go slow; it is to lovingly prefer the deep, quiet, peaceful river of God's life to the rushing, noisy, exciting and wild things which always characterize men's foolishness. The soul that has the itch of impatience in it will sooner or later champ the bit, break the traces, or run over a precipice. The very center of the soul must be calm and peaceful, so that it can prefer God's way and God's time of doing things. Did we ever have to repent for taking time to wait on God, or did we ever fail to repent for not taking time to work in His order?

We must needs go slow with God in order to keep in a reverent and worshipping spirit. This is the way saints have turned their lives into a beautiful continual worship of God, by going slow enough to mix God in with everything, and tie all the events of life fast to His

throne; by referring all things to Him, and with the eye of thought looking up to Him to dictate their services and their steps.

Some people pray too fast to get any answer, like nervous children that rattle away at their parents so rapidly that their words are not intelligible. They must quiet down and talk slow enough to be understood, before their wants or fears can be relieved. One of the curses put on Adam was that of "sweat," which expresses the hurried, over-heated or excited state of the body; and the Lord told Ezekiel that his priests must not enter the holy sanctuary with "woolen garments on them, or anything that would cause them to sweat," because the God of eternal and unruffled peace wants us to worship Him with a calm, collected, reverent spirit, and not with the sweat of creature-hurry in our minds. How can we speak to God in a reverent way or look to Him with adoring love when we have run ourselves into a feverish perspiration and precipitation of thought? Whatever we do accurately must take time and collectedness of mind, and there is no accuracy in all the world like keeping company with God, and yet nothing so free from bondage or tediousness. By going slow with the Lord we accomplish more than by going with a rush, because what we do is done so much better and does not have to be undone. It is done in a better spirit, with deeper motives, and bears fruit far out in the future, when all mushroom performances have been dissipated forever.

Selected.

"It may not be on the mountain's height,

Or over the stormy sea;

It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;

But if by a still small voice he calls
To paths that I do not know,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my
hand in thine,

I'll go where you want me to go."

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

EVEN THE WIND AND THE SEA

(Continued from page six)

it was, he had the promise straight from the lips of his Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Then, too, our days by the raging seas become Ebenezer and Jehovah-jireh days because of his presence. For it is in every trouble that he is especially and peculiarly our very present help. Our Lord sat by the sea when he gave out many of his heart-tugging words, and it is by the side of our sea that he comes closest, and whispers the tenderest and sweetest of heavenly messages.

And our Lord stood on the shore by the side of the sea on the resurrection morning. So he will stand waiting for us when the tide goes out and the boat is unmoored at last. Even then a storm may be raging over the waters; but, though faith may falter till we almost go under the swirl, he will be there. He will be watching. He will send Hopeful to hold up the fainting head and to whisper in our ear, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." It may be we have journeyed along all our lives as a veritable Mr. Despondency, or a daughter Much-Afraid, but we will remember that they crossed the dark waters as safely as any other, and the poor timid girl went over singing.

Then it shall come to pass that Christ will stand by the smiting wind and heaving sea for the last time. He shall speak to it yet one word more, and it shall recede farther and farther, until for us who have overcome, every storm and every billow shall be swallowed up in resurrection glory. If it is literally true that the time shall come when "there was no more sea," then it is no less true that the wind and wave of sorrow, suffering pain and tears and death itself will be banished forever. In its stead there will be a "sea of glass mingled with fire," and they that have gotten the victory shall stand there on with harps of God, to sing the new song of eternal praise to him "who is greater than all little earths, all seas."

Selecte

TELL ME AGAIN

(Continued from page nine)

for your sins, that you might with Him forever. Now your hand and finger, If you forget this and continue in your sins you'll die and in the land where there is no water to quench your burning thirst. Now, hold up your 3d finger, as is, if you believe and trust in Him, ask Him to save you and He will heal you and give you comfort until you arrive in Home." So we went through the valley every finger. How marked was her changed appearance as she could hold up her finger and rest it over and over, smile and shake her head and seem to say, "I have got it."

We continued our journey down the Conference, returned in six or eight days, but the fire had burnt through the dry grass, burnt up the huts, and no natives were there. Returning to the Mission we took up the usual work. A year might have passed by, more or less; we were busy in the command about the work when the door opened and in came a woman coming along, leading a little boy by the hand. She seemed to be full of joy, crying out, "look at this, look at this." As she lifted the little boy up by the hand she said, "this boy was dying with the smallpox and I prayed to God and said, 'you can heal me you can heal this boy,' and he is healed." I looked at her with astonishment as I forgot the lesson on the final judgment. She said, "don't you know I know you," and holding up her hand she said, "see, I have not forgotten my lesson," and she went through the lesson as we had taught her at the first. So it is possible to sow beside all waters, we know not which will prosper this or that.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: these are they which testify of Me. And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life." St. John 5, 40.

"How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" St. John 5:44.

MY HEART NEEDS THEE

My heart needs Thee, O Lord, my heart needs Thee! No part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All else within me can be filled by Thy gifts. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My thirst can be allayed by earthly waters. My cold can be removed by household fires. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But no outward thing can make my heart pure. The calmest day will not calm my passion. The fairest scene will not beautify my soul. The richest music will not make harmony within. The breezes can cleanse the air, but no breeze can cleanse a spirit. This world has not provided for my heart. It has provided for my eye; it has provided for my ear; it has provided for my taste; it has provided for my sense of beauty, but it has not provided for my heart. Provide Thou for my heart, O Lord, It is the only unwinged bird in all creation; give it wings, O Lord. Earth has failed to give it wings; its very power of loving has often drawn it in the mire. Be Thou the strength of my heart. Be Thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its voice in the solitude. Guide it in its gloom; help it in its heat; direct it in its doubt; calm it in its conflict; fan it in its faintness; prompt it in its perplexity; lead it thru its labyrinths; raise it from its ruins. I can not rule this heart of mine, keep it under the shadow of Thine own wings.—George Matheson.

TEN WAYS TO KILL A CHURCH

By J. Logan Stuart

1. Don't come to meetings.
2. If you do come, come late.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you don't think of coming.
4. If you attend a meeting, find fault with the work of the pastor and other officers and members.

VISIT THE SICK

Do you know some one who is sick? Some little boy or girl may be in bed with a fever and would be so glad to see you come into the room with a bunch of flowers or some other little gift.

Are you not glad to see your friends when you are sick? It makes you forget some of your pain for a time, does it not? When we give a bunch of flowers to a friend, a teacher, or some one who is sick, it is the same as saying, "I love you."

Can you not get a good book and show the sick ones some pictures or read to them? You can read to them about Jesus, who had pity on all the sick and healed them.

Jesus was very kind and was glad to take away the aches and pains when the people came to Him. He had great power to heal all kinds of sickness, and in several places in the Bible we read that "He healed all the sick that came unto Him."

He can heal us now if we trust Him and ask for his healing power. Jesus can do all things. He can do many things for us if we live true to Him, and ask Him for the things that we need, as we would ask our mama for a piece of bread or cake. Jesus never fails to supply our needs if we are true to Him. Let us have faith in God.

5. Never accept an office, as it is easier to criticize than to do things.

6. Nevertheless, be very much put out if you are not appointed on the committee: but if you are, do not attend the committee meetings.

7. If you are asked to give your opinion on some matter, have nothing to say. After the meeting tell others how things ought to be done.

8. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary; but when others roll up their sleeves and willingly, unselfishly use their ability to help matters along, say, "The church is run by a clique."

9. Hold back your money, don't pay at all.

10. Don't bother about getting new members, let some one else do it

"OTHERS"

Lord, let me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer may be for others.

Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I do for You
Must needs be done for others.

Let self be crucified and slain
And buried deep, and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for others.

And when on earth my work is
done,
And my new work in heaven
begun,
Let me forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of others.

Others, Lord, yes others,
And none of self for me;
Help me live for others,
That I may live for Thee!
—Selected.

THE DIARY OF A BIBLE
WAS IT YOURS?

January 15—Been resting quietly for a week. The first few nights after the first of this year my owner read me regularly, but he has forgotten me, I guess.

February 2—Clean up. I was dusted with other things and put back in my place.

February 8—Owner used me for a short time after dinner, looking up a few references. Went to Sunday School.

March 7—Clean-up. Dusted and in my old place again. Have been down in the lower hall since my trip to Sunday School.

April 2—Busy day. Owner led League meeting and had to look up references. He had an awful time finding one, though it was right there in its place all the time.

May 5—In grandma's lap all afternoon. She is here on a visit. She let a teardrop fall on Col. 2:5-7.

May 6—In grandma's lap again this afternoon. She spent most of her time on 1 Cor. 13 and the last four verses of the 15th chapter.

May 7, 8, 9—In grandma's lap

every afternoon now. It's a comfortable spot. Sometimes she reads me and sometimes she talks to me.

May 10—Grandma gone. Back in the old place. She kissed me good-bye.

June 3—Had a couple of four-leaved clovers stuck in me today.

July 1—Packed in a trunk with clothes and other things. Off on a vacation, I guess.

July 7—Still in the trunk.

July 10—Still in trunk, though nearly everything else has been taken out.

July 15—Home again and in my old place. Quite a journey, though I do not see why I went.

August 1—Rather stuffy and hot. Have two magazines, a novel, and an old hat on top of me. Wish they would take them off.

September 5—Clean-up. Dusted and set right again.

September 10—Used by Mary a few moments today. She was writing a letter to a friend whose brother had died, and wanted an appropriate verse.

September 30—Clean-up again.

Just how many morning services would there have been in my church this past year if all had attended just the same as I did?

How many mornings would there have been no service if all the members had absented themselves on the same mornings that I did?

How many evening services would there have been—how many evenings with no service?

How many Sunday School sessions would there have been?

How many Sundays without any Sunday School?

How many weeks would there have been no prayer meeting?

How much money would there have been for the support of my Church if all the members had given the same amount as I did?

How much would have been paid for missions?

How many calls would have been made upon the sick in hospitals or in homes?

Just how much work would have been done for my community, my Church, and the Kingdom of God if all the members had been just like me?

BUILDING ON THE SHORE

By Joseph Taylor Britan
On the seashore little children
Build their houses out of sand
Pile them up so high and careen
Make them like a villa grand;
Sculpture them with doors and
windows
With the chimneys high and
wide;
And when father comes to ta-
them

Leave their labor for the tide.

On the shores of time are build
Many mansions by the great;
All their life they spend in shal-
ing

Things that fill their earth
state;

Houses, lands and bonds an
money,

Name and fame and wealth g
lore;

Then when Father comes to ta-
them

These they leave forevermore.

On eternal shores are mansions
Built by the Savior Chris
Fashioned for the pure and fa-
ful.

For the ones His love entices
Formed into a hut or palace,

Sixed to fit their faith and lo-
And there's no one who can t-
them

From their heavenly home ab-
Philadelphia, Pa.

CHANNELS OF BLESSING

God chooses human channels
divine blessing. It is a great pr-
lege to be in touch with the di-
reservoir so as to be the char-
through which the hungry,
thirsty, the blind, the weak,
faint, and the disconsolate may
replenished and restored.

But we need patience. Seed n-
first be planted, then watered,
even then you have to wait for
fruit. First the blade, then the
then the full corn in the ear.

Paul plants, Apollos wat-
God, however gives the incre-
The increase is as sure as
planting and watering. God
more faithful than Paul or Ap-
los, and will surely perform
part.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,
Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

AUGUST, 1930.

NO. 1.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

❧ The Ministry of Deeds ❧

IT shall be my purpose to live to render service. Life is hard. I will try to watch for a chance to give a lift to those about me. Deeds of mercy I will do.

In my daily vocation I will seek to do what I am called upon to do so that it shall be saturated with the spirit of spontaneous kindness and illuminated with gladness. I shall try to "brighten the corner where I am."

Cheery greetings with a smile and a bit of banter is the spice of life I would throw in as I go down my way.

It shall be my high resolve to be where great things are being undertaken and I shall try to do my part. Great deeds as well as kind ones shall be a part of my life. Action shall be my purpose. I shall spurn indifference. I shall seek to back up my word with deeds.

It shall be my high purpose to fill the niche in life intended for me and to do all in my power to be a help to all who are about me.—Heart Throbs of Truth.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper Devoted to Our
Young People Everywhere

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One Year \$1.00

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
714 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tennessee

AUGUST, 1930.

EDITORIALS

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

We would be glad if we could arouse interest in our Question and Answer Department. We feel this would be both helpful and interesting.

Last month we had the question, "What is wrong with our young people that makes them so indifferent and so easy to backslide? I am going to hold this over until next issue, hoping someone will take it up and give his opinion. Won't you help me make the paper interesting and helpful?"

Another month has rolled around. It seems but yesterday since we sent out our last paper. I am wondering how much good we have done during the month. Are we pleased with our record. Some of these months will be our last one on earth. When we come to lay down our record at the Master's feet will He say, "Well done"? I wonder if we couldn't do more for the Master this next month. One thing I want you to do is this: Join "The Lighted Pathway" Helpers Club and help to get the paper into the homes of our young people. The enemy is at work trying to put all the trashy literature into the homes. Shall we sleep on and let him do the work?

Some very substantial orders came in this month, but no one gave their name for the "Club." Perhaps we need to emphasize the work of the club again. We are asking those who are interested in the success of the paper to agree to sell ten or more of the papers every month among your acquaintances

at ten cents each. I want to publish the names of the members and give honorable mention of the five who send in the largest amount.

Will you not try to make this club work interesting? and in so doing you will be helping the good cause along. Who will be the first to enter your name on our roll?

SOME CRITICISMS

1st. Your paper is too high priced?

I think if you would take the paper and devour its pages from cover to cover you would change your mind. One copy costs as much as two packages of chewing gum. Look at the way the world spends dime after dime buying chewing gum, cold drinks, for picture shows and then see how we hold on to our money when we are asked to finance the Lord's work.

One girl wrote saying she had received two papers and they had been worth the \$1.00 subscription. I believe we have a number who feel this way.

Now we want to say this, Just as soon as you help us to enlarge the circulation enough so that we can, we expect to make the paper more reasonable. It has been our aim ever since we started its publication to get to the place where we can send out rolls to put in the hotels, stations and all public places. And there are many other things of importance planned for this little messenger of light. But God is looking to you to shoulder a part of this burden. I am looking for a band of earnest workers to join together in this "Helpers Club" that will make it possible to do a wonderful work for God.

2nd. You do not give enough comment on the Scripture in your Bible lessons.

It is not our aim to do all the work for our young people. I know of some of our lesson writers who give more comment, but I also know that it is a great temptation for the young people to memorize or read the comment instead of studying it out for themselves. My aim is to get the thought of the topic over to them and then let

them handle it for themselves. Even though they stumble around about it at first, they will soon learn how to dig things out for themselves. Your workers will develop faster than if they have too much help.

We thank you for your criticism. It helps us to know what the people want, whether we can please all or not. Our aim is to please all we can and still do what we think is best.

August is the birthday of "The Lighted Pathway." It is always in order to send birthday presents and we are sure this little messenger would be glad to receive some subscriptions as a birthday present.

We do not know just how much good has been done by its printed pages and we do not expect to know this side of eternity, but if it has put one serious thought into the heart of one young man or woman and caused them to turn to God then the labor I have put into it is not in vain, and I would not regret that the little paper had a birthday.

Yes, there have been sleepless hours many times, when I would wonder how I would finance it, and many times the devil has said, Better give up, folks don't appreciate such a paper and you will fail. But somehow that good old song would ring out unconsciously, "Fear not I am with thee Oh be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid." So I am marching on believing that this is true. Everything worthwhile has been accomplished thru difficulty. Every life that has been worth while has had to meet difficulties, trials and disappointments to develop in them the thing that made life worth while. We feel that our test of faith is working out in us something that was lacking.

We ask your prayers that we will not fail and that those whom God is depending upon to hold our hands will not fail.

The names of the five sending in for the largest rolls of paper

(EDITORIALS CONTINUED)

for the month of July are as follows:

Grace Provan, Nocatee, Fla.; Eva Lynch, Shelburn, Ind.; Wiley E. Wright, Maud, Okla.; Irene Wales, Cleveland, Tenn.; J. M. Magouirk, Neonta, Ala.

We thank you and all the rest who have sent in smaller orders.

—O—

OUR READING CLUB

This month we had the life of William Cary, the father and founder of modern missions. I wonder how many of you have joined this reading club. You will be surprised how it will develop you spiritually to study the lives of the great men and women who have made their lives count for God. It will inspire us to greater sacrifice and service as we study that others have been willing to offer for the salvation of others. I am giving a few notes on the life of this wonderful man of God, hoping to make you hungry to read his book. It can be obtained from most any library, either public or from your minister's library. Look it up and write to me, saying, I am reading the book so you can place my name on your list. After a while we will feel that we are one big family having so many mutual friends in the characters we have studied together. I can almost see you now scattered about here and there over this big world of ours. We will continue this month again with William Cary. It will take us a while to get started.

NOTES FROM HIS CHILDHOOD

William Cary was born at Paulerspury, England on the 17th of August 1761. There is reason to believe that his early ancestors were of considerable social position; but this was so, the lad had certainly no evidence of it in the lot to which he was born. William of course was taught by his father in company with the village lads. He soon began his eager pursuit for knowledge. He would lie awake at night going over his sums, which is said his mother often heard him doing, when the rest of the

family were asleep.

As a boy he was marked by that resolute perseverance which was so conspicuous a characteristic in after life. When a boy he was of a studious turn of mind, and fully bent on learning, and always resolutely determined never to give up any portion or particle of anything on which his mind was set, till he had arrived at a clear knowledge and sense of his subject. He was not allured or diverted from it. He was firm to his purpose and steady in his endeavor to improve.

His botanical tastes were greatly encouraged by his Uncle Peter Cary who was a gardener in the village. Little did this uncle suppose, as he taught the lad how to cultivate flowers and plant trees, in his father's garden, that his nephew would one day become one of the most eminent horticulturists in Asia.

SOME TESTING TIMES

Circumstances now arose which led to his marriage to Dorothy Plackett, and this before he was twenty years of age. The marriage was not successful but though Mrs. Cary had little sympathy with her husband's taste, and though her predisposition to mental disease was the occasion of constant anxiety, he ever treated her with noble tenderness.

Later on domestic and business trouble arose. Fever entered his home, His little daughter in her second year was taken from him. He himself was smitten down, and though he recovered, ague followed from which he suffered for more than a year and a half. He was a shoemaker and his trade was carried on with much difficulty. In his straights he was compelled to part with such things as he could any how spare to provide for daily wants. Starvation staring him in the face, his brother who was only a youth, with some friends in his native village came to his relief.

After William Cary had offered himself to the foreign field a great difficulty arose. Mrs. Cary refused to accompany her husband. His entreaties were of no avail. But while his determination never wav-

ered, the prospect of a life long separation cost him unutterable grief. Writing to his wife later he said, "If I had all the world I would freely give it all to have you and the children with me. But the sense of duty is so strong that it overpowers all other considerations. I could not turn back without guilt on my soul. Tell the dear children I love them dearly and pray for them constantly. Be assured I love you most affectionately."

I will say just here that God rewarded him for his faithfulness by changing his wife's mind and she finally went with him. God often makes us lay our friends on the altar and then gives them back again.

After he went to India his little boy died. He could not prevail on anyone to make him a coffin, though he had carpenters in his own employ. With difficulty he engaged four Mussulmans to dig a grave for him. No one would undertake it alone and therefore so many of them went together that they might have an equal share of shame. They sent seven or eight miles for two persons to carry him to the grave, but in vain. He and his wife agreed to do it themselves when a lad who had lost caste agreed to do it for them.

A FEW COMMENTS

Rev. Thomas Scott was the one whose preaching led William Cary to give his life to the service of the Lord. There may be some diamonds like this in that little group of children and young people in your church. Are you polishing them?

The first missionary society was organized on October 2, 1797 in the back parlor of Mrs. Beeby Wallace's home at Kettering.

"Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God."

William Cary.

"I will venture to go down, but remember that you must hold the ropes."—William Cary.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

NINGA OF KIKUYULAND

Emily Messenger

Ninga was a little African girl, born in a village high up in the Kikuyu hills near Mount Kenya. She began life by traveling around on her mother's back as do all Kikuyu babies. Ninga's village was near a forest and often leopards would come out of the forest and seize sheep. Ninga's father did not like to lose his sheep in that way. To trap leopards Kikuyu people dig deep pits. At the bottom they plant hard wood stakes sharpened to a point. They cover the pits with loose sticks and dry branches so that it looks like solid ground. When the animal attempts to cross, the covering breaks and it falls and is impaled.

When Ninga was about two years old her father one day dug a leopard pit, covered it, and went home. That night a man from a distant village was traveling thru the forest. It was dark, he lost the path, stumbled upon the leopard pit and fell in. When he was found in the morning he was very badly hurt, before night died of his wounds.

News travels very fast in Africa, so his people soon learned what had happened and came to find the owner of the pit. Ninga's father was brought before the council of Elders and fined one hundred sheep, the price of a man's life.

Now Ninga's father was not a rich man, he did not have one hundred sheep nor even fifty. He went to all his relatives to help him, but all together they could only collect sixty sheep. What should he do? Then he thought of a way out. His little girl Ninga would be worth forty sheep when she grew up. He could give her in payment, and later she might become the wife of Kabera, son of the man

killed in the pit. That would save their having to buy a wife for him. Ninga was taken away from her home and people and given to Kabera's mother to live with her until she grew up. After Ninga had been there some time famine came. The rains had failed and there was very little food. Many little children died of hunger. The woman with whom Ninga lived wanted all the food she could find for her own children. So it was decided to send Ninga back to her own mother. If Ninga had died in their village they would have lost the forty sheep which she was worth. By taking the child back to her mother they not only saved the food to keep her alive, but also their sheep. If Ninga had died in her mother's village, her people would have had to pay forty sheep. Ninga was very glad to get back to her mother who fed her and gave her a mother's love. She learned to dig in the garden, plant beans and corn and sweet potatoes, make string, weave little baskets, fetch wood and water and look after her smaller sister and brother.

Meanwhile Kabera had grown to be a big boy. One day he found his way to a Mission Station not far from Ninga's home and asked to be taken on as cook. He said, too, that he wanted to go to school to learn the Words of God. He was put to work and for eight months did very well in the home and in school, where he soon learned to read and write.

At that time the missionaries were endeavoring to find an opening for work among the girls around the station. God used Kabera to answer their prayers. He asked that Ninga be taken and trained. He went away the next day but returned alone. The child's

parents had refused to let her go. Ninga was really his and so a few weeks later the parents brought her to the Mission Station. The father and mother were not very happy to give up the child, but that she was able to do good work in the garden.

Ninga was a clean looking little girl in her first dress, her native dress, a goat skin, her mother had taken for the little sister. At home a new life began for the little heathen child. She was willing and obedient and soon learned to help in the work. Faithfully and patiently she struggled with letter syllables and words until she knew them by heart from the top of the page to the bottom. But were called to point suddenly to a word in the middle of the page, poor little Ninga was lost! It seemed as if the child would never learn to read. Then one day her mind opened up and from that time she learned no more difficulty.

But there was something else. Ninga learned even better than to read and write. She learned to know and love the Lord Jesus. A very sick baby boy was brought to the station. Ninga became a little mother to him, took the whole burden of his care on her own little shoulders, carrying him about, bathing him, and even preparing his food.

Kikuyu girls are initiated into certain customs of the tribe by very evil ceremonies. It is a time to which heathen look forward, there is dancing, and feasting, and they the center of it all. When time came for Ninga to be initiated she appealed to the missionaries for help, and asked to have a real ceremony, without which no man will ever marry a girl, and she was formed quietly at the station. This was a great defiance of the tribe

(Continued on page Ten)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

HOW A HOUSE BECOMES A HOME

By Edith May Evetts

Only by the abiding presence of the Savior may one's house become a home. As the members of a household give Christ preeminence their lives, will He lead them to deeds of kindness, to gentle caresses, to loving, compassionate looks, words of sympathy and understanding, and to thoughtful ministrations.

Aside from these gentler manifestations of love, Christian parents are occasionally led to that stern, firm love which requires chastenings and admonitions. These corrections are just as essential to a child's well-being as are the purgings and purgings which God gives to His grownups for their growth and development in the Christian life. But fathers and mothers must be careful to correct their children in a manner characteristic of loving parents and not forfeit this title to tyrannical authority. How much sweeter the home atmosphere is when we can win the obedience of our children out of love and respect for us rather than through fear of us, under which smolders, oftentimes, anger and rebellion and even hatred. The beautiful title of Christian parenthood lies like a deep fertile valley between the great arid hills of parental despotism and parental indulgence. It is just as vitally erroneous to humor a child too much as it is to be too severe.

Cooperation Needed

Cooperation is one of the prime factors which help to produce a Christian home. That home is far from ideal where some one member becomes a martyr and takes the brunt of things that others may be relieved of the duties and obligations about the house. How selfish is that girl who will allow her mother to become a com-

mon household drudge that she might be freed from the bothersome tasks of every day life! How void of feeling and consideration is that boy who will permit his father to shoulder burdens grievous to be borne that he might be shielded from the hard knocks along the way. And who can estimate the folly of those parents who will allow such conditions to exist within the home? It is not such parents as these who really love the deepest. The wisest, noblest, and most loving parents are those who teach their children to share in the duties and responsibilities about the house and to become capable and efficient in handling the affairs of life.

Withal, I wonder if it is not possible in the face of Jesus' promise to do whatsoever we ask in His name, for the hearts of parents to be so united in love to the heart of the Savior, so filled with His divine radiance that the spiritual nature of their children will be drawn to a warm glowing flame within the fireplace.

Set a Watch Upon Your Lips

Another important factor in producing an ideal home is the right use of the tongue. The Word says, "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity." A young man and his bride agreed after the wedding that they would guard the man's professional standing by never gossiping except when in their own homes and alone together. What a hateful practice, and that within the home of a young man and his bride! Not that any more could be expected of them than of those who have been married for years, but it is deplorable, nevertheless, that two young people sitting side by side before their own hearthstone, with the marriage certificate fresh

in their hands, should permit it. It is deplorable that anything foreign to peace and beauty should mar such domestic tranquility. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." So "let us keep our tongues from evil, and our lips from speaking guile."

The law of kindness and love is in the Christian tongue. Even though we may have to rebuke and that sharply because of sin, let us ever bear in mind the exhortation of Paul: "If any man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted."

"Let us love one another, for love is of God."

These exhortations which we read in God's Word to love one another do not measure short of the standard of love which Christ has set. If we would have circumstances allow this so-called platonic love to creep into the home, avoid it as you would a viper.

It is said that the home is the foundation of society, and any man or woman who intrudes into it is not a good citizen, and is therefore, not entitled to the respect of the community. If such is the standard of good citizenship, what ought the standard to be which is built upon the solid Rock, Christ Jesus? Let us keep our homes pure and clean and unspotted from the world.

One Exception to the Rule

Only under one condition are we exhorted to be at variance with the loved ones of our homes and that is when they refuse to accept the glorious gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Jesus said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his daughter, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-

(Continued on page 14)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

Pauline

THE CORN OF WHEAT

By Charles H. Usher

IT is the corn of wheat that falls into the ground and dies. Jesus Christ is the "Corn of Wheat"; He fell into the ground and died, and abundant fruit has been the result. We also are seed corns, and we are called to follow in His steps, for only thus can we bring forth fruit unto God. The "new man" is the seed corn — fruit of Christ's death—but he must also tread the road of sacrifice. He flourishes best in environments that put him to death. Like the cold, unsympathetic ground, even so the pathway that we tread in union with our Savior and Lord, is intended to produce a death that will bring forth fruit.

Paul speaks of it in 2 Cor. 4: 8-12. "We are troubled on every side * * * perplexed * * * persecuted * * * cast down * * * always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you."

Read also 1 Cor. 4:9-13; 2 Cor. 6: 4-10; Gal. 6:17. This is the seed corn life undergoing a process of death produced by daily crucifixion, and resulting in life both in the believer himself and in others. Or it may be likened to the alabaster box which was broken (crushed), filling the house with the odor of the ointment. In Phil. 3:10 we get the same thought "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death; if by any

AMONG THE LILIES

By Carrie Judd Montgomery

"My Beloved is gone down into His garden * * * to gather lilies. He feedeth among the lilies."—Song of Sol. 6:2, 3.

Blow, ye winds of pain and sorrow,
Blow, ye zephyrs soft with peace;
Blow upon my lily garden,
That its perfume may not cease.
Breathe of fragrance sweet as Heaven,
Float it to my soul's Adored,
Till His fair hands haste to gather
All the sweetness for Him stored.

Reck I not if rain or sunshine,
Storm or calm my garden knows,
If the sweetness of its spices
Only forth for Jesus flows.
Once within this lily garden
Only thorns would make their bed,
Thorns as cruel as once woven
For the Savior's meek-bowed head.

Mystery divine and lovely!
He hath changed both soil and seed,
And among His own fair lilies
My beloved comes to feed.
I "consider" these fair lilies,
How they grow, how sweet they bloom
Fresh from Jesus' spotless spirit—
Blest my heart to give them room.

These are lilies of the valley,
Grown within the shade of death,
Raised to resurrection beauty
By the Spirit's vital breath.
All "inclosed" my lily garden,
But to One its bloom revealed,
And within its deepest recess
Springs a living fountain "sealed."

Flows this Spring of life from Jesus,
Back to Him its streams must go,
And the lilies owe their freshness
To the Fountain's constant flow.
Jesus, "Altogether lovely,"
Spotless lily of my heart,
Grow within my life forever,
I am Thine, and mine Thou art.

means I might attain unto the resurrection from among the dead." The Cross of Christ is the pattern by which the believer fashions his life; as the result of which he, equally with Paul, hopes to attain unto the out-resurrection from among the dead.

But we can all join him in saying "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.

I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Are we prepared to tread this pathway that leads to resurrection life? Can we drink of the cup that He drank of? Can we be brave in the midst of sufferings and privations, losses and misunderstandings, and all the things that come to us in the midst of this earthly life? Are we prepared to lie silently in the ground and not cry out because sympathy does not come and not rebel against God because of blessings which He withholds, being prepared to tread thus the way of the Cross—knowing that fellowship with Christ means experimental crucifixion, and knowing also that He is with us, leading us through this pathway unto the eternal day?

Triumphs of Faith.

"A temptation has not taken you, save a human. Faithful moreover, is God who will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able, but will make with the temptation, also the way of escape, that ye may be able to hold out." (Rotherham's translation.) The great trouble seems to be that the glittering things Satan offers in his temptations, blind the spiritual eyes of some so they cannot see the way God has prepared for them to escape. Keep your spiritual eyes and the Word both open and the way of escape will be so plain a wayfaring man need not be mistaken.

THE INNER CIRCLE

MY PRAYER

Lord, might I be but as a saw,
A plane, a chisel, in Thy hand!
No, Lord! I take it back in awe—
Such prayer for me is far too
grand.

I pray, O Master, let me die
As on Thy bench, the favored
wood!
Thy saw, Thy plane, Thy chisel ply,
And work me into something
good.—George Macdonald.

III. *A life of fruitfulness.* "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: so shall ye be my disciples." (John 15:7, 8). Following Christ and fruitfulness are inseparable. In Galatians 5 we have what the apostle terms "the fruit of the Spirit," which is "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." As we abide in Him, and He abides in us, there shall be fruit. The other day I was in a home where I was given freedom to come and go as I liked. They said, "We want you to be one of the family. If you see anything you want, help yourself." After I had been in the home two or three days, I went into the dining room. In the center of the table was a dish of luscious fruit, black grapes, green grapes and peaches. To us in Great Britain a peach is a luxury. I thought I would have a peach. I took out my little fruit knife, but I could not get the skin off that peach. I thought, It is a peach. There was the semblance of fruit, but no fruit there. Man can make imitation; only God can produce fruit. There is not a horticulturist or an agriculturist who can produce fruit. God can. The farmer can

till the land and sow the seed, but God must give the fruit. You can paint fruit, and paint magnificently: only God can produce the real fruit. You know how much semblance of fruit there is about us. A seeming production of love, a seeming production of joy. Why, bless my heart, all our joy seems to go utterly if we have an acute pain or some great sorrow. I saw a child of God in the past week who five weeks ago laid to rest the mortal remains of her mother. Her father, an unbeliever, said, "I cannot understand the girl, she is in such a state of serenity of soul in the midst of this great sorrow." What was the secret? She was abiding. Joy in the midst of sorrow; joy in the midst of pain; joy in the midst of disappointment.

A few months ago some missionaries were gathered together. They had received three cablegrams from India to say that all the resources of the mission had been depleted, and there was no money at hand. The missionaries on the field were at the point of selling the property in order to have the daily necessities of life. Those missionaries at home had sixteen dollars between them. One turned to the other and said, "What are we to do?" Another replied, "Send a cablegram to the field directly." "What shall we say?" It was decided to send these words, "Hallelujah. He reigneth. Much encouraged." That was a fine cablegram to send out. Then they went to the Lord, and they asked Him to work a mighty miracle and send in the wherewithal, and He did. Though you have not a dollar in your pocket, you can have the joy within. Here is the Lord telling that "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." Fruit comes out

of life, life comes out of death. As I abide in Christ in His death, His life will be in me, and there will be production of fruit.

IV. *A life of self denial.* "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake will find it." Here is the great distinguishing mark. I believe this last mark is the fundamental one. I hope every brother and sister here is a fundamentalist. Perhaps I do not mean this in the way you do. Here is the fundamentalist: "If any man will follow me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." This is the fundamentalist the Lord Jesus was. You say to the Lord. "That is my attitude. I definitely trust Thee by the Holy Spirit to make that true in me." As you follow the light of the Holy Spirit moment by moment and step by step, the Holy Ghost will lead you sometimes into very strange paths. Let me tell you one or two incidents.

I was in Lincolnshire, England. I was walking down the road, much in prayer, and the Lord laid on my heart a missionary in China. The Lord spoke to me telling me to send some money. I pulled out the money from my pocket—and what He asked me to send was nearly all I had. I said, "I cannot give all that," and I put it back. Immediately I did so, my spirit was closed right up. I wondered what had happened. It was exactly the same thing you do when you pull down a dark shade or blind. It was as if I had pulled a dark blind over my spirit. "Lord," I said, "what does it mean?" He showed me. I said, "Lord, forgive me. You shall

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THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

THE BOOK IN THE MEDICINE CHEST

It was winter on the Forty Mile! The long, long days of the summer had fled before the coming of Jack Frost, and at last King Winter was holding court in the land of the great white silence. Up on the Forty Mile the smoke curled from the little stove pipe chimney that adorned the roof of the little cabin, as the fire inside gave heat to the three placer miners who called it home. The cracks between the logs were packed with moss, and the walls had been banked up to keep out the fury of the wind that screamed with rage outside. Another log was placed in the fire, and the miners hugged the stove pretty closely. Suddenly, one of them arose and slipped through the cabin door; he looked at the thermometer nailed on the outside, shivered a moment and said, "Forty-five below, boys; pretty cold night." He took his seat again by the stove and in a moment was lost in thought. You can't do much else but think when it's winter on the Forty Mile; there is not much else you can do especially when you have been * * * well, that's another part of the story; a story that is almost unbelievable, yet a story that is really true!

Years and years before, the good old father of a Methodist family had looked with pride on his growing boys and girls. Morning and night he gathered the six boys and six girls around the family altar, as a good Methodist class leader should, and instructed them in the ways of the Lord. One was a minister, another a doctor, and another a lawyer, all making good and a credit to their father's name. "Joe," he said one day to one of his boys, "I want to make a minister out of you." Joe looked smilingly into his father's face and nodded his approval. Why not? He had grown out of the Sunday School

into the church; he was a member in good standing and the profession of the ministry was a respectable one, to say the least. So why not?

So it came to pass that Joe entered the University of Iowa for a four-year course and studied hard and well in preparation for the work of his life. The two years at Fort Dodge Methodist school led to his ordination as a minister of the gospel, and going back to Nebraska, he married a sweet Christian girl, who was to mean much to him in after life. Little did the young couple realize when they stood at the marriage altar, what the relentless years were to bring of heartaches and happiness, smiles and tears.

Those were the days of the Westward Ho spirit, and California was a magnet that was drawing some of the best of the manhood and womanhood of the nation. So Joe and his young wife traveled the distance until safely arriving in Los Angeles. He became a member of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and became pastor of the church in San Diego.

But a tragedy had happened! A professor of theology had handed the young minister a copy of the book "The Age of Reason" by Tom Paine. Into that young, fertile mind the seeds of infidelity were dropped. He had no real experience to hold him. He had GROWN OUT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL INTO THE CHURCH! "The Age of Reason" was devoured and in rapid succession there followed Renan, Huxley, Darwin and Locke. Deeper and deeper went the roots of infidelity, and stronger and stronger became the doubts that slay faith on the battlefield of the soul. His work in San Diego finished, he moved to Pomona where he built the church at that place for his

denomination.

Oh, the surgings of the soul! Oh, the battles of the mind! It was no use; he had to quit; and one day he walked to his home and greeted his wife with the announcement "Wife, I CANNOT go on this way; I cannot preach things I don't believe; I am through, I preach no more."

The Santa Ana Herald needed a reporter, and the one time Methodist preacher got the job. It was not long before you could see his name on the top of the editorial page as editor. New power, new fields of endeavor, new opportunities for the preaching of INFIDELITY! So he organized the "Free Thinkers Association of California" and became its president. Its members would dare God to strike them; would mock and hold up in derision the Name of Jesus. The devil had done his work. Down the dark, dark road started Joe. Drinking and gambling came together, and night after night drunk, and with money lost at the tables, the poor soul would stagger home. But the indomitable spirit that has been his all through life kept him at his work. At Covina he started the Covina Independent. Then in the City of the Angels, the East Los Angeles Exponent carried his name as editor. Then the Covina Argus was founded and this paper is still in existence. But deeper and deeper he went into drink, and gambling was a passion that could not be denied. Jobs were found and lost on the Tribune, the Express and the Times for no man could hold down the gambling, drinking job and his reportorial duties at the same time. Almost every day for twelve years you could find him in the back of the old Mineral Saloon; cards in hand and liquor by his side. On the streets at night from a soap box he would expound

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:-= MISSIONARY PAGE =:-

What Will You Do About It?

The fields are all ripening and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
The reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait."

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he may send forth laborers into his harvest. (Luke 10:2).

Tears were flowing, prayers were ascending, a wonderful spirit prevailed, and all present were consecrating everything to the living God during the daily prayer hour for foreign missionaries and their respective works. "O, God," arose the cries, "save many of these poor, neglected souls who have never heard of the saving power in Jesus' blood. Supply the financial lack that is necessary to keep Thy laborers in the heathen lands, and let the Light of the Gospel illuminate the sin darkened places."

The Voice of the Spirit

Could be heard to say: "You, my servants, are responsible for these people. You think you are too small in number and insignificant in power and influence, but have you never read 'one of you shall purchase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.' You are accountable in that you must pray incessantly, and be willing to sacrifice for me in a temporal way, for 'faith without work is dead'." — selected.

Self-Centered

The self-centered church is the dying, if not the already dead, church. The church that is not essentially a missionary church is essentially a Christless church, its members doomed to a fearful awakening at the bar of God. A non-

missionary church is a non-propagating church, a sterile, barren church.

Why did our Lord put upon the church the burden or privilege of spreading the gospel? Because if the church did not have the incentive which encourages and nourishes every noble impulse of the human heart it would become so besotted in selfishness, so callous to the needs of humanity, that it would not be worth saving. He who gives gains; he who keeps loses.

Is the Great Commission Practicable?

Now how has the church obeyed the great commission? It was given nearly nineteen centuries ago, yet there are more heathen in the world by hundreds of millions than there were when Christ gave His command. Every hour 4,000 souls are going into Christless graves and this nineteen hundred years after Christ gave the Church its mission, Mohammedanism is growing more rapidly than Christianity. In Africa alone there are 100 Mohammedan missionaries to every Christian missionary.

Is it practicable to attempt to obey the great commission? We Americans pride ourselves on being practicable. Did Jesus Christ give a commission that was impossible? If He did we should not be worshipping Him. If His command was not entirely practicable He was deluded.—J. D. Eggleston in Moody Monthly.

Neglected By Christian Church

Today there are over twenty-five millions of Moslems in Bengal (sixty-nine millions in all India) more than in Arabia, Egypt and Persia put together. They are all very energetic in the propagation of Islam, and it is thought by some who know conditions intimately that in a few years most of the lower races will become Moham-

medan unless they are very soon evangelized.

What has the church done to reach the Moslems of India?

After all has been said, it is but simple truth to say that the bare fringes of this great work has been hardly touched. The risen Lord is calling on his people of this generation to go forward and claim the unpossessed territory. It is strikingly evident that the world is ripe for a world wide spiritual crusade for the conquest of Islam, including Moslem India. After more than a century the prophetic dream of Henry Martyn is still waiting its fulfillment, and our blessed Savior Himself is still waiting to see the travail of His soul for the Moslem world and be satisfied.—Rev. N. S. Silsby in "Darkness and Light."

A story is told of a strange little old woman, 70 years old, who heard a sermon by a missionary bishop which wonderfully inspired her, resulted in her coming to her rector and offering herself as a missionary to Africa. The rector was filled with amazement that this feeble, little old woman, seventy years of age, should offer herself as a missionary; so he finally told her that her mission was to stay at home and give all she could to the cause, and by her prayers and gifts try to help the missionary cause along. Most pathetic are the ways in which this dear old lady saved her scanty income for the Master's cause.

There is a young Englishman in that village, rich and prosperous, without much religion—a generous, manly fellow, fond of his dogs and horses. He finds himself often attracted to this strange old Miss Toosey, at whom all the village is laughing for her strange ways and missionary enthusiasm. One night John Rossiter hears that Miss Toosey is ill and he goes to see her, and finds her in tears over what she calls the failure of her mission. She says, "John, my money counts up only a few shillings and my influence isn't anything for the people laugh at me. The five barley

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Ninga of Kikuyuland

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she was not afraid. Two native women were called who for five rupees as payment performed the ceremony. Thus Ninga was saved from the awful practices that always attend such ceremonies in the villages.

As soon as Ninga's mother found out what had been done she was furious and declared that she would take Ninga home and have it done all over again. Ninga firmly refused, her mother's persuasions and threats were alike unable to move her. Thus her first great step in following the Master had been taken, in bravely refusing the evil customs of old which up to that time no girl in Kikuyu had dared disobey. Many were the prophecies of evil to follow as a consequence of this step, but she kept steadily on the course she had chosen.

Kabera had not been true to his profession of love for the Lord Jesus. He had gone from bad to worse until finally he had been dismissed from the mission. However, his claim upon Ninga was lawful according to tribal law and when he considered her old enough, he began to plan for their wedding. Again Ninga took a decided stand. She flatly refused to marry Kabera. He was a bad man she said, he had not been true, he had stolen many things, had urged Ninga to help him in his evil course, had threatened to kill her if she told. Here was a serious matter indeed. Kabera had the right to take Ninga by force at any time. "I will not be his wife if he kills me," said

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loaves and two small fishes that I have tried to bring to the Master are valueless." That night Miss Toosey died, and John Rossiter sat all the next day in that lonely little house with his head upon his hands. There was something in that noble Christian life that touched him, and that night John Rossiter wrote to the Missionary Society offering himself as a missionary to Africa.—Selected.

Ninga again and again.

The child really feared that Kabera would kill her so the missionary appealed to the Government. The government official turned the case over to the native Council for their decision, which decision was to be final.

The Council discussed the matter for a whole day. Finally it was decided that there were still thirty sheep to pay. If the missionary paid, the child should go free. Ninga's father and mother wanted the child. They therefore said they themselves would pay the sheep. After two days they returned to the Council with only three sheep. Finally the chief of Ninga's district asked that the child herself be given the choice as to where she wanted to go. Permission was given to the mother to take the child home with her for a day before she made her choice. At the appointed time they brought her back, sure that they had won her to themselves and their heathen ways. The great question was put. Ninga was silent with agony showing in her face. For over an hour they pressed her for an answer, her people and the chief of the Council. Finally the missionary asked her to answer yes or no. "Do you desire to go with your mother to the village?" Firmly and quietly came the answer "No." That ended the matter. The missionary paid the price and started to go. The mother also arose and with fearful shrieks threw her basket at Ninga and showered her poor little head with awful Kikuyu curses. The missionary took the child's hand and ran with her to the station. There they knelt and thanked the Lord for the deliverance he had wrought. "Oh, God," Ninga prayed while tears ran down her cheeks, "Thou knowest I love my mother; but how could I go with her when she wants to separate me from thee. I must and will be thy child always. I could not go with my mother because she wants to make me Satan's child. She has cursed me, but Oh Lord, do thou bless her and show her Jesus. Amen."

Ninga became the mother of the little ones. All the little folks loved her and their small arms would go out when they saw her approaching. One could see how God was preparing her for her future life.

The missionary's mother had become much interested in Ninga and one day a present came from her for the child, a pretty red dress with white dots. Such joy brought! It was put on for church on Sunday and after church was taken off, carefully folded and put away in a box until next Lord's day. It was a precious treasure which no doubt she felt God had given her and should be used only in going to His house.

The family kept growing, the house became crowded. At last the limit was reached. Then one day Ninga came in saying, "There is a little girl who wants to become a child of God. She wants to stay with us, please take her in." She was refused, "No, Ninga dear, we cannot take another girl, there is no room, no clothes, no bed, no blankets, and our very food is measured as you know." Slowly Ninga left the room, only to come back again begging for this little new girl. There seemed no way so sadly Ninga went out a second time. Presently she came back again, she had found the way, "I give that little girl half of my things, share my bed and food with her, may she stay?" "Surely if you want to do that she may stay, but do not forget that you can have no more food than you have every day and no new clothes when you have given yours away was the answer. "Thank you, I will share with her." She received a piece of soap and went off to give her new charge clean. That was a light task for all Kikuyu village children are smeared with castor oil and red earth, even their hands and goat skins are plastered. After about an hour Ninga came smiling, leading the new girl. She was spotless at last, her hair nicely cut off, her face shining, with castor oil and red earth

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Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC-GIVING GOD A CHANCE

Scripture, Mal. 3:7-12.

In a large city telegraph office scores of instruments were ticking away. Presently, amid the din and clatter, the door opened and in walked a young man, a stranger. He was tall and rather awkward, with a linen duster reaching nearly to his heels. In response to his request for employment, the chief operator motioned him to a chair. By and by another instrument began to click; the most important work of the day was on hand. The press dispatcher was ready at a distant city and by his desk in that city sat one of the swiftest writers and most skillful operators in the service, waiting to begin his rapid sending.

The chief motioned the tall young man to take his seat at the table at which the press news was to be received. He quietly did so. The other workers lifted their heads from their instruments to look askance at the rustic stranger in his attempt to take the fastest man on the line. They were watching for him to fail, but he had no notion of doing so. Answering the call, he took up his pen and began to write. And there for hour after hour he sat without a break, without a halt, writing a hand like a copyplate in its clearness and beauty. He tossed off sheet after sheet of copy to the waiting messenger boys while all the office stared in astonished admiration. When the work was finished, the position was his without a further question. When asked his name he replied, "Edison."

It was the beginning of his world-wide fame. All he wanted was a chance, and when he got it he did marvels. God is saying to us, "Prove me now, give me a chance and I will open the windows of heaven." God still has windows in heaven; they are still in service. The bolts slide as easily as they ever did. The hinges have not grown rusty. God opened the windows of heaven for Moses and the sea parted. He opened them for Joshua and the Jordan rolled back. He opened them for Gideon and the host of Midian was slain. Give God a chance and He will open them for you.

GIVE GOD A CHANCE THROUGH HIS WORD

In Isaiah 55:11 He says, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The late General Booth said just before he died, "It seems to me the chief religious danger of the twentieth century lies in this: Religion without the Holy Spirit, Christianity without Christ, forgiveness without repentance, salvation without regeneration, politics without God, and heaven without hell."

GIVE GOD A CHANCE THRU PRAYER

Prayer is God's greatest dynamic of efficiency. God says in 2 Chron. 7:14; "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wick-

ed ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." Here we find the solution of every problem confronting the world today.

GIVE GOD A CHANCE THROUGH YOUR LIFE

What you are counts for more than what you say. An ounce of walk is worth a ton of talk. We sing, "My life, my love, I give to Thee," but do we mean it? God has saved your soul, but aren't you keeping something back? "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord." 2 Cor. 6:17. God is strong on separation. The devil is strong on federation, he tries to get everything together that he possibly can.

GIVE GOD A CHANCE THRU SERVICE

God never hesitates to cast aside that which no longer serves His purpose. "So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Rev. 3:16. If I have a watch which does not keep time, if I have a pen which will not write, if I have a lamp which will not burn, I put them aside as valueless; and even the divine patience is limited. I put myself on record, I stand for nothing that would in the least obscure men's vision of the glorious majesty of the Son of God, and I count nothing worth while except the doing of that thing that would mean the winning of a soul to Christ.

GIVE GOD A CHANCE THRU SACRIFICE

Behind every great soul saving movement lies sacrifice. The greatest returns for sacrificial service is not the present results but the future reward. Could we go back to the days of the apostles and study their regard for their Master, we would see them making unlimited sacrifice. They gave up all and they endured all things. They meant business. But today sacrifice is one of the lost arts of the Church.

GIVE GOD A CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR SOUL

An old Welsh minister began his sermon by saying he had a question to ask he knew the congregation could not answer; that the wisest men on earth could not answer; and that God himself could not answer. The question was, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?"

This is true, for in the present life there is no other way of salvation, whatever may be our ideas of the various religious systems; nor is there any satisfaction apart from Jesus Christ; nor will there be any other way of escape in the future life. Character is the cause of destiny. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child? What are you doing with Jesus Christ, God's Son? Oh, you admire Him, you analyze Him, you discuss Him, you do everything but receive Him. John 1:12, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

TOPIC-DANGER NEAR THE COAST

Scripture Lesson, Ezk. 47:1-6.

The only place of safety in the Christian life is out in the depth of this river of Salvation which our Scripture refers to. Out here we strike "The Inner Circle."

DANGER NEAR THE COAST

Vessels are not often wrecked in mid-ocean. It is only when the coast is neared that danger is eminent. The same truth holds in the moral and spiritual world. The life that is headed toward the deep sea of purity, honesty, and noble manhood is not in danger as is the life that has cut away from the old life but is still moving in the shallow water near the shore. Hezekiah Butterworth beautifully illustrates this truth in the following lines:

When life was young my white sail hung
O'er ocean's crystal floor;
In the capes alee was the dreaming sea,
And the deep sea waves before.
And a Glo'ster fisherman called to me
From the pier's extremest post;
"Strike out, my boy, for the open sea,
For there's danger near the coast."

From the seaport town I went away,
And a Christian man returned
And I told in the old home church one day
The truths my heart had learned;
When the grizzly fisherman said to me,
Of strength we may not boast;
"Strike out, my boy, for the open sea,
There's danger near the coast."

False lights, false rocks are near the land,
The reef the land waves hide,
And the ship goes down in sight of the town,
That safe the deep sea rides.
'Tis those that steer the old life near

Temptation suffer most;
Strike out again for the open main;
"There's danger near the coast."

And so on life's bay I sail away,
Where free the sea winds blow,
As I sailed from the old home port that day,
And the rocks of the Norman's woe.
And when I steer the old life near,
The fisherman like a ghost,
On the wave rocked pier I seem to hear,
"There's danger near the coast."

This truth finds application in religious circles. The individual or the community that is not ready to swing out away from evil, but delights to linger near its shore, will never be bold and aggressive in defending the right, will never be strong in any sense.

What community does not know of men who were rescued from the old life and for a time were examples of promising manhood, but believing themselves strong, they ventured "near the coast" and were overtaken. This is not only true in the grosser vices of intemperance and lust but also in the little things that lead to indifference and apathy in the "new life." If Christians were generally to heed the warning, "There's danger near the coast," the church would be revolutionized in a day.

Launching Out Luke 5:1-8
Brings Persecution 2 Tim. 3:1-17
Brings Happiness Matt. 5:1-12
Do Not Fear to Launch Out Deut. 31:1-8
The Deep Things of God 1 Cor. 2:1-13

Memorize a verse of Scripture which contains the word "deep."

TOPIC-STARTING WRONG

Scripture Lesson, Gen. 27:1-30.

We see by our Scripture lesson that Jacob started wrong, but it was his mother's fault. While the world is full of good mothers yet there are many boys who have taken their first wrong step through their mother's influence. What a sad picture. But like Jacob's case even though they start wrong and suffer much for it, God can take their mistakes and work it all out for good if they will surrender to Him as Jacob finally did.

"Dear me," said little James, "I buttoned one button wrong and that makes all the rest go wrong. And he tugged and fretted as if the poor buttons were at fault for his trouble.

"Patience, patience," said his sister. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right."

What a practical lesson can be drawn from this little boy's mistake. How often the first act leads to great evils and sad ends. The little boy struck his brother. That was the first wrong deed. Then he denied it. That was another. Then he was unhappy and cross all day because he did not tell the truth.

A young man is convicted of a crime of murder

and must suffer the extreme penalty of the law. His broken hearted mother visits him and says, "How can it be that my boy so gentle, so sympathetic, my boy, the pride of my life, should come to an end like this."

"Mother," he said, "I did not intend to do it, but once starting on the wrong course, I rushed forward till in a drunken stupor I committed the crime. Oh, the first wrong act, it has brought me here today."

Many a youth who is cheered by brilliant possibilities has had a sad end because of a sad beginning. Many a useful life has been marred and hindered in the attempt to greater usefulness by the mistakes of early days. A wrong start, if it does not always lead to ruin, at best greatly hinders the full development of manly Christian character. A right start may not always be followed by a virtuous, honorable, respected life but it is a great incentive thereto. Even though there should be a deviation from the path of duty, recollection of former virtuous days and the voice of conscience frequently help

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(LESSON THREE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

to a return to the principles actuating from starting.

Start right, young man. A bad foundation has ruined many a stately and costly building. Have a clear and well defined aim and plan. The man that starts on a journey but has no objective point generally gets nowhere. The man that has no aim in life, however hard he may labor, never accomplishes anything. As driftwood on the current he is a creature of circumstances. No one begins well in life who has not a well defined aim, who has not decided what his life work shall be. Do not stop with a definite aim but, like the sculptor boy who sees the

beautiful finished stature in the rough marble stone, carve out that ideal life with the chisel of perseverance into a well developed Christian manhood.

—Traits of Character.

SCRIPTURES FOR DISCUSSION

How to have Long Life Ex. 20:12
 Good Advice Eccl. 12:1-14
 Unwillingness to Give all in Youth Luke 18:21
 Sons and daughters Ps. 144:9-15
 Starting Right Deut. 6:1-9

Memorize a verse of Scripture containing the word "obey."

TOPIC-HOW CAN I HELP MY COMMUNITY

We leave the Scripture lesson for the leader to find. This will be good spiritual and mental exercise. Be sure to find something on the topic.

This question is a worthy one and should be our constant cry. Surely God did not set you down in your neighborhood to be an ornament but to be a blessing. Every morning before we rise from our beds our cry should be, Make me a blessing in my community today.

In the British Isles a young woman was brought to the Savior. She was at once filled with Christ's own compassion for the lost. She poured out her soul in strong intercessions and Wales witnessed a revival that swept in torrential power over the entire principality, bringing millions of souls into the kingdom of God.

To a well's side near Sycar came a woman to draw water. She had no influence for she had no virtue. She met Christ face to face, left her sinful life as she left her water pot, returned to her city with just the simple message, "Come," upon her lips. It might be that in your community there is a young man or woman who if touched by the power of Christ would go forth as these two did, witnessing and interceding for the lost until thousands would be saved through their ministry. Thus the wave of influence goes on and on and on. After we have been faithful in witnessing in our own community then Christ can extend our field of service to Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Our community is made up of homes. In these homes are men and women and sometimes children. Some weep and they know no comforter. Some are oppressed. Some afflicted and they know no hope. A wreath of flowers or leaves with a streamer of ribbon hangs on the door knob. Tragedy stalks about in some of their homes. There is poverty in some and disgrace in others. Calamity crouches before some of their doors. Is it nothing to you? Will you close the door of your home and shut yourself in from all these sights and sounds and heart throbs? Beware lest there be the blood of souls upon you.

GET A VISION OF ITS WICKEDNESS

Prov. 29:18; Matt. 11:20-24

Sir Titus Salt was pacing the docks at Liverpool. I saw great quantities of dirty waste materials lying in unregarded heaps. He looked at the unpromising substance and in his mind's eye saw finished fabrics and warm and welcome garments;

and ere long the power of the imagination devised a method of converting the outcast into fine and finished robes. We must look at all our waste material in human life and see the vision of the might be.

Let us believe in the miracle of God to change men. We may say we believe in it, but if we do surely we cannot shut our eyes to the condition of the community around us.

REALIZE ITS PENDING DOOM

Matt. 11:23-24

When once the impending judgment for sinners is sensed by the child of God he is bound to run to the rescue. When one realizes the awful peril of a lost soul one shudders before the horror of it. The prophecies give an awful picture of coming certain doom and the heart grows faint before the vision of it all.

BEHOLD THE BUSY THROGS AND CRY OF ANGUISH

Matt. 11:28

Have you ever beheld the busy throngs of the city? Multitudes rush daily to its marts and industries. And at evening they wend their weary way home with a slower tread, leaving the whirl of wheels, the rush of office, shop, or store behind them. They are your fellow-laborers and if perchance you have found rest in the Lord, pass on the good word to the one who labors at your side, who meets your friendly greeting with a weary hopeless smile.

In one of our great cities, a scribbled note was found in the lifeless hand of a young girl in a house of shame. This was its message: I am tired of life. I am sick of it all. I want to die. We sighed as we thought of the eagerness and speed with which we would have hastened gladly to her help had we known it in time. Our cities are full of comfortless, heavy laden souls, and let us whose hearts are filled with the love of Jesus find within us that compelling power that led our Savior through Samaria and to the help of a needy soul.

Which Class are You in? Matt. 25:31-46
 Fishers of Men Matt. 4:19
 The Bait To Use 1 Cor. 13th chap.
 Unto Others Matt. 7:12
 Back to the Multitude Matt. 17:14-21

Please memorize a verse of Scripture in which the word "serve" is found.

Ninga of Kikuyuland

(Continued from page 10)
before, but with cleanliness wrought by soap and she was wearing her first dress. The dress was Ninga's own treasured little red dress. She had given her best, not for the new girl alone, but for the Master she loved and served.

Today Ninga is the wife of a bright young man of her own tribe, and together they are laboring for the Master, teaching their own people of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Five little children have come into their home and they are being taught early to love the Lord. Ninga's children are not only a joy to her but they are also a proof of the power of God over and above the power of evil curses. One of the curses of Ninga's mother was that Ninga should never know the joy of a home of her own or the love of little children. But now their home is a lighthouse in a dark place and the mother who cursed her so long ago comes often to visit and to rejoice in Ninga's children.

HOW A HOUSE BECOMES A HOME

(Continued from page five)

law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters must be willing to forsake all and follow Him, the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star.

If we keep our eyes on Him,

He will bring our loved ones in.

Has He not said, "Ask anything in my name and I will do it?"

Before closing I wish to leave a word with young fathers and young mothers. Today, as all through the ages, they are inviting little ones into their midst. How they profess to love them! With what care they nourish those little pink bodies. How they adore their innocent smiles, and with what exultant joy they lie awake at night planning for their future welfare, their education, their material and temporal gains, but are they considering the spiritual and eternal prosperity of

their little ones? Are they lifting up Christ before them first, last, and always?

THE FATHER WHO FELL ASLEEP

Some years ago a little story went the rounds of a secular press about a father who took his little child one warm Sabbath day out into the field for recreation. The father sat in the shade of a tree while the child played about him. At length the father fell asleep. When he awoke he looked and called, but not a sign of the child or a word of response. He ran to a nearby hill and called again, but only his echo came back to him. With a pounding heart he rushed to a precipice some distance away. Looking over he saw the mangled form of his darling lying on the rocks below. When he reached the little body he picked it up, and hugging it to his breast he cried out in anguish, "I am the murderer of my own child!"

How we love our children in the natural! But, oh do we guard with an infinite love their spiritual being?

In some home today a father grieves. Tears trickle through the fingers that support his bowed head. His soul cries out in anguish, "I am the murderer of my own child! I am twice the murderer of him whom I professed to love more than life! By neglecting his spiritual training I have destroyed his soul and body. I rested in the shade of material enjoyment and let him play, complacent in the thought that he was being cared for by a loving father. But I fell asleep and he wandered away to the hill of spiritual indifference, and then to the flowery precipice of carnal pleasures. There he lost his balance and fell into the pit of ruin and death!"

Yes, the heart of this father cries out for a hiding place, his naked soul for a covering, but the hills and the mountains over which his boy had trod cannot hide him now. His whole being paraphrases the cry of David, "Oh, my son, my son, would God I had died for you!"

In closing let me present a brighter side.

In another home sits a father with an open Bible on his knee. He is meditating upon the gracious words of our Lord, "In my fathers house are many mansions * * I go to prepare a place for you." He is thinking of his eternal home prepared by a loving Savior for himself and all his household. He has reared his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He has no sigh of regret. His soul is uplifted in praise and adoration to God the Savior of all his dear ones as well as himself. At the end of this earthly pilgrimage I think he will take his wife by the hand and will call back to his children, "Mother and I are going away now, but we will meet you a little later over there!"—From Moody Monthly.

(Continued from Inner Circle page)

have it all; I do not want a copier." Immediately my spirit was liberated. I went into the post office, got the money order off for the exact amount I had in my pocket, and sent it away to that brother missionary. I had gone out that morning to order a certain book from a publisher. Immediately I sent off that money, I had such a sense of love and peace and joy. Away in the diocese of Richfield, an old college friend was writing at the very time I was walking down that road,

"My dear Harries:

"I have been reading such and such a book. I know you will enjoy it. I have asked my publishers to send you a copy."

The very book I was going to buy that afternoon!

The Lord is calling you and me into a closeness of fellowship with Him. He wants us in the most blessed intimate fellowship with Him that we and the Lord shall be one in carrying out the love plan of the Father. Do you know what my mother used to say of her six boys? No one of them ever said no to her. She was the most lovable mother on the face of the earth. I never remember my father to say no to her. He would say,

(Please look on Next Page)

THE BOOK IN THE MEDICINE CHEST

(Continued from page eight)

genesis according to Ingersol, and proclaim the message of infidelity and atheism. Deeper and yet deeper he went into sin. His wife prayed, as his old friends shook their heads in despair. Darker and darker became the night; money gone; manhood lost; just a drunk, gambling infidel!

The news of the Klondike gold strike burst on America like the explosion of a bomb. America went to sleep at night in serenity and peace and woke up in the morning with its blood at fever heat and

(Continued from page 14)

Well, if you say so, it is all right." The order of home was the spirit of love and you know in the spirit of love you never count denial. It does not come into your calculation somehow. Here the Lord Jesus is saying, "If you love me, take up your cross, deny yourself, follow me." He calls us into this closeness of fellowship.

My dear brother and sister, the devil is not dead. And he is not at all concerned about crosses on the churches or in the churches. You can have them in the altar, if you like, at every window and in every corner, and he is not a bit concerned. You women may have one on your neck, and you men on your chain. The only cross he does not like is the one inside, and it is the cross inside that brings glory to the Lord Jesus.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me."

And the Lord Jesus lays the emphasis all on the subjunctive mood. You must take the cross as a definite act of your will. So I say, blessed Lord, Thou art calling me into this partnership with Thyself, and Lord, I choose, as a deliberate act of my will, to take up my cross and deny myself and follow Thee, and

"Where He leads, I will follow."

the gold lust in its heart. Cool men became mad men; literate and illiterate fought for places on the boats and before long an endless stream of eager humanity was pouring over the Chilkoot Pass from Skagway, on its way to victory and defeat, to life and to death. Among them was the one time Methodist minister, the man from the City of the Angels, the gambler, the drunk and the infidel. He was toiling painfully along, with a two-year grubstake in his pocket, the gift of his friends who had sent him away from the scenes of his old associations in the hope he would somehow reform. Over the White Pass to Lake Bennett and then on in the roughly constructed boat drifting down the Yukon in the cool of the day and by the light of the moon until they reached that tornado of human emotions, that teeming, seething, fighting mob of gold hungry humans called Dawson. Then the lure of Forty Mile got him and soon the sound of the axe could be heard and the dark dingy little cabin with its low walls and solitary window was the place he called his home. Placer mining was good on Bonanza Bar and the colors soon were sparkling in the gold pan. Colors meant gold: and gold meant that five gallons of whiskey could be shipped at a time from Dawson. So he toiled and drank and drank and drank, away up there in the land of the open spaces, until hope died in his heart and misery seized his soul.

One night in November with the clear moon shining upon the frozen river and the frost hanging upon the trees as if they were decorated for a Christmas season, he was sitting alone in his cabin.

While men were few and far between on the Forty Mile and the sound of a voice coming up from the frozen river was a welcome note indeed. "How's the chance for a bunk. Can I stay all night?" A traveler had halted with his hand sled as the one time minister but now a drunken infidel opened the door. It was Jimmy Miller, a drunken Roman Catholic from down Dawson way. The cabin looked good and the whiskey looked

better, and friends were scarce on Bonanza Bar, so Jimmy stayed. Two weeks later a stranger came to the door. The latch-string is always on the outside in Alaska, and the newcomer was soon ensconced in the bunk nailed to the log walls of the cabin, and the infidel and Jimmy Miller smiled as he told them of his spiritualism. "Let's hold seances," said the infidel lecturer as he winked at Jimmy Miller. "Let's get the spirits going; a seance or two will do us good." He had not told them that he had taken instructions in the slate writing fake and the trumpet manifestations, down in Los Angeles; and so on more than one night they had lots of fun at the expense of the poor Wally Flett.

There was a sound of revelry by night more than once in the little log cabin. Three of them now to buy liquor; three to work for gold, to bring in the kegs from Dawson and three of them to make the little old log cabin ring with the shouts of drinking and gambling. So the days sped on for the inmates of that log hut in the Alaskan wilderness; sped on to a climax of which they had never dreamed; for such things never entered the minds of Joe the drunken infidel, Wally the spiritualist, and Jimmy the drinking Catholic.

One night Jimmy Miller fell sick. It is bad enough to be sick at home, but far away from medical help in the lonely cabin on the Forty Mile sickness was a thing to be dreaded. "Joe," said Jimmy, "I'm all in. Awful pains all night. You'll have to dig up the old medicine chest and dope me up some. Can't stand this pain no-how. Dig out some pills, Joe, and fix me up." Joe went to the medicine chest that he had brought from sunny California and opened the door. To his amazement there fell out of the open door a **LITTLE POCKET TESTAMENT!** The infidel picked it up. "How did it get there?" he mused. "A Bible in the medicine chest. Good jokes on an infidel. But who in the world * * * ?"

(Please look on Next Page)

THE BOOK IN THE MEDICINE CHEST

(Continued from page fifteen)

He remembered his own dear little girl far away in the country to the south had said, "Daddy, don't you want to take a Bible with you?" Yes, he remembered now, remembered the day he left her, remembered * * *. Well the best thing to do was to burn it. The little black book lay in his hand. Slowly he opened it and there in the handwriting of a little child was the simple inscription "FROM FLORENCE TO DADDY." After all, the best place was the fire. Jimmy Miller turned, "What you got, Joe?" he said,

"Just a book," Jimmy, "it's a Bible."

"A Bible," he replied, "never read one; what's it about?"

And so it came about the Bible was read by the three hardened old sourdoughs on the Forty Mile. Jimmy the drunkard would read and Joe the infidel would prove it to be wrong. Wally the spiritualist would listen and together the three old cronies would pore over its pages.

Christmas passed and the new year dawned. Outside the air was biting cold and Bonanza Bar was in the grip of winter. The smoke curled lazily up among the tree tops as the three sourdoughs read the Word of God. Every night the reading would continue and every night the infidel would tell of its mistakes. But the seed word was commencing to germinate. Conviction started to steal into the heart of the man who read! Quiet commenced to reign in the shack. The atmosphere was changed; the little book that fell out of the medicine chest was commencing to work with a potency that was irresistible. The month sped by and February found the little cabin with its three inmates still with the book as a treasure possession and every night a chapter was read.

February 14th! How cold it was * * * outside, and in the heart of Joe. 35 degrees below said the thermometer outside the door, but

colder than that read the thermometer in the heart of the infidel. The thirteenth chapter of John was working! "If I could only get rid of these fellows, I might pray * * * if only it wasn't too cold outside, I'd crawl off into the woods somewhere and ask God to * * *."

The next day dawned. The infidel went about his task and waited for the night. It was in the afternoon that the shades of darkness stole over the country for the sun goes down early in the winter in Alaska. That night Joe read the 15th chapter of John. From the lips of the infidel were pouring the words, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches * * *" and as he read, deep, deep conviction came into his guilty heart. No words left his lips but the words of the chapter; but his heart was crying, "If I cannot pray, I shall die. Oh, that these men were not here; oh, that I were alone * * * alone to pray." Suddenly he ceased! Looking up at Jimmy, he saw TEARS IN JIMMY'S EYES. The drunken Roman Catholic looked at the drunken infidel and said, "Joe, we ought to pray!"

It was ten o'clock at night when they dropped on their knees on the dirt floor of the old cabin. What a prayer meeting! The three drunken sourdoughs; no minister to help them, no altar worker to guide them; but they prayed. Two o'clock in the morning they got up! They shouted and jumped and cried; they hugged each other and cried again. The Good Shepherd had found them in the lonely cabin on the Forty Mile and they were saved! Saved! SAVED!

The years bring many, many changes. What has happened to the old cabin on Bonanza Bar we do not know. But we do know what has happened to Joe. It may be fifty below zero away up there on the Forty Mile, but it is sunshine every day in the heart of the man who saw the Bible in the medicine chest. And by the way, if you ever go to Oregon, go to the Bible Standard Theological School in the university town of Eugene and ask for the former dean, the Rev. Joseph Conlee. He might tell you the rest

of the story; the students affectionately call him "Uncle Joe."

—From Golden Grain

Patient Mother

By Clara Stewart Potter

Sit and rest, O weary mother!
Rest, and meditate at length
For thy day at last is ended,
And exhausted is your strength

Over little beds you've hovered,
Ere you sought your needed rest
And the little lips you've covered
With a mother's fond caress.

Mother, there is nothing greater
What a wondrous joy unfolds,
Just to help our great Creator,
Just to fashion human souls.

Life to them is just unfolding,
Everything to them is new.

O! be patient, weary mother,
'Tis the least that you can do

Children grown to noble manhood
Thru your patient toil and pain
Will rise up to call you blessed,
All will not have been in vain

So with prayer and care direct them,
Till life's sun goes slowly down

It is this that brings the blessing
It is this that wins a crown.
—Beaver, Okla.

The Dear Old Songs

By Martha Shepard Lippincott
O, sing to me the dear old songs
As mother used to sing,
The ones that ever to the heart,
Sweet memories will bring;
The songs of love and happy home
Where joy was always found.
I long to dream of peaceful scenes
Where love shall e'er abound.

Dear mother's voice, I fain would hear

In memory again,
As oft I've heard in childhood days
How sweet it sounded then.
O, sing to me the dear old songs
My mother used to love,
Before the Father called her home
To heavenly realms above.

The soul responds to songs like these

And we again rejoice,
As memory once more recalls
The sound of mother's voice,
In songs intended to uplift
The soul to love the right,
And shed around, in human form
The heavenly Father's light.

W. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1930.

NO. 2.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

MY HIGH RESOLVE

❧ The Ministry of Tithing ❧

I SHALL take God into my business as a silent partner. He is to put wisdom, guidance, blessing, and the original, natural investment over against my stewardship. His share of the profits is to be one-tenth.

I shall cherish the fact that this is His suggestion. I rejoice that He refuses to confine Himself to cloister but wishes to be my Pal in all my undertakings. I am glad He wishes to root His life down in all my personal affairs.

This is a beautiful arrangement. My heart is glad for such a partner. His presence cheers me. His guidance assures me. I shall go like a conqueror for I have the backing, the counsel, the friendship and encouragement of the Supreme One.

I shall play absolutely fair with Him. He shall have a tenth first. My high resolve is to tithe.

HEART THROBS OF TRUTH

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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A Full Gospel Paper Devoted to Our
Young People Everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
714 Harrison St.
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SEPTEMBER, 1930.

EDITORIALS

We want to greet all of our "Lighted Pathway" family with a cheery "God bless you" and tell you that our hearts are encouraged with the progress we've made this last month. We feel you have made this encouragement possible and we want to thank you thru the little messenger. We often feel when we receive an order for papers that we would like to sit down immediately and answer because we feel so grateful for your help, but we are so rushed for time that it seems impossible to do so. This month we have been on the field organizing some and attending some conventions. This together with our paper work and various other duties has kept us extremely busy. We are praying that the "Lighted Pathway" family will grow until it will some day encircle the globe and that when Jesus comes for His Bride not one of them will be left behind.

We have had the pleasure of visiting some churches the past month and organizing their young people. First, we went to Twila, Ky. and organized a fine group of boys and girls and left them with faces beaming with enthusiasm. From there we went to Greenville, S. C. where we organized the largest group we have ever organized, about seventy in number.

It surely is a great privilege to meet these young people and look them in the face and realize the possibilities that lie within a group like that, if rightly directed. And it should make the local churches realize their responsibility and

spend much time on their knees to know how to deal with them so as to lead them into the fold and keep them there.

Then we attended the Tennessee state convention at Knoxville and the West Virginia state convention and had the privilege of speaking at both places in behalf of our young people. We certainly enjoyed a feast of good things at both places.

OUR READING CLUB

Our people seem to be a little slow taking hold of this work but we will be patient until we get some of our boys and girls to reading helpful literature. We can never hope to do great things for God unless we are willing to improve our minds and hearts by reading good and instructive books and literature. There are many modern disciples of Christ today whose lives have counted for God in just as great a measure as those we read of in the Bible and it is helpful, spiritual, and educational to study their life work. Until we get some response we will still keep William Carey as our subject for another month.

**OUR LIGHTED PATHWAY
HELPERS' CLUB**

We are much encouraged by the interest some are taking in helping to get the paper into the homes. Our paper always goes to the publisher about the 15th of the month and the five largest orders up to this time came from Wiley E. Wright, Maud, Okla.; Eva Lynch, Shelburn, Ind.; J. M. Magouirk, Oneonta, Ala.; Mrs. W. D. Childers, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Rosetta Black, Coral Ridge, Ky.

**INNER CIRCLE
PLEDGE**

We are going to keep our "Inner Circle" pledge before you constantly from now on. We feel it is a reminder that will have its effect if we keep it constantly before our young people. About eight years ago we had charge of a young people's training class at Cleveland. A short time ago while in Greenville, S. C. I met a young woman who

was in that class. One of the first things she said to me was, "Do you still use the pledge?" I said, "Yes." Then she said, "I signed that pledge in Cleveland and it surely kept me from doing many things I was tempted to do." The July issue contained this pledge with an invitation to the young people to sign it. I am anxious to keep a list of the names sent in. I shall like to think of you as the "Inner Circle." This month Brother Wiley E. Wright sent his name and he is our first "Inner Circle" member.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sometime ago I asked a question for the readers of the "Lighted Pathway" to answer. This was the question: What is the reason for the indifference among our young people and why do they backslide so quickly? Bro. Wiley E. Wright has sent in some splendid answers to this question, also Sister Grace Lynch.

Ten reasons why our young people are so indifferent and are so easy to backslide.

1. The church does not show enough interest.
2. Neglect of prayer and Bible study.
3. Fail to get on the Rock Christ Jesus.
4. They get their eyes off Christ and on the world. 1 John 2:15 says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."
5. They fail to walk in the light as it shines on their pathway.
6. Think they cannot do the things God calls them to do.
7. Get in with the wrong kind of company and fail to separate from them.
8. Reading the wrong kind of books and literature.
9. Taking up with bad habits.
10. Failing to go to church and Sunday School and young people's meeting, but instead go car riding, swimming, dancing, or to shows. They can even stay at home and

(Continued on next page)

(EDITORIALS CONTINUED)
 se their interest in divine things.
 -Wiley E. Wright.

I think there are various reasons why young people backslide. The greatest reason is that we do not pray and read God's Word enough to know His bidding.

Another thing, we do not obey God's call. We were put here to work for God and if we fail to do His work the devil will overcome us and cause us to backslide. I have been saved for six years. I was saved when I was ten years old and I have been trying to serve God ever since. I find when I neglect to read or obey God's Word I grow cold or indifferent. I feel that if all young people who are saved would read God's Word, pray more, stay humble at God's feet, and do what He would have us to do there would be more boys and girls in the field fighting sin.

Pray for me that I might go on and do what God bids.—(Miss) Grace Lynch, Shelburn, Ind.

We are glad to have these splendid answers and invite you to send your questions and we will publish them.

The Sunday School Times is putting out a little booklet of object lessons to be used in the Sunday school. Here is what the S. S. Times has to say of this work:

ENTERING THRU THE EYE-GATE

"Seeing is not only believing, it is also remembering. All teachers know that whatever they bring into the child's mind or heart thru the gate of the eye is likely to remain, and grown people are just as susceptible as children. Object lessons of the right sort make teaching of unusual effectiveness."—S. S. Times.

We heartily agree with this statement, that both children and grown people can be reached thru the eye more readily and with more lasting results than in any other way. We will take the movies for example. The devil is reaching millions of souls today through the picture shows in bringing before

their eyes scenes of lust and murder and every other conceivable thing that can be hatched out of the lost world.

The devil's children are always alert and ready to grasp every new invention and use it for his purpose in damning souls. Could it be that we are too slow and allow him to run off with everything and then we feel because he has used it first we can never venture to use it for God?

I wish we had a dozen places in every city where we could hold meetings and bring in the little ragged and homeless children and show them Bible pictures and tell them of Jesus and His wonderful love. And not only the little ones from the neglected districts but I wish we could gather together our church boys and girls and show them the pictures of our mission fields and make them hungry to carry the wonderful gospel of salvation to a lost and dying world. Oh no, I wouldn't let the devil have all of this wonderful opportunity of educating the precious youths of our land.

Somehow we failed to give the author of the article on the "Inner Circle" page last month. This was extracts from a sermon by Rev. Harries in the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

TUNING THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS

The master touch must do the tuning. No instrument tunes itself. In the great program of the Gospel the Comforter came as the tuner of the harps.

When the will and purpose are fully settled in the will of God and one learns the utter abandonment of one's life to God's great plan for us, it is possible to habitually trust for the tuning of the harp of life.

If in any way an accident has occurred to jar the harp and the jostling has strained the strings out of tune, one can trust the Comforter to instantly adjust life to harmony. One rests so well when in perfect time.

Upon arising, every muscle, every nerve, and every thought and purpose can be put in tune so that only love shall sway our world all day.

One can so cultivate this custom that brain cells will speedily be built so that the habit of love and quietness shall come with perfect ease and naturalness. With the harp in tune and within reach of the touches of the worlds builded within, life becomes a symphony of joy. Heaven with its sweetness has begun. In tune with the Infinite! How it helps us down the rugged highway of life! How it smooths the rough places for others. Love's highway is best.—Selected.

PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE AND THE TIDES OF GOD

A whole lifetime committed to God, in unswerving loyalty, is held as a most sacred trust.

The processes used in building a great soul are varied and consume much time.

Many a long road seems to have no turning. Frequently "the night is dark and we seem to be far from home" but patience cries out "Lead, Thou me on," "Keep, Thou, my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene. Lead me on."

Sometimes years are consumed in teaching some great lesson. We are not permitted to see and understand but greatness grows on and on while we press patiently, doggedly on and on, faithfully doing life's duties, making each day full of heroic effort.

Faith, courage and patience are tremendous qualities in a great life but the time element is the factor which is absolutely necessary to work these all out.

Blessed is that life which is so thoroughly rooted down into the will of God that it can feel and know that, though time moves slowly in long drawn out tests and trials, yet God's tides move steadily on in accomplishing His glorious purposes.

Selected.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MIRANDA'S SURPRISE

The new girl gave her name as M'randy Sayles. She was a short, stout little body, with a pair of shoulders that squared themselves determinedly, a round face profusely decorated with freckles, and a shock of yellow-red hair, ending in two tight braids at the back. She wore a faded green dress, a stiffly starched gingham apron that much soap and water had despoiled of its original color, and shoes that were undeniably patched. We girls looked at her as she marched into the schoolroom that first day, and then looked at each other.

"I don't like her!" telegraphed Helen Campbell, and, of course, that settled it; none of us liked her.

"She hasn't pretty hair," said Sue the minute we were together at recess.

"And I can't bear freckles," said Lizzie. "I mean so many of 'em," she hastily amended, for Sue's "tip-tilted" nose was not altogether spotless.

"And such an apron!" chimed Helen. "Anyway, she lives in that old house in the hollow."

Yet it was not her poverty that troubled us. Our little village school was too democratic for that, and most of us came from plain homes. It was only an unreasoning dislike, born of a childish whim, and persevered in with thoughtless selfishness. We did not mean to be cruel; we simply did not "choose" M'randy in our games, and at noon we frequently left her to eat her dinner alone, while we wandered away by twos and threes with our well-filled baskets. When we were starting in pursuit of wild flowers or berries, some one of us was sure to whisper, "Don't ask that M'randy Sayles." And so, as the weeks went by, she was left much to her-

self.

There was a wistful look in the honest gray eyes sometimes, and the good-natured face grew a trifle sober, but there was a sturdy independence about the little woman that could not be easily discouraged or overridden. She joined heartily in every pastime that offered her a chance, and she neither moped nor sulked, but found what pleasure she could in looking on.

But one day she astonished us by suddenly taking the initiative. Right in among us she marched at the morning recess, and leaning back against a tree, announced abruptly:

"I'm going to have a party."

Now a party, in our school days, was a rare and wonderful event, one of the greatest delights that earth afforded, and we stared at M'randy with an astonishment that began instantly to partake of respect.

"Who says so?" demanded Sue, with a touch of awe in her tone.

"I say so," answered M'randy with an emphatic nod of her head. "You see it's going to be a s'prise party," she continued, flushing a little under the unusual attention she had attracted, and vigorously twisting her sunbonnet strings by way of aiding explanation. "It's going to be tomorrow afternoon, when there won't be any school, and everybody that comes must

bring something to eat—anything they want to—down to the crook pine at three o'clock. All you girls are invited—everybody that wants to come."

"Humph! I guess likely we won't want to come," said Lizzie, trying rather doubtfully to rally to the defense of first principles.

"It's for whoever'll come," repeated M'randy, turning away.

"Where'll it be! one of the girls called after her.

"At a nice place, where there'll be lots of fun," answered M'randy. She had given her invitation, and would add nothing more.

There was a good deal of mysterious telegraphing between the desks that afternoon, and holding up of slates scribbled over with questions. The teacher intercepted one that bore the words:

"Air you gowin'?"

She admitted that airing one's gown might be a proper sanitation measure, and prevent moths, though she insisted that the garment was not correctly spelled. But the teacher had not been invited to the party, and did not know where she talked. We were all in a state of excitement, and discussed the matter at every available opportunity. We remembered, indeed, that the invitation came from M'randy Sayles, but then, a party was a party, and though a few affected indifference, and spoke of attendance as doubtful, each one of us was secretly eager to go, and terminated upon it if leave could be obtained. How that point was managed in all the homes there is no record to show; but certain it is that when the appointed hour came, every one was at the trysting place—clean dresses, white aprons, and tempting baskets doing honor to the invitation.

Evidently M'randy had not expected so general a response, and

"Be quick in obeying, be loving
and true;
Be mindful of manners in all that
you do;
Be cheerful, be helpful, be gentle,
be kind,
Be-fore in all right ways; in
wrong ones be-hind;
Be earnest, be honest, be useful,
be pure,
Be good, and your happiness then
is secure."

(Continued on page Ten)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

A CHILD OR A SERMON

By Reese Nicholson

"Papa! Papa! hokey-pokey! hok-pokey! Give me a nickel, papa!" excitedly yelled little five-year-old Reuben as he heard jingling bells and the loud cry of the youth in the infectioner's cart, now coming up the village street. This was in the days when hok-pokey occupied the position in the sweet tooth of the nation that "Skimo Pie" and the ice cream cone now hold. The small boy ran to his father, who was working at a desk on the porch, and tugged at his arm. The father, instead of greeting the boy with a smile, scowled and rebuked him sharply. "Don't get so excited, Reuben! No, you can't have a nickel. Beave yourself!" The words and the tone of the voice crushed the little fellow. He turned away, looked again at his father with eyes like those of a whipped dog and retreated into the house to find his mother. With streaming eyes he told her, "Papa, papa won't give me a nickel for hokey-pokey and I never had any. Why won't he?" he asked pitiously. "Other boys' papas give their little boys money for hokey-pokey and peanuts and popcorn. Why don't my papa? And why does he get so angry?" His mother attempted to explain to the troubled little boy that his father was very intent on preparing a sermon and that he must not be disturbed. "You must not bother him when he is working," she told Reuben. Then you give me a nickel," said the boy. "I won't bother papa any more. But other boys' papas don't act that way."

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy!

You have written my lesson of duty out;
Man-like you have questioned me.
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars
And pure as Heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far grander thing.
O seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts;
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
A man whom the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did at first,
And say: "It is very good."

I am fair and young but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheeks some day.
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be.
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.—Mary T. Lathrop.

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

SYMPATHY

"It wouldn't be much of a world down here
If nobody cared when we shed a tear;
With all of its roses and dimpled cheeks,
And its mountains high and its rippling creeks:
With all of its sunshine and skies of blue,
And the laughter of children that cheers us thru;
A sorrowful place would this old world be
If it weren't for the haven of sympathy.

"Life would grow barren and cold and drear,
Though the roses blossomed year after year,
And the sun came out with the birth of day
And the children romped in the yard at play,
If in times of trial and hurt and woe
We could get no help from the friends we know,
We should hate the world and the joys we own,
If we had to stand to our griefs alone.

"The rose grows lovely because it lends
Its tender charms to the love of friends;
The precious jewels of great or wise
Is the power they have to sympathize;
To feel the sorrow that others bear,
To sense the touch of another's care,
For there's never a man who'er he be
Who could get along without sympathy."

"It's the balm we need when our hurts are sore,
It's the one sweet touch that we hunger for:
Without it life were a struggle vain
And few would master their hours of pain,
For we're all sustained in our times of care,
It's the kindly word and the tender smile
And the hearts that feel that make life worth while."

When The Props
Break

Disappointment can lead us to our greatest blessing. Many of us have counted confidently on the success of certain plans, or on carefully considered financial investments, or on continued physical health, or on the reliability of our best human friends, only to find that these have failed. The disappointment is sharp, perhaps staggering. What then? There is something else that has not failed, and that never can fail. The Keswick

Calendar quotes a devotional writer: "Many would never have known how gentle and strong are the everlasting arms, and how good it is to lie back in them and rest there, if it had not been for the breaking down of all their earthly props. It is good to be shut up to God; and that which throws us wholly upon him, though it may wear a strange disguise, is an 'angel unawares'." Thus the disappointment may be indeed "His appointment," and may lead us to a blessing we never could have known if our earthly resources had not failed. When God's people know of nowhere else

to turn, then "they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he save them." (Psa. 107:19). If the very day has been black with the failure of all our earthly hopes, it can be the brightest day of our life in the light and presence and protection of Him who never fails.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—Heb. 12:11.

Perchance some one of God's chastened children is even now saying: "O God, it is raining hard for me tonight. Testings are raining upon me which seem beyond my power to endure. Disappointments are raining fast, to the utter defeat of all my chosen plans. Reavements are raining into life which are making my shrinking heart quiver in its intensity of suffering. The rain of affliction is surely beating down upon my soul these days." Withal, friend, you are mistaken. It isn't raining rain on you. It's raining blessing. * * * It is raining tenderness, love, compassion, patience and a thousand other flowers and fruits of the blessed Spirit which are bringing to your life such a spiritual enrichment as all the fullness of worldly prosperity and ease was never able to beget in your innermost soul. And are you saying: "But, what if I am a fruitless branch? I must be pruned. God must need so to purge me. Nay not so. Have you not noticed what kind of branch it is that God purges? Hear His Word: 'Every branch that beareth fruit, he prunes it.' (John 15:2). It is not the fruitless branch, but the fruitful one that is purged. And you say, 'That it may bring forth more fruit.' Purging is, therefore, the proof of worthlessness, but the proof of fruit."—James H. McKim.

THE INNER CIRCLE

CONSECRATION PLEDGE

**O LORD: I present
myself unreservedly
to Thee**

**My Time,
My Talents,
My Tongue,
My Will,
My Property,
My Reputation,
My Entire Being,**

**To Be and Do Anything
Thou Requirest of Me.**

Pledge of Faith

Now as I have given myself away I am no longer my own, but all the Lord's.

I believe thou dost accept the offering I bring.

I trust Thee to work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and I will receive you.

As I give myself to Thee, I believe Thou dost receive me now.

Name

Date

society. They gave a great many worldly parties, but to their amazement, they could not get her interested. She was hungering for something else. She went to the Sabbath School in connection with the church she attended, and asked the superintendent to give her a class. He said there was really more teachers than he needed.

She tried for weeks to find something to do for Christ. One day as she was walking down the street, she saw a little boy coming out of a shoemaker's shop. The man had a wooden last in his hand, and he was running as fast as he could after the boy. When he found he could not overtake him, he hurled the last at him and hit him in the back. When the shoemaker had picked up his last and gone back in the shop, the boy stopped running and began to cry. The scene touched the heart of this young lady. When she got up to him she stopped and spoke to him kindly: "Do you go to Sabbath School?" "No." "Do you go to the day school?" "No." "What makes you cry?" He thought she was going to make sport of him, so he said it was none of her business. "But I am your friend," she said. He was not in the habit of having a young woman speak to him like that. At first he was afraid of her, but at last she won his confidence. Finally she invited him to come to Sabbath School and be in her class. No, he said he didn't like study. She told him she would not ask him to study; she would tell him beautiful stories and there would be nice singing. At last he promised he would come. He was to meet her on Sabbath morning at a certain street.

She was not sure that he would keep his promise, but she was there at the appointed time and he

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Wisdom And Love in Dealing With Souls

By The Editor

Mr. Moody tells of a young lady belonging to a wealthy family in our country who was sent to a fashionable boarding school. In the school Christ had a true witness in one of the teachers. She was watching for an opportunity of reaching some of the pupils. When this young woman of wealth and position came the teacher set her heart upon winning her to Christ. The first thing she did was to gain her affections. Let me say right here that we will not do much toward winning the people until we have made them love us. The first thing some people think of doing is to abuse and condemn folks and say hard things about them. The first thing we should do is to make our own lives so attractive with our love and kindness that those about us will want to have our recipe, and then it will not take long to win them for Christ.

After this teacher won the heart

of her pupil, she began to talk to her about Christ, and she soon won her heart for the Savior. Then instead of dropping her as so many do, she began to show her the luxury of working for God. They worked together, and were successful in winning a good many of the young ladies in the school for Christ. When the pupil got a taste of working for God, that spoiled the world for her. Let me say to any Christian who is holding on to the world: Get into the Lord's work and the world will soon leave you. You will not have to leave it, you will have something better. I pity those Christians who are all the time asking if they have to give up this thing and that thing. You won't be asking that when you get a taste of the Lord's work; you will then have something that the world cannot give you.

When this young lady went back home the parents were anxious that she should go out into worldly

THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

TRIFLING WITH THE SOUL

Rev. J. N. Hoover, Santa Cruz, Cal.

The thing of trifling with the soul is an experience obtained by altogether too many. Because we cannot understand God, any reason we should say there is no God? Because we are unable to fathom the deep mysteries of the soul, any reason we should not consider the soul? Are we not engaged in many things we do not understand? The man who shuts his eyes and refuses to walk in the light of the sun because he cannot understand the sun, reveals his want of common sense. Because there is a diversity of opinions regarding the sun does not prevent the sun from shining. Because one man could not understand how the Brooklyn bridge was to be joined together and made sufficiently strong to serve the demands of the public, any reason he should not work on the bridge? Dear friends, you may play with many things, but you cannot afford to trifle with the soul.

On a vessel in midocean stood a young man tossing something into the air; something which, when it fell in the sunlight, sparkled with radiant glory. He tossed it up again and again. At last a stranger said to him, "What is it you are casting up so carelessly, may I see it?" "It is a diamond, certainly you may see it," said the young man. "Is it of much value?" asked the stranger. "Yes, sir," said the young man, "it is very valuable. In fact all I have in the world is in this diamond." "Then," said the stranger, "if it is so valuable, are you not taking a great risk in handling it so carelessly?" "No risk at all," said the young man. "I have done this many times and have never missed catching it once." "But," said the stranger, "I am afraid you will meet with a serious loss." But the young man only laughed and threw it up again

CALLING

By Mrs. Lillian P. Brown
Hear the Spirit's voice now calling,
Calling sweetly, "Come to Me."
Hear the voice that's softly speaking
In thy ear, so lovingly.

Still His voice comes calling, calling,
Through the air, a message sweet,
Unto thee, to help thee onward,
Comes to guide thy wand'ring feet.

Hear Him calling, ever calling,
To thy heart; oh! hear Him speak,
"Trust thy all to Me, and give Me
All thy love, not part, I seek."

Hear the Spirit's voice still calling;
'Tis thy soul He seeks to win;
Ere He leave and cease to call thee,
Answer now, "Dear Lord, come in."

and again. It blazed and flashed in the sunlight as only a diamond can. He threw it up again, but such was the motion of the boat, that it came down too far out; there was a splash in the water below, and the beautiful diamond was lost in the deep sea.

You say that was a foolish young man, but listen: Hid away in this temple of clay is the soul, and you have been trifling with it. You know it is worth more to you than all the world, and to lose it would mean eternal loss. You say some day you will attend to this matter, but I ask, when? O, the sin of trifling. I said to a young man, why do you not accept Christ and be a Christian? He said, "Oh, I have plenty of time." But in an unexpected moment, on the rolls of the high tide, he sank not into the deep sea, but into the unfathomable depths of eternal despair, and the last words he spoke were: "I am lost!" My God, what a cry! What a burning message for the living who are not prepared to die. You dare not trifle with the soul, for what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Or what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

MONEY

is a good thing to have if rightly appropriated, but too frequently it opens the way to most destructive

evils.

Suffering is the result of sin and sin is the violation of the law. Some people will sacrifice principle, loved ones and their hope of heaven for money. In a river near the city of Paris a man was found after a long search. In one pocket they found \$115.00 and in another pocket they found \$95.00. All of this was in silver and copper pieces. When they found the money they understood why his body never came to the surface. My friend, do not let your money or the desire for money take you out of a life of usefulness. You cannot afford to lose your soul for the sake of money. Remember the words of Jesus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Some people permit

AMUSEMENTS

to interfere with the development of Christian character. I believe in amusements, amusements that do not have the sting of immorality; that do not bring man into question and remorse. You cannot afford to gratify a worldly ambition, or amuse others, if such indulgence brings your character into question. Sometimes I feel he who is encouraging immoral amusements, either with his presence or money, is a greater sinner than he who devotes his life to the business. Let not those who make such amusements possibly think they will escape judgment. We must have amusements, for our nature demands it, but we must not stoop to questionable things.

Frederick Law, a professional stepljack, jumped from the arm of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in the presence of many people. He had invented a parachute which he wore about his head and shoulders. Law crawled out upon the torch socket, which is 312 feet high. Then standing on the high point with a strange look

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-: MISSIONARY PAGE -:

When the Deacon Talked in Church

We weren't expecting anything unusual that Sunday, but we got it. It was a warm Sunday in June, and our annual Foreign Missionary sermon and collection were to be given. But that didn't excite us any, for we had slept, I may say, through both sermon and collection many a time before. It wasn't the sermon, either, for that seemed no different than usual; but that time it just happened to come home to the deacon. The preacher took for his text the old verse about "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He did not say anything about taking up collection, but he dwelt considerably on the "Go ye." He said the Lord said, "Go," and he would never be satisfied until we went.

Our collections, anyway, he told us, didn't amount to much, and always reminded him of a story he had heard of a little boy. It seems the little fellow was saving some of the best meat on his plate for his dog; but his mother noticed it, and told him to eat that himself, and after dinner he could have what was left on the plates and give that to the dog. So after dinner he picked up the little bits of fat and bone and gristle that were left, and took them to the dog. When he got to the dog some one heard him say sadly, "I meant to bring you an offering, Fido, but I've only got a collection."

Well, it did kind of hit home, for most of us hadn't even given much of a collection, only just enough to look respectable when the plate passed. But the preacher went on and he showed us that this command "Go Ye" meant just what it said, that we had to go. And he told us that it meant everybody had to go. And he told us that it meant everybody had a special word of call that came to one here and another there; and when they

felt the call, they had to be a missionary. But he said that wasn't in the Bible, and that everybody was commanded to "go ye" unless they had a special call to stay at home. And, even if they had a call at home, they were bound to do their best to provide a substitute to go for them, and to help everybody to go that could. Then he just asked us how we would feel if we hadn't any Jesus to go to for forgiveness of our sins, or for help in our trials, or strength against temptation, or for comfort in sorrow, or guidance in our perplexity; no Jesus to tell us how to live here, and especially no Jesus to tell us about the love of God and where our loved ones went when the darkness of death shut down on them. This was what made life so dark and hard to the heathen, and in our gifts we were to think of the Lord's command to us and the heathen's need for us to go.

Then he prayed a bit; and the choir didn't sing any that day, but the organ played a soft voluntary at first while the collection was taken. Old Deacon Bright, he got up to pass the plate on his side. The old deacon was as fine a man as you'd meet in a day's journey, as good a neighbor and as honest a man as ever lived. Nice two-hundred-acre farm on the fifth line, and a fine family, all members of the church. Jim he ran the farm; Jack, the second boy, just ready to go to college, and Mary had her diploma as teacher, and was studying in Toronto to be a nurse. The mother, too, was just as nice a woman as you could find anywhere.

The old deacon had been getting considerable deaf of late years, and always sat alone in the front pew. I guess he got kind of dreaming over the sermon for as he rose to get the collection plate, he began to talk to himself, and to do it out

loud, and this is just about what he said:

"So that 'Go ye' means me and every one of us, and that is the Lord's plate, and what we put in it is our substitute for going ourselves, and shows how much we love Him and how much we think we'd have been worth to Him, seein' we don't go ourselves."

Then he got to the back seat, and passed the plate. Now our back seats are almost full of young men, and, as they put their money in the plate, the old man went on: "Twenty-five cents from Sam Jones. My boy, you'd been worth more than that to the Lord. Ten cents from Davie Brown, five from Tom Stone and nothing from Steve Jackson, forty cents for four boys and every one of them could go, too; and they're worth six hundred dollars a year to their fathers, and only forty cents to the Lord."

Next pew Mr. Allen and his family sat. Mr. Allen put on a dollar for the family, and the old deacon moved away saying, "The Lord died for the wife and little ones too, and they have nothing to give."

In front of them was Judge Purvis with his wife and two daughters. "The price of one of your dinners down town." "Half of that pair of gloves you wear." "Almost as much as you spent for ice-cream last week." "One box of candy," were the deacon's comments, as the coins fell from the hands of the Judge and family.

The farmer, John Robb, put on a bill rolled up, and Mrs. Robb put on another, Johnnie Robb, a little envelope bulging with coppers, and Maggie helped the baby to put another little bag on; and the old deacon said, "God bless them."

You may be sure we were all listening by this time, though we did not dare to turn round, and there were lots of us mighty glad the Deacon wasn't taking up the collection in our aisle.

John McClay's pew came. "Worth a dollar a year to the Lord and two thousand a year to himself," said the deacon. "Seventy-five dol-

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Miranda's Surprise

(Continued from page four)

her round face grew brighter and brighter, until it was as full of sunshine as a mortal face could be.

"All ready? Come on," she said.

We followed through the grove and down the road to a little house at the edge of the meadow, and there our leader paused. We knew the place. Mrs. Burns took in plain sewing, quilting, even washing and ironing occasionally, for any one in the village who wanted such work done—anything by which she could provide for herself and Annie. Little Annie, delicate always, had attended school in an irregular fashion before the attack of scarlet fever which left her lame and helpless; but we had almost forgotten in the year that had passed, that she had ever been one of us.

"There? a party at Widow Burns!" exclaimed some of the girls, pausing in dismay and disappointment. But M'randy and those in advance had already been admitted, and after a moment's irresolution, the others followed. The house was in its neatest order, and Mrs. Burns' quick welcome showed that she had expected us. "Though I didn't think there'd be so many," she said, laughing and nodding cheerily. "Annie is so pleased; just look at her!"

She was well worth looking at, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with delightful surprise.

"Isn't this nice? How did you ever think of it? O mother, isn't it nice?" she repeated joyously; and the mother smiled, with tears in her eyes.

Such an afternoon as that was! M'randy took the lead naturally. "Her foot was on its native heath" here, and indeed, Mrs. Burns and Annie appealed to her constantly. It was M'randy who thought of one game after another in which Annie could join, and who suggested adjourning to the yard, and carrying Annie's chair out to the porch, when the house grew too small for our merriment. Then she helped Mrs. Burns construct a long

table on the porch when lunch time came, and to arrange upon it the contents of the baskets we had brought; and a tempting sight it was, with fruits and dainties enough to coax Annie's appetite for many a day after her guests had departed.

After that, in the pleasant twilight, Mrs. Burns asked us to sing. And as we sang our Sabbath school songs, our hearts grew soft and tender, and more than one cheek flushed at the undeserved praise when the mother thanked us for coming, and said, as she bade us good-night, "You don't know how much good you've done."

It had done us good too, even if we were rather a quiet party as we walked homeward through the grove. When we reached the crooked pine, our parting place, M'randy suddenly inquired:

"Well, are you sorry you went?"

"No! No, indeed! We had a splendid time!" was answered in chorus. And then Lizzie asked, curiously:

"M'randy, how did you come to think of it?"

"Well, I go there so much; and then, I—I kind of know how it feels to be lonesome," said M'randy slowly. "But what made me think of it most of all was the last Sabbath school lesson—about 'When thou makest a feast,' you know He said what ones to do it for—that's all."

Brave, true-hearted M'randy! She did not look poor or common to one of us as she turned away in the gray light that evening. We said not a word to each other of any change of feeling or purpose, but when she came into the school yard the next morning, just as we were choosing for a game, Helen Campbell's voice rang out as eagerly as if the newcomer were a nugget of gold.

"I choose M'randy Sayles!"—Sel.

Fidelity in trifles and an earnest seeking to please God in little matters is a test of real devotion and love.—Jean K. Grew.

The Morning Watch

"And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning."

Has God ever called you gently out of sleep just at dawn that you might enjoy a quiet holy hour with him, reading his Word and talking to him? Go to an east window and see the first rays of light chase away the shadows of night and the cares of yesterday. Read his Word as you sit facing the dawn. You feel a holy presence, a silence over all the world that seems to be listening to him. Then hear the bird as it bursts into a song of praise and gladness that starts a vibration on the slow, sluggish strings of your own heart. Talk with God at dawn before the world wakes up. "Not when I lay me down to sleep. Too weary longer watch to keep. Though night enfolds and danger nigh—

Not then, not then, it is that I Need to pray thee, Lord,
'My soul to keep.'

"But when night flees before the sun,

And I arise to overcome my foe
My love embrace, my task to do,
My way to choose—'tis then I ask
And need thee most, my soul to keep
'Til day is done."

Joseph, the son of Jacob, found the way of escape, although it led him through perils, stormy scenes and dangers, he faithfully followed it until it brought him on a throne next to Pharaoh. While the "way of escape" may appear to have many thorns in it, and ravenous beasts upon it, God's Word says that thorns will have lost their sharpness, and the ravenous beasts will be chained and harmless when the trusting pilgrim comes to them. It pays to take the "way of escape." God has made for you, though clones and tornadoes seem to sweep across it, and the devil's lightning and thunder rends the rocks on either side of it. "None of these things move me," said faithful Paul.

Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC:-THE LOVE OF GOD

Scripture: John 3:16

This is the greatest text in all the Word of God, because it brings us so near to the heart of the Divine. God never spoke a sentence to rival this sublime message of love. No tenderer or more endearing expression ever left the heart of God and came to cheer the heart of man. No sainted mother, departing, ever quoted a passage of Scripture that so perfectly illumined her glorified lips as this. No evangelical prophet, or zealous apostle on his mission to a lost world with the everlasting gospel ever chose a more winning text. No text is more completely charged with infinite comfort for the children of God as it puts the Father's everlasting arms about every child of His and makes it certain he will never perish so long as he is kept in that love. Of all the triumphant expressions in the Word of God, this one above all others, the devil would like to blot out forever from the pages of divine inspiration.

There are different sorts and qualities of love. There is love which can satisfy itself in the giving of money. There is a finer sort of love which is ready to give something more precious, even the gift of time.

There is still a richer love which is prepared to pour out its strength and labor until it is tired in the service of another.

But there is a love that is higher than either of these, and which is ready to give a child to some exalted ministry.

May we not say that there is yet a more exalted love, love which can place upon the altar the sacrifice of an only child.

THIS LOVE MEETS EVERY CONDITION

Jesus met the cowardice of John with pity. He met the denial of Simon Peter with forgiveness. He met the blows of the soldiers with forgetfulness. He met the scorn and the sneers of the chief priests with smiles. He met the murder in the heart of the dying thief with mercy, with forgiveness and hope.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR HIM?

A father said when his son had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment, "I wish I could take his year's sentence to keep his young life from the taint of the prison, and his name from the dishonor that will never cease to cling to him." May I say just here that this wonderful love of God has done this for you, young man and young woman, if you will accept it and permit Him to lavish it upon you. Will you not do it right here in this meeting tonight?

Dear ones, you who already have tasted of this wonderful love, are you doing all you can for the One who sought you out and bestowed upon you this love that stands by you in storm and calm, in shadow and sunshine? Are you doing all you can to bring others under the protection of this great love?

BELIEVETH ON HIM

To believe on Him means for me to allow the divine lover to have His way with my soul. It means the definite act of committing myself to Jesus Christ to love Him, trust Him and serve Him forever.

There is in the life of every Christian a moment which can never be forgotten, a point where the road ceased to descend and began to climb upward to the refuge and Lover of souls.

In a western country a father ordered his son to leave the home and never darken its doors again. The son left, but about three months later, he was taken back to his home in a casket. The hard lines had been washed away from the father's face by the scalding tears that rolled down his cheeks and to this day the wail of that father's heart is:

Oh, could I see you now, my boy,

As fair as in olden time,

When prattle and smile made home a joy,

And life was a merry chime.

The love of God in that father's heart would have saved the boy, and the years of grinding grief which he has suffered since that fatal day would have never been. Truly this is the antidote for all our pains and aches, our trials and heartaches. Why do we not accept it?

It is said that our God is a jealous God. I wonder if it does not grieve Him to see His children loving so many other things and loving Him so little. Let us open our hymn book just now and turn to the hymn,

My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine

For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;

My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

BIBLE READINGS

Old Testament love, Jer. 31:1-3

Do we love Him in return John 14:15-31

God's Promise of prosperity Ps. 122:1-6

Love for the backslider Hos. 14th chap.

A test of your love Matt. 5:38-48

Chastening in love Rev. 3:19-22

Memorize a verse of Scripture containing the word love.

TOPIC:-CAMPAIGNING FOR GOD

Just now in the community where I live there is great excitement over the county election, between the two parties, Democrats and Republicans.

There is another campaign going on in which the writer is more interested than this one.

TWO CANDIDATES

There are two candidates in this campaign. Each of them have great power and each have won great victories. In this lesson we are voting for the one

(Continued on next page)

LESSON TWO, CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN

whose pledge has never been broken since He created the heavens and the earth. The enemy may assail this party but not this leader, "the Prince of Peace." With Pilate every enemy must say, "I find no fault in Him."

The Campaign Book and Party Literature is this old treasure, "The Bible." The result of this campaign has connected with it the doom or the salvation of an immortal soul. God on the one side is a candidate for the affection of every human heart. He will not give every one of His followers a petty office, but every one shall have a mansion and rule with Him forever.

Every plank in this platform is made out of the timbers of the cross. If you ever join this party, the first plank of this platform is,

CONVICTION.

This is the Spirit opening the eyes of man to see the wrath to come. Then man dreads the shadows of the night lest they darken forever and he should dwell in outer darkness through all eternity. He fears to tread the earth lest every foot of soil is a trap door to let him into the regions of the lost. He fears every flash of lightning and every gust of wind, lest they are in league with God against his guilty soul.

REPENTANCE.—Luke 13:1-5.

This is the next plank in this platform. This plank has been taken out by many of our churches today. It has worked wonders in the ages of the past, and will still work wonders if let remain in this platform.

The meaning of this word is real sorrow and heartbrokenness on account of sin or disobedience toward God.

CONVERSION.—Acts 3:19; Matt. 18:1-6

Conversion is the third plank in this platform

and without it you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Oh, how many are being deceived along this line!

Conversion is the act of turning your back on sin and turning your face Heavenward with a fixed purpose of following and serving this great candidate for which we are voting.

SANCTIFICATION.—Heb. 13:12; Heb. 10:10;

1 John 1:7.

Sanctification is the next plank in this platform and is the act of cleansing the vessel and getting it ready for the reception of the Holy Ghost, another plank in this platform, which is to follow.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST

Acts 2:4; Acts 10:44-47; Acts 19:1-7.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost is to give us power for service, and to make us witnesses first in Jerusalem (our home town), then in our neighboring towns, and then to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Read the campaign book which is the Bible and you can find the full particulars about our platform. We leave nothing out that you find here.

NOTE:—Please distribute these planks among your young people and ask them to discuss them in the meeting.

I have just started you off with your subject and expect you to enlarge on it and bring out many good thoughts on the topic. Don't go to the meeting without much prayer and meditation. God will put thoughts in your heart if you will trust Him to do it.

CLOSING THOUGHT: If we will all work as hard for our candidate as the folks are working at this county election, we will soon see our candidate elected and the enemy defeated and put to flight.

Memorize a verse of Scripture containing the word saved.

Topic: APPRECIATING OUR PARENTS AS LEADERS

Scripture Lesson, Eph. 6:1-9; Luke 2:41-52

Honor thy father and thy mother is a simple command, but one of the most important that God has ever given to young people. It includes three elements — reverence, love and obedience. Time was when children were generally respectful to their parents. It is said of the children of Jothathan Edwards that when their parents came into the room the children instinctively arose to their feet and remained standing until their parents were seated. It is very different now. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Reverence for parents is woefully wanting among most children. This would not be so if children would only remember how their parents have sacrificed and suffered in their behalf. Think how much you owe them. They fed you, clothed you, ministered to you in sickness and watched over you when the span of life seemed to come to a close. Your best friends are your parents. Some day they will be missing, and half of your life will be missing, and you would give all you have and ever expect to be to go back and live your life over and have another opportunity to be good to them, but it will be too late.

It is said that when James Garfield was installed as president of the U. S., he insisted on his aged

mother being present at the ceremony. When it was complete, in the presence of all, he turned and kissed her withered cheek. If ever you are tempted to disrespect your father or mother because you have been raised to some exalted position, just remember James Garfield.

Suggestive Thoughts From the C. E. Companion

Parents are responsible for giving their children a right bringing up, that makes them leaders, and they cannot escape the duty.

Leaders can only guide where they themselves have gone. Young people do well to recognize the wisdom their parents have gathered and use it.

Parents need infinite patience. Wesley said to his wife, "I marvel at your patience. You have said that twenty times to the boy." "Yes," she replied, "it was the twentieth time that got him."

Recognize parental love. Parents may be mistaken, but their mistakes are those of love.

*Let Your Parents Know You Love Them
And Appreciate Them*

One of the most touching incidents I know of is that of a mother who reared six boys to manhood. When the youngest of them was big enough to leave home, a nervous reaction came and she weakened

(Continued on next page)

LESSON THREE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

under the assault of disease and was dying. The sons all returned home to be with their mother when she died. Her eldest son, a big man, knelt by her bedside and wiped the death sweat from her brow, and said, "Mother, you have always been a good mother to us boys." She shut her eyes and tears pushed out from under her lids and ran down her cheeks. Then she opened her eyes and said, "Do you boys really feel that I have been a good mother?" He replied, "Indeed we have often talked about how good you have been to us boys." She looked at him as if her eyes were searching his very soul to see if there were any trace of insincerity. Then her eyes closed again, and big tears pursued their way down her cheek again as she said, "My boy, that was one thing I prayed for all my life since I became your mother. I was afraid I would not be a good mother to you. When you boys were asleep, I used to pray to God that I might not fail to be a good mother, and I never knew whether you thought I succeeded or not. Not one of you ever told me till now." Let us love our parents and tell them so.

I WONDER

If you ever go home and kiss mother and tell her that you love her.

If you ever pat father on the back and tell him he has been a good father.

If a nice bunch of flowers sent over occasionally,

signed as follows, Just a little token of love and appreciation from John.

If you wouldn't like to try this for a while and see father and mother grow young again.

If you younger boys and girls wouldn't like to try obedience for a while and see how happy it makes both you and your parents.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

A mother's choice 1 Sam. 1:24-28

A father's love 2 Sam. 18:24-33

Gentle leading 2 Tim. 3:14-17

Parents' Wisdom Prov. 4:1-9

Wise guides 1 Tim. 3:4-5

Leading to God Deut. 6:4-9

NOTE:—On a topic like this you can find so many beautiful things on the outside to bring into the meeting. Something from your own experience. Our one aim is to get you to study for yourselves, and learn how to put your own thoughts into words. The comments in these lessons can be given to those who cannot or will not as yet make talks. Perhaps they can be led out in this way to hearing their own voice in public.

These comments or illustrations will be interesting to those who do not have the paper to study the lesson.

Memorize a verse of Scripture containing the word obey.

Topic: The Call of Christ to the Youth of Our Land

Scripture Lesson, Matt. 10:16-42

HE CALLS TO FOLLOW. Jesus is as truly calling to the youth of our land today as He did to the disciples of long ago, "Come follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Stop for just a moment and shut your ears to the clamouring voices around you, and you will hear the voice in all its sweetness, calling to a life of service for Him.

In this Scripture Jesus is trying to teach us not to think so much about the other fellow, what he is going to do or what reward he will receive, but to look after our own affairs and keep our eyes on Him and follow in His footsteps.

Which call is sounding the loudest in your ear today, the voice of the world or the voice of Jesus?

A CALL TO SERVE—John 12:24-26

There is one thing certain if we follow Jesus we must serve Him. To serve Him means to work for Him. The Lord has no use for a lazy Christian. His call is to work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Have you walked in the steps of the Man of Galilee?

Are you saved, saved to serve?

Are you sending the Word over land and over sea?

Are you saved, saved to serve?

A CALL TO IMITATE—John 14:12-14

What the world needs today is men and women who will live like Christ. The Bible tells us we are living epistles read and known of all men. If folks are judging us by our lives then no wonder the Lord is calling us to imitate Him. Inconsistent living of professed followers of Christ is the greatest hindrance in the winning of souls for Christ.

Are we walking close to Jesus and renouncing every sin?

Do we listen to the counsel of the Spirit's voice within?

Have we made a full surrender of our all to Him alone?

Can we say that we are living for His glory, not our own?

A CALL TO HEAL—Mark 16:16-20

God is calling for Christians who will dare to believe and trust Him. He has promised great things to those who will stand on His promises and defy the great army of unbelievers who are denying the power of God in these last days. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.

A CALL TO BE COURAGEOUS—Deut. 31:6-8

It takes courage to launch out in these last days to serve the Lord. Men are giving up and going down on every side for lack of courage to meet the temptations of life. The call is still ringing down through the ages, "Be strong and of a good courage."

A CALL TO OVERCOME—Rev. 3:14-21

It is not the starting out in the race alone that counts but the finishing. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

One of the saddest things in the world is to see a man or woman take the way of the cross, and suffer persecution and trials of all kinds for the Master and then at the very last give up the fight and lose his reward. It is not what we have been but what we are now and at the end of the race that counts.

A CHILD OR A SERMON

(Continued from page five)

"I can't give you a nickel," his mother said sadly. "Your papa wouldn't want me to give you a nickel when he had said you could not have one. He doesn't think it would be good for you to have hokey-pokey."

To herself she murmured, "Oh, why doesn't William explain to the boy? I can't tell Reuben that his father never was given any money when he was little and that is the real reason for his refusal. A kindly explanation of almost any sort would save him the little fellow's love, and if he could only get the child's point of view how much happier we should all be."

"Won't I ever get any hokey-pokey?" asked the boy forlornly. His dreams and hopes of sinking his teeth into the juicy cream were fast vanishing. His mother's explanations were all very good but in his childish mind was still the question why other boys' papas got their little boys treats and his own papa wouldn't buy him hokey-pokey.

With hope all gone, he went out slowly and looked intently at his father with a helpless look of puzzled wonder in his eyes. He was beginning to realize that he dared not ask his father for anything because of fear of a stern rebuke.

His father meant well. He knew Reuben was over-excitable, but his method of correction was too harsh; he stood aloof from his child. Reuben's nature was like the string of a violin which gives forth sweet music but breaks under pressure. The pressure of harsh rebuke and undue criticism is liable to break a sensitive child's spirit and to create in the child a sense of inferiority that is bound to hamper him all through life.—Pres. Advance.

Life is the finest of the fine arts. It has to be learned with lifelong patience; and the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Pax Vobiscum.

Thoughts On Holy Living

The influence of a holy life in the home cannot be over-estimated. The best part of a boy's or girl's training has been received through the lips of a godly mother.

The mothers of our land need a mighty call away from public careers to the responsibilities of home. The greatest trouble with American society today is a lack of home training.

Mother and home are inseparably associated. A mother, more than any other person in the world, has the greatest influence upon her children. Mothers owe something to their children that no one else can give them.

God does not leave a mother out when he calls preachers. He goes first of all to a mother's heart.

A mother's sacrifice—how wonderful it is! Many a boy's life has been changed because mother prayed.

Trifling With The Soul

(Continued from page eight)

device of ruffles about his neck, he threw up his right arm for a rudder and leaped from the statue. He had descended only a few feet when the folds of the parachute began to spread and assume the shape of an umbrella. But it took a wrong course, and Law landed sooner than he expected, on the rocks at the base of the statue, all broken, bruised and dead. You say this is an unusual and daring event, and so it was, but hear me: The wink of an eye, the touch of the hand, the expression of the face, the movement of the body, all these under certain conditions, or an evening in a place of questionable amusement is just as destructive to soul and body as a leap from the torch of the Statue of Liberty. He who plays with fire is likely to get burnt, and he who

trifles with the soul will miss the way to heaven.

If the devil can persuade a soul to

NEGLECT

or postpone a consideration of the soul, he has won a victory. You cannot afford to lightly consider the soul. Setting aside today problems for tomorrow is a very poor business. Today is the day of salvation. Today is your day.

Mrs. Hoover and I some years ago were conducting special meetings in Marshall, Okla. In the choir was a woman with a remarkable voice. Like lots of others she had neglected her soul. Once she told me she would be a Christian if her husband would join her in the new life, but he would not. The meeting closed and we returned to Hennessey. Several weeks later a member of that church sent to me the town paper, in which was an account of the death and burial of this singer. She had become a victim of typhoid fever and was soon cut down. Friends, you cannot afford to trifle with the soul, even for the sake of loved ones, for if you lose heaven you have lost all.

THE LOVE OF JESUS

for lost and suffering humanity should be sufficient evidence to constrain us to consider the soul. While we were yet sinners Christ died for us that we might be reconciled to God. He came to us in our poverty and has made possible our salvation.

An old soldier walked the streets of Vienna playing a violin to earn his daily bread. By and by his hand became so feeble he could no longer play. One day he sat on the curb weeping, for he was poor and needy. A stranger passing saw the pitiful sight and said to the old man: "Give me your violin and I will play for you." He did so and the stranger began to play beautiful music. Such sweet harmonies the old man had never heard. The people in the street and in the store heard the music and came near to hear him. While he played the old man held his contribution cup and soon it was filled with money. He emptied it into his little satchel.

(Continued on Page 15)

Wisdom and Love in Dealing with Souls

(Continued from page 7)

as there too. She took him to the school and said to the superintendent: "Can you give me a place here I can teach this boy?" He did not combed his hair and he was barefooted. They did not have any of that kind of children in school, so the superintendent looked at him and said he did not know just where to put him. Finally he put him away in a corner as far as he could from the others. Here this young lady commenced her work, work that the angels could have been glad to do.

He went home and told his mother he thought he had been among the angels. When the mother found he was going to a Protestant school she told him he must not go again. When the father got to know it he said he would flog him every time he went to the school, however, the boy went again the next sabbath and the father flogged him. Every time the poor boy went he gave him a flogging. At last he said to his father: "I wish you would flog me before I die, and then I won't be thinking about it all the time I am at school." You laugh at it but let me remember that gentleness and love will break down the opposition in the hardest heart. These little diamonds will sparkle in the Savior's crown, if we will search them out and polish them. We can make diamonds but we can't polish them if we will.

Knowing that the boy did not go to the Sunday School, the father said: "If you will give me the Sunday School, I will give you every Saturday afternoon to go, or you can have all you make peddling." The boy went to his mother and said, "I have been thinking that if you could meet me on Saturday afternoon we could have longer time together on the Sabbath." I wonder if there is a wealthy young lady reading this who would give up her

Saturday afternoons to teach a poor little boy the way into the kingdom of God. She said she would gladly do it; if any callers came she was always engaged on Saturdays. It was not long before the light broke into the darkened mind of that little boy and a change came into his life. She got him some good clothes and was a guarding angel to him. One day he was down at the railroad station peddling. He was standing on the platform of the carriage when the engine gave a sudden start; the little fellow was leaning on the edge and his foot slipped, he fell and the train passed over his legs. When the doctor came, the first thing he said was: "Doctor, will I live to get home?" "No, my boy, you are dying." "Will you tell my father and mother I died a Christian?" Did not the teacher get well paid for her work? She will be well paid when she gets to the better land. That little boy will be waiting to welcome her home.

"It is a great thing to lead one soul from the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gospel. I believe if an angel were to wing his way from earth to heaven and were to say that there was one poor ragged boy without father or mother, with no one to care for him and teach him the way of life, and if God were to ask who among them were willing to come down to live here for fifty years and lead that one to Jesus Christ, every angel in Heaven would volunteer to go. Even Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, would say, 'Let me leave my high and lofty position, and let me have the luxury of leading one soul to Christ.'—Moody.

Dear ones, as we read this little story I am sure your heart has been touched by the devotion of this young girl to the work of her Master. Oh, if we could find a few only that would take up the work of polishing the precious diamonds in your church and neighborhood. So often we hear people say, "There are so few that will come it seems useless to go on with the work." There was only one in the class we

TRIFLING WITH THE SOUL

(Continued from page 14)

and again and again it was filled, for the enraptured people gave willingly. The stranger gave the violin back to the old man, saying, "Go home and take a long rest," and passed on. Many cried, "Who is the musician?" and a voice was heard saying: "Bucher, the great violinist." And it was so. Moved with compassion he took the old man's place, assumed his poverty, shouldered his burden and earned for him the money he so much needed.

Ah, friend, this is what Jesus has done for us. He found us in great distress. He assumed our poverty. He carried our sorrow and has placed within our reach the joys of eternal life. As the old man gave the violin to Bucher so must you give yourself to Jesus and he will heal your broken heart and fill your soul with the undying harmonies of heaven.

Money, amusements and loved ones are a necessity, but let not these things prevent you from performing your full duty to God. You have a soul to save, but that soul will never be saved until you demonstrate your faith in and obedience to Jesus Christ. Trifle no longer with the soul. Make sure of heaven. Be saved, O why not tonight?—The Overcomer.

Nearly a quarter million dollars was found hid away in the dwelling of a man who passed on to his reward. At his funeral three friends were present and no relatives. But when the vast sum of money was found thirty-three persons came claiming close relationship to the deceased, and were ready to share the inheritance.

Have you just read about. Who will gather the little girls and boys into a group on Saturday afternoon and teach them the Word of God? Must I go, an empty handed? Must I meet my Savior so? Not one soul with which to greet me, Must I empty handed go?

When the Deacon Talked in Church

(Continued from page nine)

lars for a bicycle and twenty cents for the Lord don't match, Tommy McClay. Ah, Miss Ellen, it looks queer for a hand with a fifty dollar ring to drop five cents on the plate.

"Less than last year James Stevens; and the Lord blessed you, too. A new house for yourself and an old quarter for your Lord, Alex. Bovey.

"You take in washing and can give five dollars to the Lord, God bless you, Mrs. Bean. What! and Minnie has some, too, and wee Robbie.

"Fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety; ah, your dinner will cost you more than you have given, Mr. Steel. A bright new dollar bill, and spread out, too, Mr. Perkins, I am afraid ninety-five cents was for show. A check from Mr. Hay. It'll be a good one, too, for he gives a tenth to the Lord. Two dollars from you, Harry Akin, is a small gift to the Lord that healed your dear wife.

"Ah, Miss Kitty Hughes, that fifty-five cents never cost you a thought; and you, Miss Marion, only a quarter, and you could both 'go ye' and support yourselves. Five cents from the father, and a cent each from the family. I guess John Hull and family don't love the heathen brothers very hard. Ah, Mrs. McKimmons, that means a good deal to you; the Lord keep you till you join the good man that's gone. Charlie Baker and you too, Effie; I doubt if the Lord will take any substitute for you. Nothing from you, Mr. Cartile; not interested I s'pose? Heathen at home, p'raps you're one of them.

"Five cents, Mr. Donald. I doubt you'd want to put that in the Lord's hand; and you, Mr. Jenks, no more."

Then the old man came to his own pew; and as his wife put on an envelope, "Ah, Mary, I am afraid, my dear, we've been robbing the Lord all these years. I doubt we'll have to put Jack and

Mary, too, on the plate, wife. Jim, my boy, you'd be worth far more than that to the Lord." Jack and Mary sat in the choir.

So it went on from pew to pew till the old man came to the front pew again, and there he stood for a moment the plate in his left hand, fumbling in his vest pocket. But he said, "No, that isn't enough, Lord; you ought to get more than that; you've been very good to me." So he put the plate down, and taking out an old leather wallet, counted out some bills on the plate and said: "I am sorry, Lord, I didn't know you wanted me to go; and Jim will keep mother and me on the farm now we're getting old, but I won't keep Jack back any longer; and Mary's been wanting to go, too only I wouldn't let her. Take them both Lord."

Then, while the old man sat down and buried his face in his hands, Deacon Wise jumped up, and said with a lump in his throat: "Dear pastor, we haven't done our duty. Let's take up this collection again next Sunday." And a chorus of "Amen's" came from all over the church. And the pastor got up with tears in his eyes and said: "My friends, I haven't done all I could, either: I want to give more next Sunday, and I'll give my boy, too."

Then we sang a hymn as we closed, but it sounded different to what it ever did before—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,"
—and the organist said she believed it went clear through the roof, and I guess God thought so, too.

I think the old deacon felt pretty bad when he found out how his day dreaming had been done aloud and one or two felt pretty hard at first, but they knew it was true. So that was what started us as a missionary church, and we've kept on ever since. There have been fourteen members of our Christian Endeavor society go out as missionaries in the last five years, six of our best young men and eight of our brightest girls.

Jack Bright? He married the organist, and they are out on the borders of Thibet, where his medical skill is winning a way for

My Smile

By Hazel E. Baker

I dropped a smile the other day
As I was going by the door,
But little brother picked it up
Before it ere could reach the floor;
His rosy lips like rosebuds curled,
And back to me that smile he hurled.

So off I went along the street
Until I met old Mr. Brown.
Grieved and distressed he seemed to
be;
And on his face he wore a frown.
"Oh, this will never do," thought I
"My smile I'll throw as I go by."

It hit him squarely in the face
And vanquished, quite, that ugly
pout;
It seemed to soothe and comfort him
And smoothed the careworn wrinkle
out;
But ere I knew what he'd done
quite,
He threw it back with all his might!

"Oh, well, I'll carry it awhile;
It's not so heavy with my books.
Lightly it rides upon my face,
And I don't think it hurts my looks.
But while I mused, it was so soft
That little smile, it slipped right off

Rosalie caught it as it fell,
And put it on her face awhile.
She was so serious, I laughed
To see her wear my little smile;
And as I wondered what it'd do,
It played hide and seek 'tween a
two.

It seemed to me 'twould be more
grand,
As we were going into school,
To give it to the teacher, for
I didn't want to break the rule
And keep a plaything at my seat
And back she flung it at my feet

At the noon hour I tried again
To give my little smile away,
But just when I thought it was gone
Back it would come with me to stay
Folks seemed to like it, but, y
see,
They'd give it back again to me.

That night I asked my mother, wh
Folks wouldn't keep my smile th
day.
She stroked my head, and then s
said,
"Dear child, don't give your sm
away.
Just loan it, and those lives 'tw
bless
With yours in greater happiness
From Youths' Instruct

Love is success, love is hap
ness, love is life. "Love," I say w
Browning, "is energy of life"
the greatest thing in the world

Christ. Mary Bright married
minister's son and they went
Africa. The old deacon has g
to his rest now. I wish we l
more like him. Jim keeps
mother on the farm yet, but sl
getting pretty feeble.—Selected

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER, 1930.

NO. 3.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

IT CAN BE DONE

"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."—Y. P. E. Motto.

S OMEBODY said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't" but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least, no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and took off his hat,
And the first thing he knew he'd begun it.
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
If any doubt rose, he forbid it;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle right in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it.
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done—and you'll do it.

—N. Y. Tribune.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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EDITORIALS

Again we want to say good morning and God bless our friends and co-workers who have labored with us this month to make "The Lighted Pathway" a blessing.

Surely we have much to be thankful for this morning. The letters of encouragement have been coming in from all parts, making us realize our labors have not been in vain. We believe if we continue on in this good work, working and praying for our young people, that another year will show wonderful progress along the way. But can you say, I have done all I could? If not, will you begin now so that it can be said of you as it was said of Mary when she poured out the ointment on the Master and wiped His feet with her beautiful hair, "She hath done what she could." Truly I do want that said of me when this life is finished. Don't you?

The work of our young people is opening up like a beautiful flower and I can see such wonderful things ahead if we all do our best. This month only one letter came to me that had a touch of discouragement. But we imagine there have been many discouraging moments in your work as you see some of your young people straying away after the things of the world and in some cases your attendance falling away. But remember it is to the faithful that Jesus has promised the reward. Hold on thru every discouragement and God will reward you. Just pray a little more and work a little harder, "lifting your eyes unto the hills from whence cometh your help,"

and soon the clouds will disappear and the beautiful sunlight from heaven will be pouring out upon you and your little group of young people.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY
"HELPERS' CLUB"

We have been encouraged by the response to the invitation to join the "Helpers' Club." We are looking for this club to grow until we will be like a great swarm of busy bees working for the Master. And while I am doing my best to make the little paper a blessing, a great throng of young people will be working to put it in the homes. We will be workers together with God and when the great day comes for rewards, if there should happen to be a reward for the influence of its printed pages, then those who have helped in increasing its circulation will have just as great a reward as the one who edits the paper.

The five largest orders for papers this month have been sent in by the following persons: Wiley E. Wright, Maud, Okla.; W. D. Childers, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Morley, Greenville, S. C.; J. M. Magouirk, Oneonta, Ala.; Starling Smith, Lenoir City, Tenn.

OUR READING CLUB

Altho' there has been no response to our call for the young people to read the lives of our great missionaries, yet we are not discouraged. We believe we will see results from this call yet.

William Carey still stands before you. Who will be the first to send in your name? saying, I am reading the book. We are waiting to see.

THE INNER CIRCLE

Last month we had only one member of the Inner Circle, Brother Wiley E. Wright, but this month Hazelhurst, Ga.'s Y. P. E. stormed us with eight names. Now don't you think the pastor of that church ought to take that town for Christ? Here are the names: Gertrude Brantley, Ira J. Hand, Mildred Britt, Adell Stone, Agnes Hand,

THE DISAPPEARANCE

Two young girls, sisters, were much attached to each other, but far apart in religious interest and sympathy. The Christian girl was deeply concerned for the salvation of her sister. One night as they came home from a religious service, where the preacher had dwelt on the text, "One shall be taken and the other left," she was so deeply moved that she could not hold back her tears, and earnestly pleaded with her sister to give her heart to God. She could not bear the thought of their eternal separation, but she was only spurned. As they lay down together, the thoughtless one was soon asleep; the other drenched her pillow with bitter tears, and after a while, unable to bear the agony, she rose from the bed, and retired to an adjoining room, where she lay before the Lord in agony and prayer for a long time. Suddenly the sister arose, and found herself alone. The thought flashed upon her: "Has the Lord really come, and has she been taken, and I left?" The thought filled her with dismay. She sought for her sister in the room, but found no trace of her. At last, she burst into bitter weeping and fell on her knees, and for the first time she really prayed. After a while, she heard a low wailing and sobbing, and hastened to the other room, was surprised to find her sister. Together they wept and knelt and prayed; and before they closed their eyes again, they knew that if He should come, they would part no more.—A. J. Gordon.

The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are.—Bishop Phillips Brooks.

Alice Music, Willie Hand, J. O. Lemons.

We notice there are three of these young people whose names are Hand. I am wondering if these all come from the same family. If they do, I should think their parents would be mighty happy.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED DURING THE MONTH

3155 S. W., 25 Terrace, Miami, Fla.—Sept. 8, 1930—I am writing you in regard to the splendid little paper you are publishing. I could never express what a blessing it has been to me. It is so encouraging and uplifting to us all. Our young people have certainly enjoyed reading the few issues we've had. —Ethel Lee Lowrey.

Oneonta, Ala.—Sept. 15, 1930 — Dear Sister Harrison: I received the roll of papers of the September issue. I think the little paper is getting better all the time, though every number has been just fine. Your little paper is winning its way into the hearts of the people. Some are glad to pay for the paper without even being asked to pay for it. I am enclosing two dollars and will expect another roll of papers when the next issue is out. —Asking the Lord's blessings on you and your paper and every one connected in any way with the work which you are so faithfully doing, I remain your brother in the Lord, J. M. Magouirk.

403 N. Race St., Urbana, Ill. — Sept. 8, 1930—Dear Sister Harrison: In the Evangel I read your plea for help with your paper. I am getting as many yearly subscriptions as I can. The work I am doing is caring for an invalid so I cannot get out as I would like to but I am getting some others to speak a word for me. I will get what I can around here, but just how soon I can send them to you I do not know.—Trusting the Lord for success in the young people's work, yours sincerely, Hazel B. Harrison.

Brother Zeno C. Tharp of Greenville, S. C. writes as follows: "The Sunday School has averaged over four hundred ever since you were here and the young people are doing fine. We do not have room enough for them to do as they would like. Our crowds at the Sun-

day night services are larger than ever so everybody seems to be in favor of us building a new church and it does look like we will have to do something so I have been trying to make arrangements to get one started. All these things together have kept me busy. But everything is getting along just fine and I believe will grow more. We surely are encouraged. The revival starts tonight and we are looking for a real good meeting."

Atlanta, Ga.—Sept. 6, 1930 — I think you have undertaken a wonderful work and I want to see it go. Have often thought myself since I've been in the Church of God why we didn't do more for our young people. Wish you could visit our church sometime. I'm sure we would enjoy your talks and words of encouragement. It's a proposition to keep the young people "unspotted from the world" in these evil days and especially in a large city. Pray for us and pay us a visit when you can.—Love and best wishes, Lula Caldwell, Pres. of C. of G. Y. P. E.

R. F. D. 9, CLEVELAND, Tenn. —Sept. 4.—Dear Sister Harrison: I received the papers all right. They were very easy sold. You may send me fifteen of the September issue. I will do my best in selling them as quickly as I can. The fifty cents in this letter pays for the five I have sold.

I have decided to accept the appointment to be your "Lighted Pathway" agent for my community. I also want to join the club of "Lighted Pathway Helpers."—Respectfully yours, Miss Delzie Murray.

1015 Chapple St., Cincinnati, Ohio. —Sept. 10, 1930—My dear Sister Harrison: Please find enclosed one dollar for the roll of ten papers. You may send me twenty papers next month.

Sister Harrison, I wish I could

tell you half, or just begin to tell you, how well I love the little paper and how much good it has done me. It seems so long from one paper to the next. The topic, "Campaigning for God," I have read over and over.

I thank you for your nice, kind letter.

I would rather the answer to the question be in the "Lighted Pathway." You may cut it as short as you wish. After reading the answers to the question by Brother Wiley Wright and Sister Grace Lynch, I feel the one I sent is very weak.

I thank God tonight because I'm determined to put my shoulder to the wheel and do my little might for Jesus. Please pray for me. If I never see you down here, look for me up yonder.—Ada Queen.

Sister Ada Queen of 1015 Chapple St., Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently sent her name in as a member of the The Lighted Pathway "Helpers Club" and has also written a splendid article which is all good, but on account of space we must cull out only a part and give it to you.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE THAT MAKES THEM SO INDIFFERENT AND EASY TO BACKSLIDE

Just a few words from one of your young people. I can't understand why the young people, after they have a taste of God's love and feel His presence, want to go back after the vain pleasures of the world. I can truly say there is no joy and peace to be found in worldliness.

"Wherefore take unto yourself the whole armour of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil days and having done all to stand." Eph. 6:13. I'd like to say to anyone who finds himself yielding to temptation to cling closer to God and pray more.

"Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when they shall say they

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

Is This The Way To Heaven?

(A True Incident)

By Mrs. L. T. Cleland

One Sabbath morn, not long ago,
Upon a well known street,
Was seen a little bright eyed child,
Who walked with footsteps fleet.

Alas! the little wanderer show'd,
The lack of Mother's care.
Her dress was torn; tho' clean her
face,
Her little feet were bare.

The passing throng pressed heed-
less on,
None saw the little stray,
As eagerly she scanned each face,
That passed along the way.

At length she paused before a
church,
Where in the morning air,
Floated a joyous song of praise,
And then a voice in prayer.

She gently tapped upon a door,
And then shrank back in fear,
Her face was flushed; with thought
intent
She bent a list'ning ear.

The little creature, trembling
stood;
Her eyes fixed on the floor.
At last she heard a coming step,
Then opened wide, a door.

In mute surprise she looked within,
And saw the children there.
The room was bright with lovely
flowers,
And pictures everywhere.

A smiling face upon her looked;
And kind the welcome given.
The child then asked in eager tone,
"Is this the way to Heaven?"

"I want to know the way to go,"
The little maiden said.

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS

"Hello, Arthur. What are you do-
ing?"

"Digging a grave."

"Digging a grave? Who's dead?
Bowser, huh?"

"Not on your life, worse'n that."

"Did your old cat die at last? I
should think you'd be glad of that;
you hated her so!"

"Worse'n that, too, Mary Jane,
an' I want you to go 'way and let
me bury my dead myself. I'm
'shamed of 'em!"

But Mary Jane was one of those
children who was very curious and
she sat still and thought she would
wait and see whom he put in the
grave. Deeper and deeper Arthur
dug until he had a hole two feet
deep, and then he sat down by his
solemn looking grave and drew a
paper out of his pocket, opened it
and began to read what seemed to
be a long list of something, and
tears were running down his cheeks
as he read.

Mary Jane could stand it no long-
"For there it is dear Mamma's
gone,
And Papa too is dead.

"And when I heard the music
sweet,
I thought this was the way,
In Heaven, the Angels sing God's
praise,
My Mamma used to say."

The Superintendent gently said,
"Dear little child come in,
We try to show the way to Heaven,
Through Christ, so free from sin."

"And suffer little ones to come,"
Our gentle Jesus said,
And lovingly He laid His hand,
In blessings on their heads.

er. "Arthur, whatever is the matter
with you? Are you going daffy?
What are you crying about, I'd like
to know? Let me see that list,"
and in spite of all Arthur's efforts,
she got it away from him and here
is what she read:

"Sins That Must be Buried
Anger: Slapped Johnnie Small
twice.

Stealing: Stole dad's hammer and
axe.

Pride: Would not wear my old
shoes to school.

Unmanliness: Sass'd mother and
my teacher.

Uncleanliness: Had some filthy
thoughts."

A long list it proved to be.
Mary Jane was dumbfounded.
"Arthur, whatever are you think-
ing about, burying this list of sins?
Why they're in you, boy, and to
get 'em buried for keeps you'll
have to bury yourself."

Arthur looked up through his
tears. "Bury myself? Mary Jane,
why it's you that's going daffy,
not me!"

"Well, Arthur, it's all right to
bury 'em but not in dirt."

"Well, where can I bury them
so's I'll never find them again and
get out of scoldings and lickings?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said wise lit-
tle Mary. "Mother told me."

"Yes your mother takes an in-
terest in you and tells you things,
mine don't; she just scolds and
dad licks!"

Mary went over to Arthur
where he sat so disconsolate and
put her hand on his head and said,
"I buried mine in the blood of Je-
sus."

Arthur looked up into Mary
Jane's face with a look of surprise

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FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

DECEIVING CHILDREN

Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

A short time ago a gentleman took his little son on a railway excursion. The little fellow was looking out of the window when the father slipped the hat off the boy's head. The latter was much grieved at his supposed loss when papa consoled him by saying he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled and the hat reappeared. Not long after, the little lad flung the hat out of the window, shouting, "Now papa, whistle it back again." A roar of laughter in the carriage served to enhance the confusion of perplexed papa.

Children soon learn to know whether their parents' word can be relied upon or not. A child about five years old was rude and noisy. The mother kindly reproved her, saying, "Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you." But not long afterward Sarah did so again. A young lady present said, "Never mind I will ask your mother not to punish you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good. My mother never tells lies."

Robert Hall once said to a Mother, "If you do not wish your child to grow up to be a liar, never act a lie before her." Children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not is a lie, whether acted or spoken.

This deception on the part of parents, if followed up closely, exists to an alarming extent. Parents who would not for a moment think of uttering a falsehood act in such a manner or present matters in such a light to the child that there exists a doubt in the child's mind as to the integrity of the parent.

This deception is sometimes carried into our religious life and festivities. Who doubts the logic of the little child's question after a Christmas festival when being told there was no Santa Clause, innocently asked, "Well is there a real Christ?"

Dr. Leonard Bacon once preached a sermon on what he called the obverse side of the fifth commandment—The duty of parents to be worthy of honor. The child is born into the world with this right. His pure eyes look to his elders for example. His soul waits for inspiration from them. Woe unto that parent who by unworthy character or by neglect or by deception causes one of these little ones to stumble. It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.—Traits of Character.

A few days ago I was passing by a home in Knoxville and I saw a beautiful little child about three years old playing on the sidewalk. I saw a young mother sitting on the porch. She called to the child to come to her and he told her he wouldn't do it. She looked at me and smiled, as though she thought it was cute. But it didn't sound cute to me. That mother did not move to make him obey. Oh, how my heart ached for that child. Poor little thing, didn't know any better. After awhile when he grows up to young manhood and mother has to look at him through prison bars, maybe she will see her mistake. It is this kind of children of whom the church needs to take heed and train. It's their only hope.—Editor.

A little boy in Chicago was very sick. The doctor came and told the

mother that her boy could not live the day out. The poor broken-hearted mother told her husband when he came home what the doctor had said, and told him he must tell his little son. So the stricken father, with great anguish, broke the news to the boy that he must die that day. The child looked up without the slightest fear and said: "Dear papa, you need not feel so bad; you know I will go to heaven. And papa, I will go straight to Jesus and tell Him that ever since I was old enough to know anything, you have taught me to love Him."—Selected.

NOTE:—Fathers and mothers as you read this I wonder if you feel that your child could carry this beautiful testimony up to Jesus if that child were called away.

PRACTICAL DEDUCTIONS

1. Parental favoritism is always dangerous, and often results disastrously in the family.

2. Life is essentially bound up by the law of heredity. It may not mean everything but it does mean much. The old adage, "Blood will tell," is as true of men as it is of horses.

3. The regenerating grace of God can so change our bad traits, that they often seem turned into virtues. Jacob's unsanctified cunning becomes consecrated shrewdness and is turned to account for God.

4. There is an inevitable law of compensation in life, and Jacob's deception came back to him with increased dividends.

5. Men's sins are recorded in the Bible, not with approval, but with their disastrous consequences recorded also, we are solemnly warned.

6. When we set our hearts to

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: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

The Battered Dream

Oh, once I sent a ship to sea, and
 Hope was on her brow,
 But Time has brought her back to
 me and Wisdom's painted now:
 Yes, Time has brought me many
 things, and some of them were
 good,
 And some of them were failure's
 stings I little understood.

When Hope set forth the dream
 was fair, the sea was calm and
 blue,

I knew men met with storms out
 there and had to fight them
 through;

But still I dreamed my ship would
 ride and weather every blow,
 For Hope flings many a truth aside
 which Wisdom comes to know.

The storms have come with bitter
 cold, I've prayed unto the Lord,
 I've had false cargoes in the hold
 and thrown them overboard;
 I've trimmed my sails to meet the
 gale, I've cut my journey short,
 With battered hulk and tattered
 sail, at last I've come to port.

'Tis not enough to hope and dream,
 for storms will surely rise,
 However smooth the sea may seem,
 'tis there disaster lies;

And I have learned from time and
 stress, that those who ride the
 wave

And come at last to happiness,
 must suffer and be brave.

(Copyright 1927, Edgar A. Guest).

Quit you like men, be strong;

There's a burden to bear,

There's a grief to share,

There's a heart that breaks

'neath a load of care—

But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;

There's a battle to fight,

There's a wrong to right,

There's a God who blesses the good
 with might —

So fare ye forth with a song.

A LETTER TO SHUT-INS FROM ONE OF THEM

Dear Shut-in Friends:

Your writer is one of them. I have been shut in from the busy world since childhood. Now looking back through the years, I can see the leading of providence all along the way, and were the choice mine I would not have it otherwise.

So many lessons were taught in the solitude of an invalid life. The Comforter our Savior promised to send after He returned to His Father has ever been a constant companion and teacher. But in the language of the hymn, "I was not always thus."

Just when emerging from childhood and beginning to realize the life of an invalid was to be different from others, there was an inclination of rebellion, but God had it all planned and was ready for an emergency. Such rich, spiritual, blessings were bestowed, which perhaps would have gone by had I possessed a strong, active body, for I had almost irrepressible spirits. Like some caged animal, I was hard to tame but was in the Master's hand. Today I would not exchange those all important lessons for a life of good health and beautiful body. One of the lessons taught is that things of this life are transient, the chief and greatest blessings of which no invalid is denied are eternal.

And oh, the kindness of hearts that we have learned! How many, many precious ones along the way. We remember when we were tempted to rebel at even those dear ones because they possessed so much we were denied. But the Spirit rebuked, and a wave of pity swept the heart, leaving nothing but purest love for others with perfect understanding of their joys and sorrows. It has been such joy to

share them.

One verse of the Bible is so dear, the words of the apostle where he speaks of God who comforts us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to console those who are in trouble, by the comfort where-with we are comforted of God. Being comforted in so many various experiences, I feel enabled to offer sympathy to others who are similarly troubled.

Are you lonely? We have spent many lonely hours, but they taught the sweetness of His presence that could have been learned in no other way. Because we were human, we suffered also for human companionship. But He made up for that and we remembered that our Savior often hungered for an understanding heart. Those who walked closest to Him were not able to receive what He wished them to know, so He must go apart to talk to the Father.

We have often felt homeless but remembered our Master had not where to lay His head, that is He had no abiding place to call home. We are often weary so that life seems a burden, but we remember His body was broken for us.

We have bade goodbye to loved ones and have felt we were too weak to bear it, but learned the sustaining power of the everlasting arms beneath, bearing us up.

Oh in ways too numerous to mention we have found Him the God of all comfort, and surely now we may be able to impart this comfort to others. We have experienced it; we are not theorizing.

Have you found and known this dear Friend? We think so, for God is ever close beside His suffering ones. No good things will He withhold. Let us trust Him to the end

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THE INNER CIRCLE

CONSECRATION PLEDGE

**O LORD: I present
myself unreservedly
to Thee**

**My Time,
My Talents,
My Tongue,
My Will,
My Property,
My Reputation,
My Entire Being,**

**To Be and Do Anything
Thou Requirest of Me.**

Pledge of Faith

Now as I have given myself away I am no longer my own, but all the Lord's.

I believe thou dost accept the offering I bring.

I trust Thee to work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and I will receive you.

As I give myself to Thee, I believe Thou dost receive me now.

Name

Date

MY LIFE

Involved in deciding for Christ is my whole life, with its mind, its abilities, its time, its possessions. To decide for Christ is to decide to give all of one's life for the purposes and aims which are found in Christ and in his gospel. This does not mean that every person should become a preacher or a missionary. It only means that whatever be one's place in life he will endeavor, through his work, through the exercise of his powers, through the manner in which he uses his time, through the use of his possessions, to achieve the will of God and assist in the attainment of the purposes of God. In such consecration of one's life is found full self-realization and full self-satisfaction.

"Take my will, O Father, ere my courage fail,

And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en

If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,

And thou give back my gift, it

may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair
have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with
grace divine,
I may not feel or know it as my
own,
But, gaining back my will, may
find it Thine."—Selected.

A Surrendered Life

A genuine, wholehearted, dead-in-earnest following of Christ has never been an easy thing. In general, it involves now what it involved in the days of Peter and Paul, what, for example, it involved in the days of George Fox.

George Fox lived in the Seventeenth Century. He was the son of a British weaver and himself became a shoemaker. His father was a Puritan who trained him in the simple, strict virtues of a Puritan household. He emerged into manhood in a time of social turmoil and strife, strife in which not only the people as a whole were in-

involved, but in which the churches were involved. Early in his young manhood he became convinced that much that was called religion was not religion. The churches were fighting each other, vying with each other for political power, bickering about rituals and ceremony, and in general engaged in practices contrary to the simple teaching of Jesus. So he turned away from every organized church of his day and sought God independently.

Seeking God he found him. Speaking of his spiritual experience he said, "When all my hopes in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, then, O, then, I heard a voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' * * * And when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy. Christ Jesus, who enlightens and gives grace and faith and power. And this I knew experimentally." This experimental contact with Christ must needs be part of every genuine, vital Christian life; yea, it is primary, fundamental. Having had this experience, young Fox started out at the age of 23 to preach to the people of England. The burden of his message was that the light of God could and should shine directly from God into the heart of every believer, that every believer should have the illumination of the spirit within him. This came to be known as the doctrine of "the inner light" which has characterized the Quakers, who trace their origin to Fox. This "light" has been followed to what many have thought are unnecessary extremes. For instance, it has led the Quakers to do away with a professional ministry,

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THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

"Stand Where The Fire Has Been"

A dry, sunny day it had been, with a gentle breeze, and everything was going on smoothly in the log hut; the small patch of corn in front had been just gathered.

As the owners of the land gazed contentedly over the long, waving prairie grass for some miles, they looked upon their lot in life with undisguised satisfaction. After an unusually hot day, the breeze had freshened.

Suddenly a long, dark cloud was seen upon the horizon, followed almost immediately by a lurid glare. Miles and miles away from the little settlement, but none the less horrifying to the inhabitants, who, even if they had never seen it before, could not be mistaken in the awful sight; and with anxious looks the word went around, "The prairie's on fire." Yes, there it was, bearing down upon them, coming just in their direction.

All soon saw, that with such a wind, which had now increased to almost a gale, and with grass and prairie shrubs very dry by the day's hot sun, their narrow fire-break was simply useless before such a furious and galloping fire—little short of a roaring furnace coming along at ten to fifteen miles an hour. What could stem it? Nothing—simply nothing.

O, that you, reader, could just be within half a mile of it, and see the roaring blaze sweeping along, and get a view of the flying multitude going before it—a run for life, indeed.

You would never forget the scene. Bear, buffalo, antelope, and every four-footed animal—a mixed mob—a terror-stricken crowd, alike realizing the value of life in the face of certain death; to prey upon each other, never entered their heads in the face of such a mighty foe. No time to think; hardly time

to breathe. What a scene! Does it not remind you of a description of the last day (Rev. 6:15), where it says, "Kings of the earth, great men, rich men, captains, bondmen, and freemen," a terror-stricken crowd, all mixed together, "hid themselves in dens and rocks." If ever you see that scene, you will know you are beyond hope. Therefore haste now to a deliverer.

Those who live in the regions of the wild prairies, know well that there is only one way—only one means of salvation, from the face of the awful foe we have just been describing. Thank God, there is one, just one way of escape, and this is given to man only; no animal can obtain the deliverance. Man only.

Is it so? Can a man save himself from one of those awful prairie fires?

Yes, in this way—a man, by a match, just takes some of the same pursuing element, fire, and lights the long, dry grass at his feet. As swiftly, this new fire flies ahead, consuming all before it; and, before the great fire comes up, he just walks on to the blackened ground, where all has already been consumed. He is safe, quite safe. When the fire comes up to this spot, it finds nothing left to consume, and so it cannot come near him, cannot touch him; and with him, perhaps thousands of poor animals, almost breathless, rush in there and stand, safe, quite safe; for the fire having gone over that place once, cannot again do so.

Truly, one understands the oft-repeated words, "Stand where the fire has been."

This is but a poor picture of the Great Day when the terrible fire of God's wrath comes. Yes, and it is soon coming along. Pity you may, the one who is not then "standing where the fire has been."

Simple as it is for a man to take

a match and light the grass ahead of him, and then "stand where the fire has been—so simple is it to shelter under the finished work of Christ. God spent the fire of His judgment on His beloved Son, and now He has pledged a present and eternal security to any who will take their place in Him, take refuge in the One, who bore on the tree the sentence for us. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We said, "simple" it is to trust Christ and shelter beneath His precious blood—but only by the Holy Spirit can we appropriate this work of another on our behalf; and yet the responsibility is yours if you now neglect this; for then there remains but one alternative for you, and that is, to take your place in the condemned crowd, hiding in dens and rocks.

Think!—If God's wrath has fallen upon your Substitute, can it ever again fall upon you? Friend, do "stand where the fire has been," and then all you have to do is to praise God for having permitted His fiery judgment to pass over and consume another, and to love and live for Him, who thus took your place and died in your stead.

THE BLACK AND WHITE IDEA

Is wrongdoing always black? If God's Word is to be believed, it is. Two young fellows in Chicago are finding the question terribly real. One of them is twenty-three years old, the other eighteen; well-educated, well-dressed, and well-behaved they had been. But after spending a month in jail recently they faced the electric chair after pleading guilty to two murders and seventy-five robberies. The older one, a high school graduate, made this statement: "If there's any one

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:-: MISSIONARY PAGE :-:

BABY'S GRAVE LEFT EMPTY

One day away out in Central Africa a native Christian in passing a heathen village heard the wail of the death chant and saw a grave being dug. On drawing near she asked what was the trouble, and was told that a child was dead. She went into the hut and saw the emaciated child lying there with the pallor of death upon its face. Placing an ear on its breast she thought she could hear a little flutter of life. To herself she thought, "What a wonderful thing it would be in this heathen village for God to restore this child and thus reveal His mighty power to these people." She requested the grave-digging to cease and asked for silence while she prayed to her God for the child. And while she pleaded with God to manifest His power and restore the little one, if it would be to His glory, the child opened its eyes and sat up. She then said to the people: "You can go home now, as you will not need to bury this child." In a few days the little one was well and playing about as usual. The people were astounded, saying, "We have never seen this before. Our idols have ears, but they cannot hear; they have eyes, but they cannot see. This woman's God hears and answers prayer." And another village was opened to receive the life-giving gospel of Christ Jesus, man's only Redeemer.—Selected.

When we consider heathenism in its gruesomeness as we find it in Central Africa, we know beyond the shadow of a doubt that a soul saved out here is not saved by might nor by power but by the Spirit of the Lord. Those in Christian lands have no idea of suffering as we find it here. Today a little girl about five years of age was brought to us looking very thin and ill. She has suffered from worms

for months. Yesterday they cut her abdomen to relieve her of blood and thus increased her suffering instead of relieving her. Yesterday I also saw a little boy in the village who has been having fever for some time; they had daubed his entire body with clay and left him to walk about in the village. Hundreds of children and people die because of such treatment and witchcraft. In view of the awful darkness, sin and superstition of these people, one would sink nigh unto despair were it not for Jesus. But what a great joy to go with Him all the way, and have a share in bringing to these benighted people the gospel of peace and point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. What a glorious gospel has been entrusted unto us, His children, and how we should make haste to carry it to the uttermost parts!—Sel.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

Somebody must undertake and master the great border task. As always, Christians must be the pioneers and the leaders in this great and urgent undertaking.

It is estimated that there are at least two million of these early Americans who have come from over the border. They are becoming the unskilled labor of the nation, especially on the railroads, on the ranches, in the sugar beet empires and in the great mines. We find them in every part of the nation—New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Kansas City, while New Mexico is more than half made up of Spanish-Americans. Some hint as to their political power in that state is seen in the fact that the Governor, secretary of state and many other prominent officials are Spanish. And some hint as to their responsiveness to Christian ideals is seen in the fact that New Mexico, by popular vote, enacted statewide prohibition three years before

the country, as a whole, went dry. Agitators and propagandists of many a noxious sect are not overlooking their opportunity to grip the masses of this significant Spanish citizenship in the nation. The Philippine islands—the "White Miracle" of our nation's history—shows what can be done with Latin-Americans.—Selected.

A CHINESE LADDIE'S FAITH

Faith and fear do not go together. Faith conquers fear. A missionary in China sends, in a personal letter to the Times, a beautiful story of such faith. "Just lately a little laddie has been gathered to the Home above. He was nine, and when he was taken ill he told his aunt he was not going to get better. Why? she asked. Because he had had a dream, and the Lord Jesus told him he was going to take him to Heaven. Was he glad to go? Yes. But what about your sins? The Lord had forgiven them. We did what we could for him and he seemed to improve a little, but he declared he was not going to get better. 'I am certainly going to die.' When one remembers how fearful the Chinese are of death, and how they even fear to use the word, it was wonderful to see the victory of the Lord in that child's life. No fear, only glad to be going to the Father's Home. And with a smile he passed away to be with the Lord. When we had our children's class yesterday we felt the importance more than ever that all these little ones may be won for the Lord. Will you just send up one petition to the Lord that he will give us a true revival here, that all his followers here may be filled with the Holy Ghost and with power for service?" Only those, said our Lord, who become as little children shall enter the kingdom of Heaven. And how gladly, trustingly, eagerly, little children do enter in when they are shown the way! Surely there is no greater call, and no greater opportunity, in China and America and every land on earth, than that of giving the Gospel to children.—Sunday School Times.

PRACTICAL DEDUCTIONS

(Continued from page five)

do our duty, God always opens the way and removes the difficulties.

1. It is folly to pursue a course that attempts to thwart the will of God. It can only end in humiliating defeat.

2. It is possible for the faith and fidelity of parents in the tender years of childhood to give such bent to the life that all the after years cannot undo it.

3. Right decision at the crisis of life are of infinite importance. They determine the future and their consequences are projected into eternity.

4. Every person is brought to some impressive or spectacular experience in life that will make a turning point in his career, if he will see it and decide.

1. It is one of the anomalies of life, not the rule, that a child more dragged into the world than born into it, will often make the most of himself. Josiah seemed doomed by his birth from bad forebears.

2. There is everything in favor of early piety and early faith; there is not one single argument against it.

3. A godly mother may go a long way toward overcoming the bad example of a godless father. Jedidah did.

4. In times of national crisis the hearts of the people will instinctively turn to a leader who fears God and seeks his guidance.

5. Religious leadership is a nation's best security. "When the righteous rule, the nation will rejoice."

6. No real social betterment is possible, and no morality is secure that is not bottomed on religion.

1. When religious conditions are in a state of decline, it seems everything goes to the bad. Mr. Roger Babson contends that material prosperity in the nation is assured when the spiritual tide rises.

2. There are many good men, like Eli, who are negative, weak, and who for want of the positive elements of character default completely before the responsibilities

of the family and the home.

3. One's conception of God explains the success or the failure of the prayer life. Hannah got results because she prayed to a God who could answer and a God who cares.

4. The prayer that wins with God is the prayer that represents the dominant desire of the heart. God is not at home to people who merely call. They must have serious business.

5. When Christians become so in earnest that they seem beside themselves, spiritually intoxicated, marvelous things will happen in the wake of their labors.

6. If more mothers were Hannahs to their baby boys, there would be more Samuels to bless the world.

7. God does things for those who systematically attend the worship of his house that he otherwise would not do.—Selected.

THE BLACK AND WHITE IDEA

(Continued from page eight)

thing I can blame it on, it's bad companions. Six months ago, if you had told me I'd be here with that facing me, I'd have laughed at you. I've always been what you might call an exemplary young man—you can ask anybody who used to know me 'way back when—and how 'way back it seems! Then I began hanging around these taxi-dance places. And I'm here to tell you that it's a most infallible route to wrongdoing. I met fellows and girls at these places who talked so nonchalantly of stickups and blackmail that, listening to them, I gradually lost that black-and-white idea of right and wrong you learn at home and at church. — and I began to figure out ways of making easy money ourselves. * * * So we got the money! And all this time I was living home with my folks, mother and dad and a young brother. * * * They had no idea of my double existence. I went to church every Sunday and I always had alibis for the times I failed to show up at home nights." Waiting for the decision of the judge as to whether they should be electrocuted,

ed, the black-and-white idea of right and wrong came home in a new way, or perhaps in the remembered old way, to these boys. There is no sin but black sin, and "the wages of sin is death."

Nothing but the Blood Of Jesus

(Continued from page four)

and wonder. "Who else told you such a thing?"

"Why it's in the Bible, Arthur"

"Oh, yes, my dad won't let one of them Books in the house and never heard."

Off went Mary to her home in the next yard to get her own little Testament. She opened it to Matt. 26:28, and read the precious word that stopped the strange burial. "For this is my blood of the new covenant which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The children knelt beside the hole in the dirt and Mary Jane prayed. "Oh, God, please bury Arthur's sin in your blood and tell him to quit crying, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Mary Jane said, "Now say 'Amen,' Arthur," and Arthur said "Amen."

The children were quiet for a little while and then Arthur began to laugh. "What's the matter now, Arthur?"

"I don't know, Mary Jane, but I'm glad feeling spilled over inside me. What is it, Mary Jane?"

"Why, Arthur, it's love for Jesus and you're burying your sins, and 'way down inside your soul you're hearing the music of the glad angels, 'cause you've buried your sin in Jesus blood."

Mary picked up her Bible and went home to tell her mother God had saved Arthur, and Arthur went to his home to be a brave soldier before his wicked father and mother.—Aunt Ruth.

MY PRAYER

Heavenly Father, forgive me my sins. Cleanse me from them in the precious blood of Jesus. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Young People's Bible Lessons

Topic: GOD'S LOVING CARE

Scripture, Matt. 6:26-34.

First, we want to see to whom Jesus was talking in this lesson. We find in Matt. 5:1, 2 that He was talking to His disciples. This scripture is a continuation of the sermon on the mount and, of course, is only for those who meet the conditions laid down in this wonderful discourse. We will look thru this sermon and see what God requires of us.

I believe many men and women have had their faith shipwrecked by not understanding the requirements laid down for them and are expecting God's Word to be fulfilled in their lives. Because they do not see results, they lose faith and say the Bible is not true when the cause of failure lies within themselves. They have not met the conditions. We will look into these requirements and see if we are in condition to claim this loving care God has provided for us. We will not have space to use many of these wonderful thoughts laid down in this sermon but will select a few.

HUNGERING AFTER GOD.—Matt. 5:6.

We all know what it means to hunger for food for our bodies. We have seen the time when we would lay aside anything regardless of how important or enjoyable it was to sit down to a table filled with good things to eat. But are we so hungry for God that we will lay aside things of importance and give up worldly pleasures so that we may feed on God's Word and pray, the only way to reach the table of the Lord and have our souls strengthened and refreshed? If we are not willing to obey God's Word and live up to God's desires for us, then this loving care can not be claimed as ours.

PEACEMAKERS.—Matt. 5:9.

Here is a very important requirement. How many can say, Yes, I am a peacemaker? When trouble arises, I always try to mend matters instead of stirring it up a little more. Or do I pass on a little report and run back and forth with what I heard this one or that one say and keep the pot boiling? Well, I feel that I do not need to comment more on this subject but I shall leave the Y. P. E's. to discuss it. Let us be sure we search our hearts regarding this matter. Are you in a condition to claim "God's loving care?"

REJOICING IN PERSECUTION.—Matt. 5:11, 12

There is nothing so good for a Christian as persecution for Jesus' sake. Not for your own wrong doing, but because you are living close to the Master's side. Much that people call persecution is not for Jesus' sake, but because of their own lack of wisdom or their failure to live right themselves. Real persecution that our scripture speaks about brings blessings to the soul and causes us to take deeper root in Christ Jesus. It is said that the great oak tree would never be so deeply rooted were it not for the winds that blow, rocking it to and fro, which causes its roots to sink deeper and deeper into the earth. So our text says we should rejoice in times

of persecution, not because it is a pleasant experience, but because we are sure it is good for us. Do we rejoice at such times?

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—Matt. 5:43-48

Perhaps someone will say, This is the hardest of all. We admit that it is hard for the natural man to do, in fact the natural man cannot do it, but a heart that has been changed from stone to a heart of flesh by the power of God can love the worst enemy in all the world. It must be like the heart of Jesus when He said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

I wonder how many of our young people can say, Yes, truly I love my enemies? If you can then you can claim "God's loving care" spoken of in our scripture lesson.

LAYING UP TREASURES.—Matt. 6:19-21

Laying up treasures on earth is one of the greatest temptations to the majority of people. We do not believe this means that we are not to look out for our own temporal needs. Some people have gone to extremes and teach we should not lay anything aside for a rainy day. In Prov. 6:6-12 God has given us a lesson along this line in the industrious little ant. Yes, we should not leave it all for God to do but we should let nothing get between us and Him. We can work and be industrious and provide for our household while our eyes are fixed upon Jesus and the coming of His kingdom with the thought that everything we have and all that we are belongs to Him.

SEEK YE FIRST.—Matt. 6:33

There is no doubt in my mind that "God's loving care" will be realized in our lives when we truly seek God's kingdom first and let Him have full right of way in our lives. A full consecration of self and complete death to self will bring us into the place where we can claim this loving care. If we are not there, let us not be satisfied until we reach that place in Christ Jesus. When we worry and fret this shows we are not there. I wonder if most of us do not need to move up a bit.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Have we seen instances of God's care? How did Elijah discover God's care? Does trusting in God's care imply doing less than otherwise we would?

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS FROM C.E. COMPANION

Jesus Himself trusted implicitly in God's care. He could even say to Pilate, You have no power over me except it were given you from above.

When Jesus sent out the seventy disciples without scrip or purse, He was teaching them a lesson in God's care while they were serving Him. "Lacked ye anything?" He asked. "Nothing," they said. His plan worked.

God's care does not mean that we may be careless. He does not feed the birds directly, but thru natural or human instruments. So does He feed us. We must live the life we are fitted for.

Young People's Bible Lessons

Topic: ARE WE ABLE?

Scripture Lesson, Luke 14:28-30

In our scripture lesson Jesus teaches us that we are to sit down and count the cost before we start to build our Christian character.

If we start to build a house we would be very foolish to rush headlong into the building without first counting the cost. We would first see how many brick it would take and how much they would cost, how much mortar, how many shingles, and so on down the line until the whole amount is clear before us. Then we proceed to find how much money we have in the bank. And if we have enough, we can begin to build.

So it is with character building. As we begin to build we must count the cost. It is said that salvation is free but let us see whether it is or not.

BIBLE READINGS

It Costs Us Our Best Friends. Luke 14:26. Can we pay the price? When father, mother, husband or wife or our worldly associates, perhaps a sweetheart that you love with all your heart, turns against you because you have chosen to follow the lowly Nazarene, can you pay the price? You must have a large supply of the grace of God to be able to go on with the building then.

Is there one who will study this lesson whom God is calling to pay the price of your loved ones? If so, lay them on the altar. Remember they can stand by your bedside when you are dying and hold your hand while the scalding tears fall from their eyes, they can wipe the death sweat from your face, but they must stop there. Jesus can stand by you at your dying bed and then pilot you across the dark river into the beautiful City whose builder and maker is God. He can pilot you to that beautiful mansion He has already prepared for you.

What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ.—Pilate.

It Costs Us Worldly Pleasures. 1 John 2:15-17. Many people come up against that and draw back. If any man draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him. Heb. 10:38. Oh how fleeting are the things of this world, and how many souls are sinking in despair because they are unwilling to lay them on the altar. Solomon says, "All is vanity and vexation."

It Costs Us Our Love of Money. 1 Tim. 6:10-21. It is true that salvation is a free gift and that the poorest man (financially speaking) can have it, and yet he, if unwillingly to lay it at the Master's feet,

will keep us out of Heaven. Oh what a serious thought!

Many stingy souls are going to come up disappointed at the judgment on account of hoarding up their money while men and women are starving for the bread of life, and they refusing to give their means to carry this wonderful gospel to them. We see them in our imagination over on the left side with the goats in the following scripture.—Matt. 25:31-46.

It Costs Us Our Cowardice. Num. 13:30; Matt. 20:22-23. God cannot use cowards very successfully. Cowardice is blocking the way of the Lord's work more than we can imagine. If God could get a band of workers who were not afraid to step over on the enemy's territory and do things for God, His kingdom would soon come and His will be done. We do not say that there are none like that, but they are scarce. People are afraid to launch out on account of the giants in the land, when if we would march right up to them they would be tied like the lions in "Pilgrim's Progress."

It Costs Us Our Time. Eph. 5:14-16. Yes, God demands our time. We cannot give our time to the frivolous things of the world if we choose to follow Jesus. He needs us to labor in His whitened harvest field. He has asked us to pray that laborers should be thrust forth into His vineyard. So that is what we are called for.

What It Cost Jesus to Bring This Salvation to us. Phil. 2:5-11. Yes, it cost Jesus all to bring us this salvation. He was the great missionary who came from the heavenly country to save us from our sins. He humbled Himself and became obedient to the death of the cross. Shall we hold anything back from Him? Jesus said, If ye do not forsake all and follow me ye cannot be my disciples. So we see it costs all to follow Him.

NOTE:—For the benefit of those who are just beginning to use the lessons we always feel that it is necessary to give a few instructions as to how to use them.

The different subjects are to be distributed among your young people to talk from. We have given a few comments and want you to discuss it in your own language, bringing out other thoughts that may come to you. Do not depend on these comments alone. It will help you to do some thinking yourself. Some of the lessons will have the scripture without the comment and you will need to do all the thinking for yourself.

Topic: SERVICE, A WAY TO LEADERSHIP

Scripture Lesson, Matt. 20:20-28

So often those who are just saved and sometimes have gone to the depth of receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost think because God has so wonderfully blessed them that they should be thrust forth into some responsible place at once. This is rarely

ever best, for usually we must begin by humility, being willing to take the lowest place in the service of the Master and permitting Him to lift us up to the exalted place if it should ever be God's will for

(Continued on next page)

Young People's Bible Lessons

(LESSON THREE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

us to have that kind of a place.

I well remember for years after God so wonderfully baptized me with the Holy Ghost, I had the "Go ye" burning so in my soul, and desired so to get out in the whitened harvest field that it almost broke my heart to be tied down with household cares and the rearing of my precious children. Yet no mother ever loved and adored her children more than I, but it seemed I was doing so little. I wanted to be of service to my Master. While out in California, I well remember how God laid the burden of souls upon me. But there seemed no way out. I said, "Lord, I can't get out to do much, if you want me to help in the saving of souls, send them to me." Little did I realize what ministry this prayer would lead to. Sacramento was a great place for unemployed men and women to come for work. Many tramps who made their living by begging came to our door for help. I decided that none of them should ever be turned away hungry or without a gospel message. So I kept gospel tracks on hand and as I fed them I would give out my tracts and talk to them about Jesus. Sometimes they would leave the house weeping, others would go away without any seeming concern about their soul. Then they came in from all kinds of unexpected quarters for just a little talk on spiritual things, some church people who were hungry for spiritual fellowship. Then we opened our home and set every Tuesday afternoon for prayer meeting and we would have a large attendance at each service, most of them hungry church people. From a willingness to serve in the small things, just the feeding of tramps, God led the way on up to greater things little by little until all over the city of Sacramento today there are people who were helped and strengthened, some saved, sanctified and led on into the baptism of the Holy Ghost, just thru a willingness to serve in the small things. Anyone who loves God and wants to serve Him can find something to do. Our Bible says, Whatsoever our hands find to do, do it with all our might. This is all God asks. He doesn't say we must do some great thing. Whatever we do however small in the eyes of the world will be great in God's sight.

Just here let me say, if every member of the Y. P. E. would follow this rule we would not be long in building up a great young people's organization that would be a light set on a hill that could not be hid. If the Good Cheer committee, the Friendly committee, the President, the Secretary, and every member would get in his or her place and be faithful in small things, God would be able to develop some wonderful leaders from the Young People's Endeavor. How about it? Shall we try? However, let me say, do not go at it with the thought of leadership in your mind, but just a simple desire to serve God by serving your fellowman. God will take care of the leadership.

SOME QUOTATIONS

To be a leader means that we must be an ex-

ample. People will not follow one they do not admire. The guide himself must be worth while.—Marston.

We can face anything if we are sure we are led by one who knows the way. That is why Jesus is the supreme leader. —Rev. James Reed.

BIBLE READINGS

LEARNING TO SERVE

Exod. 17:9-16

In this scripture we have a lesson of what a need there is in the church of people to hold up the hands of the leaders. The reason so many churches fail in fulfilling their mission is because the burden is too heavy for the pastor to carry alone and the members do not hold up his hands as they should. They spend their time criticizing instead of praying and working. Endeavorers, let's hold up our pastors' hands.

THRUST INTO LEADERSHIP

Exod. 3:1-10

Moses' call was a direct, instantaneous, supernatural call. He was not expecting it. But we remember a time when Moses made the consecration and declared that he had rather suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. The main thing is to say yes to God and wait for Him to lead the way.

THE GREAT SERVANT

Luke 4:16-20

Yes, it is true that many great preachers today and in the past have had every opportunity to give the gospel to the world. They have had the privilege of education and Bible training in theological schools, but because they have failed to declare the whole counsel of God they have drifted away into formalism and God is sending out into the highways and hedges and calling men and women and putting His power into their lives and sending them forth to carry this full gospel to the four corners of the earth. Dear ones, if you and I do not measure up, God will call some one else in our place.

WOMEN AT WORK

Acts 9:36

God has given women a great scope of territory in which to be of service to Him. We are glad that Mary, the mother of Jesus and other women were with Him when He said, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses, unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

GOING FORTH

Matt. 10:1-8

We see by this command what God expects of His leaders. There is just as great need for men and women today who will heed this call and obey it as there was when the Lord gave this commission to His disciples. This is the kind of leaders God is looking for. But there is a price to pay for this power.

"Leaving all to follow Jesus,
Turning from this world away,
Stepping out upon His promise,
All I have is His today."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE LESSONS

Topic: THE MACEDONIAN CALL

Scripture Lesson, Acts 16:6-13

We see that the early apostles lived so close to God that they received messages from heaven brought by angels' hands. Is it not true that if we live close enough to him today that He can lead and guide and direct us and tell us where He would have us go? Yes, He is doing that in many cases today. This is what He is wanting to do for us. How much more could we do for the Master if we could always be in the will of the Lord. There would not be so many heartaches and disappointments, and failures as we see today.

It seems strange that the Holy Ghost should forbid them to preach the Word anywhere. We may be forbidden to do certain things because there are things of more importance to be done. We may fit in some places better than others. The reason there are so many failures in the world is that we get into the wrong place and are a misfit. Let us wait upon God till He calls and then say, "Here am I, send me."

This Macedonian call is still going forth today. Souls both in the homeland and in the foreign field are calling, "Come over and help us." What are you doing to answer the call?

We believe that if some of us would listen we might hear a voice saying as of yore, "Get thee out from thy country and thy kindred, into a land that I will show thee, and I will bless thee." Oh yes, we are all the time asking for blessings for ourselves, and I believe that this would be the best way for some of us to get blessed. What we need to do is to leave Jerusalem for awhile and try it out over in Samaria and Judea and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. But let us first prove ourselves at Jerusalem and count the cost before we hasten out to foreign fields.

I hear some say, Oh it seems that I can find nothing to do, when souls are starving for love and comfort all around. That kind of a man or woman had better stay at Jerusalem awhile longer until they get the love of God burning in their souls and until they get a vision of the whitened fields.

Oh how we need young men and women strong in body and in Spirit to go into the homeland and plant churches in the neglected districts! These workers need not necessarily be preachers, but community workers, able to lead the community out along religious lines and establish a church. It seems to me that this is needed as much today as preachers. We are hoping that many of our young people

will be led along this line.

Home missions is the mother of foreign missions. Austin Phelps said, "If I were a missionary in Canton, China, my first prayer every morning would be for the success of American Home Missions for the sake of China." The right kind of a church at home will see to it that the heathen have the gospel.

Thirty-eight million people have had the Word of life withheld from them by the tyrannical priests of Rome. And they will remain half civilized until the advent of Protestantism. Other nations are still in heathen darkness. Should they file past you at the rate of twenty every minute you must stand night and day never ceasing for one hundred years. Every breath that you breathe three of these faces with not a spark of heaven's light in their eyes look pleadingly upon you as they go out into eternity. Is not this a Macedonian cry that the Church of God should heed today?

Our mission to the foreign field is to carry the Word of God to the hungry hearts there. The Bible is the voice of God speaking to us. It is a call to all nations to turn to the Lord. The Bible plants new ideas in the minds of non-Christians, beautiful, uplifting ideas of God and the life beyond and of this life and its duties. There are good hearts among non-Christians ready to receive the Word with gladness and hold on to it. To such the Bible is a treasure.

The value of the Bible lies in its message. A Christian may spoil his testimony by a single mistake in living; the Bible message stands as it is written and shines by its own light.—Shearer.

It would take an immense river to water the whole earth, yet that is what the Bible does. It is the river of God that waters the whole earth. What a vital book it must be.—J. Adamson.

A Brahmin said, "You Christians are not as good as your book, if you were, you would convert India in five years."—Revivalist.

If the Bible means so much to people in heathen darkness then why should we not make a greater effort to get it to them. I wonder if we will not be responsible if they are lost.

BIBLE READINGS

The Great Commission	Matt. 28:18-20
Obedying The Commission	Mark 16:19-20
Paul as a Missionary	Rom. 15:18-33
The Spirit's Prompting	Acts 13:1-5
Peter's Mission	Acts 10:34-48
Paul's Mission to Rome	Acts 28:17-31

THE SECRET OF PREVAILING PRAYER

Andrew Murray, D. D.

In prayer, there are two parties: God and man, God in His inconceivable holiness and glory and love; man in his littleness, his sinfulness, his impotence. Our thought of what prayer is will depend on the point of view. If, as is mostly done, we just think of our own needs and desires, of our own faith as to the certainty of an answer, we shall soon find that there is no real power in our prayer. It is only when we regard prayer in the light of God, the deep interest He takes in us, the wonderful love with which He waits to answer prayer, the Almighty power which is the pledge of what He can and will do, and above all, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit by which He Himself will strengthen us for the faith and perseverance that are in prayer. And we shall begin to see what an infinite difference it makes whether we look at prayer in the light of earth, or of heaven, in the light of man's littleness or in the infinite Glory of the living God.

When once a Christian sees the difference, he may be in danger of at once striving to pray a little more and a little better than he has hitherto done, and yet find how his efforts end in failure. He needs to realize that there are here two ways set before him. The one prayer as a means by which man can get from Heaven what he needs. The other—prayer as an infinite grace of God, lifting us up into His fellowship and love, and then when He has thus brought us to Himself, bestowing upon us the blessings we need. In the former case, the gifts that I can receive through prayer are the chief things. In the latter, God and His love, and intercourse with Him, and the surrender of the suppliant to His glory and His will will be supreme.

When once the child of God understands this, he sees that there is the great alternative set before him: shall it be the human

aspect of prayer, or the Divine, that is to rule my life? Shall it be man, or God, that is to be first in every prayer? He will feel the need of coming to a definite decision as to which of these two paths he is to walk in. He will feel that it is no light matter to change from the one to the other. It is only possible by the intervention of God's mighty power, and by surrender on his part in the faith of what God will do, to walk with God as he has never yet done. Nothing but the firm resolve to part with the self-life in prayer and to yield himself wholly to the life and leading of the Spirit, will enable him truly to become a man of prayer such as God and Christ would have him.

God must be first. To this end there must be secret prayer, where God and you alone can meet. The first thing must be to bow in lowly reverence before God in His glory, the Father whose name is to be hallowed, and so offer Him your adoration and worship. When you have secured some sense of His presence, you may utter your petitions in the hope, in the assurance, that He hears and accepts of them, and in due time will send you His answer.

Above all, in our little book, we have felt the need of the unceasing repetition of the loving message: Take time. Give God time to reveal Himself to you. Give yourself time to be silent and quiet before Him, waiting to receive through the Spirit the assurance of His Presence with you, of His power working in you. Take time to read His Word, as in His Presence, that from it you may know what He asks of you and what He promises you.

Let the Word create around you, create within you, a holy atmosphere, a holy heavenly light in which your soul will be refreshed and strengthened for the work of daily life. Yes, take time that God may let His Holy Presence enter into your heart: and in due time,

your whole being may to some extent be permeated with the life and the love of Heaven.

I feel deeply the need of Christians being trained to pray if their intercession is to be effectual and much availing. They only need to learn how to live their life with God aright in the daily exercise of fellowship with Him through the prayer of faith. They will then find that the path of prayer in which it always is God first is not only the path of great peace and joy, but of true power for intercession on behalf of those who have yet to be won for Him.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS

(Continued From Page Three)

have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12:1.

I want to be a soul winner for Jesus. Phillip was a great soul winner. He was in communion with God and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. He knew when God spoke to Him. We young people often miss the goal by not asking God to guide us where to go, when to speak, and what to say.

Stephen was another soul winner. He had the privilege of dying for Christ. We may never have the privilege of dying for Him but we can live for Him..

Not long ago a young woman who works beside me said, "I don't see what pleasure you have, you never go to movies or to dances." But I want to say I had to give up all these things to find real enjoyment. I had rather be with God's people and feel His presence than to have all the worldly pleasure that could be mentioned.

I thank God for the Young Peoples' Endeavor in Cincinnati. Our subject Sunday night was, "Does it pay to be a Christian." Many wonderful things were said but still tongue can never express how much it pays to be a Christian.

A Surrendered Life

(Continued from page 7)
sacraments, and costly church buildings; to refuse to take an oath, and to go to war. But it has also led to a serious effort to follow Christ in earnest. This has been a stimulating example to all other Christians.

Fox decided that war and all forms of fighting are sinful, contrary to the gospel of Christ. He refused, and his followers have uniformly refused, to bear arms against a foe, even when it cost them social stigma and imprisonment. Such courage, such conviction, ought to be involved at the very source of all discipleship. He believed that Christ sets us free, and that every individual becomes a child of God in Christ and is, therefore, as good as any other member of God's family. Hence, all distinctions between men ought to be eliminated. This belief led Fox to refuse to take off his hat even in the presence of rulers. It likewise resulted in considerable suffering to individual members, but it nevertheless gave practical testimony to the Christian doctrine of the equality of all men before God. With George Fox to accept Christ was to accept the social consequences and implication of his gospel. So he proceeded to care for the poor and needy, the fatherless and the widows, the imprisoned. Much of his time was spent in helping and persuading others to help the needy. It is no exaggeration to say that prison reform began with Fox and that his followers were one large factor in the ultimate abolition of slavery.

Following the "inner light" also involved his doing the thing that he felt prompted to do, no matter what the cost. This required much courage and sacrifice, but led also to much loving service for Christ. Fox himself felt called to come to America. He came, not counting the risks and dangers and cost. Once here, he felt impelled to minister to the Indians and did so with such kindness that he com-

pletely won their confidence. The Quakers' missionary work among the Indians was one of the most fruitful of all such efforts.

With Fox's life as a guide we may correctly conclude that one's genuine acceptance of Christ involves a deep spiritual experience, freedom of the mind and the soul, moral passion and conviction, social obligations, a life of service and a sense of "being sent."—From Presbyterian Advocate.

WHEN GOD IS SILENT

Unanswered prayer should not be an obstacle to faith. With the natural eye the believer sees no evidence that God is working, but the eye of faith sees "him who is invisible." The natural ear hears no sound of coming relief, but by faith the Christian accepts the promises of God's Word and knows they will be carried out. This truth is beautifully expressed by Sir Robert Anderson in "The Gospel and Its Ministry": "Faith must be prepared for a refusal. Faith trusts for safety, but never fails when perils come. Faith looks for food, and shelter, but never falters when hunger, and thirst, and cold, and nakedness, become its portion. The faith that cries with the Psalmist, 'At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee,' is truer and greater than the faith that could bid the sun stand still upon Gideon; and the sufferings of Paul denotes a higher faith than the mightiest acts of Elijah! 'A night and a day I have been in the deep!' Paul—the beloved child and saint of God, the faithful and honoured servant, the chosen vessel to bear His name before the world, the foremost of the apostles—clinging to some frail plank upon the wild lone sea, hour after hour for a whole sun's round; in hunger, and thirst, and cold; the sport of every wave; lost to earth, and seemingly unknown to heaven; and yet he had a God who could have delivered him by a word! And though deliverance came not, he kept his heart and eye fixed upon unseen realities,

and reckoned the present sufferings unworthy to be compared with the coming glory." It was the same Paul who by inspiration wrote: "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

A LETTER TO SHUT-INS

(Continued from page six)

of the way, then the gates of Heaven will swing open for us to enter and we shall see the lights of Home, and be forever with the Lord and the dear ones He has kept for us there.

While very young I learned this beautiful hymn which has been a prayer through the years:

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm and thankful heart
From every murmur free;
The blessing of thy peace impart
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end."

This poem was written by Anne Steele, an English spinster, daughter of a Baptist minister, who, like Miss Simpson, lived a life of uncomplaining suffering. We love the hymn and although by God's grace we are not a shut-in, yet we memorized it years ago and use it as a prayer continually.

You are writing a gospel,
A chapter each day,
By deeds that you do,
By words that you say;
Men read what you write,
Whether faulty or true.
Say, what is the gospel
According to you?—
Selected.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

DECEMBER, 1930

NO. 4.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

"O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places
On this, the gladdest night of all the year,
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no cheer:
For these, O Father, our petition hear
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.

"And there be tempted souls this night still waging
Such desperate warfare with all evil powers;
Anthems of peace, while the dead strife is raging,
Sound but a mockery through their midnight hours;
For these, O Father, our petition hear
And send thy tempted, sinless Christ-child very near.

"Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones, sobbing,
Who feel this night all earthly love denied,
Who hear but dirges in the loud bells' throbbing
For loved ones lost who blessed last Christmas tide;
For these, O Father, our petition hear
And send the loving Christ-child near."—Sel.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor

714 Harrison St.

Knoxville, Tennessee

DECEMBER

EDITORIALS

Good morning, "Lighted Pathway" friends: It has been two months since we last greeted you. We were sorry to miss the November number, but we were not financially able to do better. We hope the time will come in the near future when we will be able to carry on this work unhindered.

We are publishing this number early so that we can have you your Thanksgiving lesson along with the Christmas number and partly make up for the November number.

A CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

We are giving you in this number a Christmas pageant that we are sure you will like if it is properly carried out. We have compiled this from different pageants we have seen and from our own idea of the Scripture on this subject, and have used it twice. Each place people have said it was the most impressive they had ever seen. There is almost nothing to memorize and this makes it easy to put on. The costuming and lights have much to do with the success of the program. If you are puzzled about the costuming you may write enclosing a two cent stamp and we will give you instructions. The angel background has much to do with the beauty of this also. You will feel that you have been repaid for all your expense and trouble when your program is over. Be sure to give the children a part in the program also as it will not take all the time for the pageant, but be sure to close with this part of the program.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY
HELPERS' CLUB

We were greatly encouraged at the General Assembly of the Churches of God at Cleveland, Tenn. last week as we heard the words of appreciation for "The Lighted Pathway." Many said they didn't see how they could get along without it. It made me feel that I must not fail God along this line. If my life could be a blessing to the young people through this avenue of service I must work a little harder and pray more until victory comes financially.

We know of no better way of working than through this club plan. If I could get a few energetic helpers who would feel the responsibility it would be no trouble to carry on the work. I am praying that the Holy Ghost will lay this so heavily upon your heart that you will not be able to rest until you have done your part each month.

If God does lay this on your heart, may I ask you to try to send in for your rolls, and also the subscribers you may solicit by the 15th of the month so that I can tell more definitely how many to have published, as the paper goes to the publishers about the 15th.

Dear ones, will you work with me this next year and see what a blessing we can be in getting into the homes this little paper. I will promise you that I will do my best with my prayers and my tears to make the paper a blessing to our young people. I am counting on you.

I am having one thousand copies printed this time and if you will help me sell them it will put me over the top and then I can start the new year even with the world. God bless you.

OUR READING CLUB

We have often heard it said that our young people did not like to read, and I am wondering if it is not true, as yet no one has responded to our plea for members of this club. I believe that this would be a great help to both old and young to take up this work. If you do not like my selection, write in and sug-

gest something and we will publish your suggestion, maybe you know better what would appeal to young people. I am going to suggest "Pilgrim's Progress" in this issue. It is said that this book is next to the Bible. If you have read it, do so again.

THE INNER CIRCLE

Only ten have responded to the "Inner Circle" call. We are sure there are hundreds of consecrated young people who have not yet been impressed with signing this pledge. Others have said it means too much to sign it. Perhaps some feel that it isn't necessary. No, it isn't really necessary but it is a splendid reminder of the pledge you had to make to God before you received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the pledge you must not break if you keep filled with the Spirit. There is no other way to be a soul winner than to keep this pledge, and to sign it is only a reminder of that pledge you have already made.

Then it is a splendid thing to have your name enrolled so that as we go to prayer we can pray definitely for the Inner Circle, that their faith fail not. We ask every reader to pray especially for those who have sent us their names for the Inner Circle.

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

We are hoping and praying that this holiday season will be the very best that has ever come to the readers of "The Lighted Pathway," because of the joy of the Lord that the Babe of Bethlehem came to bring, and that with the New Year will come a greater desire and a stronger determination to be of service to the Master than ever before.

A LOVELY CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

What could be nicer than a yearly subscription to The Lighted Pathway for your friends at this Christmas time? It would be a gentle reminder of your love and your interest in their soul throughout the year.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By The Editor

Joy to the world the Lord has come,
 Let earth receive her king,
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing."

This song which we hear ringing
 on every occasion at Christmas
 me has never been impressed so
 rribly upon my heart as it has
 is morning. How I wish I might
 ake the whole world realize just
 hat it means. "Joy to the world
 e Lord has come." Had He not
 me on that first Christmas morn-
 g, what a sad old world this
 ould be. The precious Lamb of
 od which taketh away the sin of
 e world! One who was willing to
 ave His home in glory and come
 this earth, suffer and die, that
 is joy might be ours! "Oh come
 us sing unto the Lord: let us
 ake a joyful noise unto the rock
 our salvation." Psal. 95:1.

We are thinking of the joy that
 me to Mary's heart as the angel
 me to her, saying, "Blessed art
 ou among women," and revealed
 her that she was to become the
 other of the Son of God. Along
 th this great joy there came to
 r (as with all of God's chosen
 es) the reproach, the misunder-
 andings of friends and loved
 es. Had not God spoken to Joseph
 too would have forsaken her.
 ank God for those to whom He
 n speak and who will hearken
 to His voice. Without a doubt
 ary had many admirers and
 ends, but she did not allow the
 understandings of the world to
 nder her from saying, yes, to God.
 Mary, like Abraham, stepped out
 n faith not knowing whither she
 nt, trusting God to manage af-
 rs and make all things work to-
 ther for good because she loved
 m. Little did she realize that as
 on as she said yes to God, the
 emy would be on her track.

Oh yes, the old fellow went on
 ead and barred her out of the
 comfortable hotels at Bethlehem,
 and poor Mary had to take that
 ily place with the cows, and
 ere our Christ was born. Likely
 ary did not know this; but away

back in the past somewhere, God
 had lifted the veil and allowed the
 prophet to see just what would hap-
 pen. On a little further down the
 line the same old fellow stirred the
 heart of Herod, who made them
 flee into Egypt to save the young
 child's life.

Perhaps all through Mary's life
 she suffered much because of the
 persecutions of her precious son.
 It was hard for her to understand,
 and especially on that day when
 she went marching up the moun-
 tain side to Mt. Calvary. Oh that
 awful scene, as under the lash He
 struggled under that heavy load,
 the cross on which He was to
 hang for you and me. And then as
 she watched them place Him upon
 the cross and heard the cruel
 sound of the hammer as it drove
 those nails through His hands,
 which had done so many loving
 deeds, and those feet which had
 run so many errands for her in
 His boyhood days! Oh, Mary, we
 wonder how you bore up under this
 awful scene.

I fancy I hear you say, But why
 do you talk of such sad things at
 this time, when all the earth should
 be filled with joy? But the world
 needs to understand more fully
 the price of this joy that we pos-
 sess today.

Do you think that Mary was ever
 sorry she said yes to God? Oh no,
 we believe that this wonderful joy,
 through all of these trying times,
 reigned supreme. A little later on
 we find her in the upper room over-
 flowing with joy, and baptized with
 the Holy Ghost. Oh hallelujah!
 This wonderful joy!

Saying yes to God means suffer-
 ing, but it means joy unspeakable
 and full of glory in this life, and
 a beautiful garment of fine needle-
 work and a crown of gold in the
 next.

Oh the thousands of souls today
 who are hearing the sweet, tender
 voice of Jesus, saying, "Son, daugh-
 ter, give me thine heart; and let
 me put this joy in your life, which
 comes only to those who are will-
 ing to obey my voice." They are
 not willing to say yes like Mary,
 but are saying by their actions, I

cannot bear the reproach. My fa-
 ther and mother would misunder-
 stand me, and it would break their
 hearts for me to walk this narrow
 way because they have a wonderful
 career mapped out for me and I
 could not bear to disappoint them.
 Or my husband or wife is not in
 sympathy with this way, and our
 home might be disrupted. Who
 knows but what the angel of the
 Lord might appear to him or her,
 as he did to Joseph, and they too
 would understand and go along
 with you. Or if they did not, Jesus
 trod the winepress alone.

Had Mary said no to the angel,
 there would have been no joy for
 her; neither will there be joy for
 you if you fail to say yes to God.
 There may be a mock joy which
 we see on every hand at Christmas
 time, the joy that the frivolous
 things of the world bring to you,
 but not the joy mentioned in this
 hymn. How many precious ones
 sing this song during the Christ-
 mas season who have never yet
 learned what it means to be in pos-
 session of this joy.

We are thinking also of the joy
 which came to the shepherds as
 they were so faithfully guarding
 their sheep, as the song rang out
 on the still night air, "Glory to
 God in the highest, peace on earth
 good will toward men."

It was to those who were awake
 and watching that our God first
 appeared and made known this
 wonderful secret, and it is to those
 today who are wide awake to the
 things of the Lord to whom He can
 reveal Himself. We imagine these
 shepherds had been reading the
 prophecies, and had been looking
 for the coming of the Lord; and
 that was the reason He could trust
 them with the message. He knew
 they would believe it. Oh, hallelu-
 jah! He always has a faithful few
 who will believe and obey.

We believe it will be only the
 faithful few who have been read-
 ing the Word, and to whom the
 Lord is able to reveal His secrets,
 that will be ready and watching
 for His second coming. "Unto them
 that look for him, shall he appear
 a second time without sin unto
 salvation." Are we looking for Him,

(Please look on page eight)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

LED BY A LITTLE GIRL

Mr. Jones was a bad man. He made whiskey to sell which was against the law and was a bad and wicked thing to do. The whiskey he made was poison and was very hurtful to those who drank it. But though he knew it was so bad, and though he knew how sick it made people he drank a great deal of it himself. While he was drunk he would go staggering along the streets of the town where Mary Vance, the minister's daughter, lived. Any little thing would make him so angry, and he would say and do such terrible things when he was excited, that people were afraid to go around him much.

One day as he was going down the sidewalk, reeling back and forth from one side of the walk to the other, he met little Mary. Her father and mother and she were going to church, but she had got started first and so was far ahead of them. She was afraid of the drunken man, but she was so tender-hearted she could not bear to hurt anyone's feelings, so she determined she would not run, lest it might make him feel bad to see her so afraid of him. She stepped as close to the fence as she could, to let him pass, but he did not pass. When he saw her he stopped and said, "Well now, my little dear, how are you and where are you going?"

His tongue was thick and stiff because he was so drunk, but Mary understood him and answered politely, "I am going to meeting up in the meeting house. Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing you ask me so nicely," said the drunk man, "but where shall I sit?"

"You shall sit in our pew," the little girl bravely declared.

So they walked up the street to-

ward the church together, and many curious eyes were turned in their direction as the strange looking pair passed along.

Coming to the church, Mr. Jones followed as Mary led the way clear down to the front of the church where she showed him into the pew usually occupied by her mother and herself, and when he had gone in she went in after him and sat down by him. "Surely he won't hurt me in the church," she thought.

When her parents came in her father took his place in the pulpit but her mother, seeing the pew so strangely occupied, sat down behind Mary, close at hand, where she could watch her child and see that no harm came to her.

After the prayer and singing, the minister said, "Now we shall be happy to hear from any one who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, for I'm awfully wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing him half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; they began to move away from him, some this way and some that, until he and Mary sat almost alone in the front of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I am so wicked. And perhaps God will forsake me, too. Oh, how dreadful."

The thought took such hold of him that he began to cry, and rose again, and said, "Won't you pray for me?"

Seeing the man in such dead earnest, the people took courage, and under the leadership of the minister Mr. Jones was enabled to confess his sins and forsake them and cry out for mercy. In answer to prayer the Lord made him free from the craving for strong drink, which had ruined his life so far,

and he was able to go home saved from all his sins, and delivered from the desire for whiskey.

You may be sure he was always very fond of little Mary Vance, because in her sweet, childish way she had been the instrument in God's hands of saving him from drunkard's hell. — Adapted from Congregationalist.

Christmas Smiles

They say a merry Christmas smile is worth a great big lot.

If this is really, truly so,

I think as like as not

'Twill pay us to keep smiling, for

'Twill drive away our cares,

And we can everyone become Christmas millionaires.—Sel.

What Seest Thou?

By John Grant Newman, D.D.
How easy 'tis to watch a raging storm,

But later, fail to see the iris bow
Or, after dark, forget the sunset glow:

To miss the rose, and pluck the stinging thorn!

Some see no charming beauty anywhere;

Though God hath painted land and arching sky.

And, some know what is good; but feebly try

To win that priceless gem, by love and prayer.

A fairer view by far there is for you:

See thou the pure; devoutly love the true;

For what you fondly love, that you shall be.

Life lives on "loves"; and "loves" reveal the life;

Hence, loving wrong is courtship's endless strife.

This forceful truth a blinded eye may see.—Sel.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

THE STABLE DOOR

By Commander Evangeline Booth

Out of the deepening darkness of the firmament over a chill Eastern night, brilliant stars of diamond-like sparkling shot their lustre as the two weary travelers waited at the door of a village khan for an answer to their humble request for a night's shelter.

They had arrived at the town to which they journeyed; but, had it not been so, it is doubtful whether another step could have been taken by the footsore ass or by its anxious leader, who glanced continually at the pale, sweet face of his young wife, as she uncomplainingly endured the fatigue and suffering of the trying and uneven journey.

"No room in the inn" was the gruff and impatient reply; such was not the first refusal given that night. The little town of Bethlehem was already overcrowded with strangers who had come to record their names on the tax list of Caesar. Whether through compassion, awakened by the patient face of the tired woman, or whether through avidity to get the small fee which a stable-shelter could exact I am not prepared to say which — Mary and Joseph were given quarter in the rude limestone grotto, amid the hay and straw spread for the cattle. I fancy I see her alight from the saddled ass, and with an expression of anxious concern enter "the stable door."

The stable! contemptible in meanness, degrading in association, devoid of comfort, forlorn in appearance! In rudeness of structure, in separation from human inhabitants, suggesting a significant birthplace for One who was to become an outcast—"despised and rejected of men."

How prophetic is its rude struc-

ture! What SYMBOLS OF MOMENTOUS AND ETERNAL HAPPINESS ARE ITS MISSHAPEN FITTINGS!

The gnarled and knotted beams partitioning the stalls in their distorted shadows, emblems of the rugged forms upon which was to be stretched this night's Gift, in the agonizing throes of death, Jesus, the Son of God, the world's Redeemer.

The rustic shepherds, leaving their flocks upon the plains, the first worshippers, token and type of the first place to be given, in the God-nature of Christ and the compassion of Jesus, to the humble mind, the poor, and lowly! To these shepherds no sign in the Heavens; to them the "sign" is a little babe wrapped in swaddling clothes: not in a king's palace, though the King of Glory, but lying in a manger!

May there not be, in the flinty limestone composition of floors and walls, a prophecy of the flints from rock-hewn caverns, with which, in after years, they stoned Him? Was not the whole scene of His nativity but a preliminary sketch of His life that was to follow, a ministry of mercy in the darker and poorer homes of sin and sorrow?

As I look upon this rough-wrought structure, fain would I point the whole world, not to the star that guided the wise men from the East—not to the orchestra of the angelic throng that carolled "good will on earth"—not to the palaces of kings—not the Scribes and Pharisees—but to a transfigured manger in a stable. IN THIS ONCE DARK, UNPROMISING SCENE OF NATIVITY there are hidden treasures, all-absorbing lessons of momentous import, which,

for our eternal welfare, we should seek to discover and interpret.

From the stable scene we learn how great events may emerge from small beginnings; how often things which at their starting, appear the most insignificant, involve issues of the greatest possibility either for good or evil. The amazed shepherds needed all the help that visions and voicings of angelic choir singing His birth could render, to enable them to believe that the tiny infant of the maiden-mother, wrapped in coarse linen, pillowed in an uncouth manger, was any other than an ordinary child, or ordinary parentage, born in unfortunate circumstances, to begin and conclude life in unrenowned obscurity. It would have been just as difficult to imagine that the babe, under sentence of death, taken from the bulrush cradle by the daughter of Pharaoh, was destined to lead a nation from bondage to independence and establish a law that for the ages was to remain the standard of justice and truth. Just as impossible a task would it be for a people of another and later age to believe that, in a small back room of a low German saloon, was born Martin Luther, one of the mightiest of the world's reformers, whose voice of thunder was to rock a world foundation of unbelief and demolish the bulwarks of a universal delusion. So it is JUST AS IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW WHAT MAY LIE IN THE CRADLE OF OUR HOMES!

Mother, as you rock your babe to and fro, soothing it with gentle murmur, or hushing it by lullaby, do you realize that, in your arms of love, you may clasp infinite possibilities, everlasting consequences, eternities of blessing or woe? So watch your treasure as the holy mother watched her firstborn. It is not of so much account whether the swaddling bands be composed

(Continued on page nine)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

An Evening Prayer

By Catherine Marshall
Muskogee, Okla.

Dear Father, take the day just done,

And with Thy tender love and care;

Straighten the tangled broken threads

And make the pattern true and fair.

Make of my failures stepping stones,

To lead me on the upward way;
Forgive the thoughtless words and deeds

That must have grieved Thy heart today.

Teach me to share the blessings Thou

Hast showered on me in golden store;

And as "I lay me down to sleep"

Oh, may I love and trust Thee more.

**EVEN THE WIND
AND THE SEA**

How grateful we may be to the Holy Spirit that he has not recounted the incidents in the Book of God merely to preserve for us their record, though that record is a marvelous one, particularly that of our adored Lord. We love it and rejoice in its simplicity, its completeness and permanency, and above all, its divine inspiration. but it is so much more than a record. In respect to the familiar text, "Even the wind and the sea obey him" (Mark 4:41), it is as though our Lord had said: "Here is the story of that day, when I was out with Peter and John and the rest in little boats on the Sea of Galilee. You will read in it how I quieted the storm of wind and spray with a word, and you will read, too, how I can breathe a 'Peace, be

still!' over every wind and sea in your life, until there shall be a great calm. Be not afraid, only believe."

For wind and wave are symbolic of affliction and pain, of sorrow and trouble, of sin and death. David, weeping over the bitter cup that was his portion, cries out, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." Jonah, after his disobedience to the heavenly vision, groans at the foot of his strange and unsteady mercy seat: "The floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me." And Jeremiah stretches out his hand toward the greatest city of ancient times and sobs, "The sea is come up upon Babylon; she is covered with the multitude of the waves thereof."

There are certain things about the high winds and stormy seas of our lives that are worthy of consideration.

In the first place, they are sure to come. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." When our gardener of Eden chose to disregard the divine mandate, he entailed upon us all lives of sorrow and distress, —often because of sin in others, often again because of our own missing mark. But the beautiful thing about it is that every one of these things is actually overruled for our good. It is as though the Lord should look down in the morning, his infinite mind centered upon all of his children, and should say: "I see the physical suffering will work for good in the life of this one; that a painful misunderstanding will develop spiritual character in that one; that financial loss will humble another, and bitter bereavement sweeten still another. These things I mark out for my children today, that they may learn the blessed lesson. All things work together for good to them that love God."

The Shattered Window

In a certain old town was a great cathedral having a wondrous stained glass window. For miles around the people pilgrimaged to gaze upon the splendor of this master piece of art.

One day there came a storm, and the tempest forced in the window and shattered it into a hundred pieces. Great was the grief of the people at the catastrophe which bereft the town of its proudest work of art. They gathered the fragments in a box and carried them to the cellar.

One day there came a stranger and craved permission to see the window. They told him of its fate. He asked what they had done with the fragments, and they showed him the broken morsels of glass.

"Would you mind giving these to me?" asked the stranger. "Take them along," said the people, "they are no longer any use to us."

The visitor carefully lifted the box and carried it away in his hand. (Please look on page eight)

It is also a precious truth that the wind is never fierce enough nor are the seas high enough to overwhelm us. "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." This is always true if we have our house built solidly on the Rock of Ages, if we have forever made our choice to be entirely his.

When through the deep waters call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;

For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.—S. S. Times.

THE INNER CIRCLE

CONSECRATION PLEDGE

**O LORD: I present
myself unreservedly
to Thee**

**My Time,
My Talents,
My Tongue,
My Will,
My Property,
My Reputation,
My Entire Being,**

**To Be and Do Anything
Thou Requirest of Me.**

Pledge of Faith

Now as I have given myself away I am no longer my own, but all the Lord's.

I believe thou dost accept the offering I bring.

I trust Thee to work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and I will receive you.

As I give myself to Thee, I believe Thou dost receive me now.

Name

Date

THE SPIRIT-FILLED LIFE

James H. McConkey

Jno. 7:38-39

"He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water."

"But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive."

If, some summer day, you were tramping down a certain mountain pass, you would, by-and-by, come to one of the most famous of Swiss glaciers. In the perpendicular wall of that great glacier summer sun and warm winds have hollowed out a great ice cavern. You enter the arch, and as you stand in the fantastic cave, you are chilled thru with its cold. Ice above you; ice before you; ice all about you; — masses of ice; miles of ice. And now, as you gaze, there springs up at your feet a crystal stream of water from the very heart of the glacier, and begins its journey down the valley. You could almost

step across it where it finds its birth. But, like the true Christian life, as it goes it grows, and a few miles down the valley, it is a strong, deep, leaping stream. The birds dip their bills into it, and, drinking, lift their heads to God as if in thanksgiving. The trees slip their roots down the bank and draw up its moisture. The lowing herds sink their nostrils in its pools and drink of its refreshing. By and by it enters a great lake, and seems lost. But it finds issue, and crossing central France, it takes a sudden turn and runs southward, and then, at its mouth, broad enough for fishermen to draw their seines, and for great ships to sail upon its bosom, it is at last lost in Europe's greatest inland sea. And this beautiful, sparkling river, with all its refreshing and blessing, springs from the frozen heart of a great Swiss glacier!

Have you ever looked up into the Lord's face and cried, "O, Christ,

how cold my heart is! How cold when I study Thy blessed Book with all its wondrous words of life; how callous it seems in the sacred chamber of secret prayer; how icy as I look with such seeming unconcern upon the sin and suffering of the lost world; how frozen in its lack of love for the Christless millions of heathendom! O Christ, is there anything that will melt this iceberg heart of mine and cause a river of love and peace and power to flow forth from it to the world about me?" And Jesus Christ says, "There is. I have it." The God who can cause a river of refreshing to break forth from a frigid heart of an Alpine glacier can make a river of life burst forth from your cold heart. Are you a believer? Then listen. "Out of your"—do you heed it?—"out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water."

Let us be glad that Christ has made this truth so plain. Metaphors and similes are often hard to explain. One man has one interpretation, another man a different one. But here there is no chance for wrangling or disputings; none for difference of interpretation. The Holy Spirit interprets this passage Himself. For the Word of God says of this beautiful figure, "This spake He of the Spirit which they that believe on Him should receive." There is no room for doubt about it. God is talking of a river of spiritual blessing; of the river of His own life that He means shall flow from the heart and life of every child of His. And no power in earth has a right to cheat us of that blessed river of life. It is our birthright, and no man can keep us out of it if we fulfill the simple conditions Christ gives.

* * *

*This river of life is the NORMAL
LIFE of the Christian*

We recall a glorious morning drive

(Continued on page nine)

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

(Continued from page three)

or do we say, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning."

We read of another class of people who were close enough to the Lord that He could speak to them, and they must have been filled with joy, as God set the beautiful star in the East to guide them to the place where Jesus lay. Had they been just ordinary astronomers like many today, we believe they would have endeavored to explain it away, but they, too, were watching for Him, because they believed the prophets of old and they came bringing rich gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

There are some of us today to whom the Lord has revealed Himself, and we are full of this wonderful joy. We have believed the message to the shepherds and are singing the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth good will toward men."

We have believed in His first coming and the purpose for which He came, and have been washed in His precious blood which He shed on Calvary's cross for us, and we are filled with this wonderful joy that the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

Dear ones, what are we bringing to Him as gifts at this Christmas season, when the spirit of giving is abroad in our land? Let us think for a moment what God would like best to have.

When we go to buy a present for one of our loved ones, we study sometimes for days to know what they would like best, and oftentimes ask them, and they tell us just what would please them most.

I wonder what our Lord would say if we should ask Him. I believe He would say, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice." When God gets us, He also gets all that belongs to us. Everything is on the altar to be used for His glory. He gets our gold when the call is whispered into our ear, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." If we can't go we will gladly help others

to go. And when the call comes weekly from the Bible School for funds to help these bright boys and girls prepare for life work for Him, we will gladly respond.

Our precious Lord commanded us to pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into His vineyard. He has called them and they have said yes to God and now He is waiting on us to do the rest.

I have heard some of these young people relate time and again how God made them willing to give up everything in this world to go forth in His name, bearing His reproach, that men and women might receive this wonderful joy we are talking about.

There are so many beautiful ways open to us for service. No one (however helpless they are) need go into the presence of God empty handed. God has provided a way for us to do our part. Those who are not able to give (God knows just who they are) can pray and praise and if they are doing their best, they too will have this joy.

It means something to be a possessor of this joy. Praise the Lord. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." To have this joy means service for the Master. We all know when the mountain top experience comes, we feel like we could run through a brick wall for Jesus. It is no trouble to preach then. We wish that we had all the inhabitants of the whole earth before us. We have no fear. It is no trouble to pray for the sick then and the mighty demon spirits must go before us. It is no trouble to go through the hard places, the deep, dark tunnels, along the way for, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Would to God we had more of this wonderful joy at this Christmas time. It is our privilege to be filled to overflowing, if we will love and obey. It is this joy in our lives that makes the world hungry for our Christ and makes us soul winners for Him.

To those who are going through tunnels of sorrow and pain, perhaps at this holiday season your dearest and best friend has been called home to be with Jesus. Per-

haps that precious babe who nestled so close to your breast has been torn away and your heart and home have been left lonely and sad. You wonder how you can ever be happy again.

Beloved, the one who measures out this joy to us according to our needs will not leave you comfortless. He says, "For I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow." Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

THE SHATTERED WINDOW

(Continued from page six)

arms. Weeks passed and then one day there came an invitation to the custodians of the cathedral. It was from a famous artist, noted for his skill in glass craft. It summoned them to his study to inspect a stained glass window, the work of his genius.

Ushering them into his studio, he stood them before a great veil of canvas. At the touch of his hand upon a cord the canvas dropped and before their gaze shone a stained glass window, surpassing in beauty all their eyes had ever beheld.

As they gazed upon its wondrous pattern and cunning workmanship, the artist said, "This window I have wrought from the fragments of your shattered one, and it is now ready to be replaced."

Reader, do you say your plans have been crushed? Thank God and take heart! Have you not learned that the best place for many of your plans is the trash pile? That often you must fling them there before your blinded eyes can see God's better plan for your life?

And how is it with your life? Has sin blighted it? Have mistakes of early years seemingly wrecked it? Does there seem naught for you but to walk its weary treadmill until its days of drudgery is ended?

Then know this. Jesus Christ is a matchless life mender. He will take that shattered life and fashion a more beautiful one from its fragments than yourself could ever have wrought from the whole. — A Call to Prayer.

THE STABLE DOOR

(Continued from page five)

of coarse linen or of fine cambric, the pillow of straw or of down; but it is of eternal importance to remember that early aspirations infused into infant hearts give color and light for lifelong and eternal reflections, even as the sun gives the violet its hue and the buttercup its gold ere its budding. Give one-half the strenuous endeavor and holy care to the cradles, nurseries, and schoolrooms of the world, which today are expended in ministerial effort for deliverance from sin and crime, and coming generations will see three parts of the evil of the universe obliterated. Do not wait until your child is of age before you introduce it to virtue. As soon as the natural eye can detect the shining of a star in the midnight sky, speak to it of what lies above and beyond. The stars will instruct the awakening intellect how virtue and truth shine all the brighter because of the dense darkness that covers the world's sorrow and sin.

There are CRADLE OPPORTUNITIES, though marked with poverty and limitations, that because of their seeming insignificance we regard with indifference, lose sight of or abuse them: yet it is such beginnings that go to make up life; and, tiny as they seem, they are in reality great infinities, giving character to life and shaping the soul for eternity. Surely nothing can be less than a magnitude, that contributes to a soul's eternal gain or loss!

If virtue, no matter how small at its outsetting, or humble its birthplace, can grow so rapidly and travel so fast—then the value set upon its least and earliest expression must be infinite.

Your opportunity may not be more than that of a village street corner, or than that of pointing a soul to Heaven by a word at the kitchen back door, than that of telling the children of Jesus before you kiss them good-night, or that of a prayer for God's blessing on a comrade whose burden is heavy to bear; all small, and perhaps thought not worthy of mention; yet

not smaller nor more insignificant than the look that brought Peter to repentance, transforming the conquered to conqueror; not more simple than the confident wish of the little servant lass that led to the healing of Naaman, the leper; not more insignificant in the eyes of the world than the humble nurse-girl's blessing the little boy of eight who, when in after years a nation showered him with honor and blessing, acknowledged her before the nation as the instrument of his salvation. What a returning of the "bread upon the waters"—how more than worth the waiting of "many days"! 'Twas Lord Shaftesbury's nurse-girl that won the distinction. Hers was but a cradle opportunity, but she used it so faithfully that God made her a "mother in Israel" and magnified her name among women.

From that stable scene we may also learn that, from unfitting and unfavorable circumstances, there may spring what will prove of eternal profit to ourselves, and blessing and uplifting to others. You need only to put Jesus into such untoward surroundings in order to change them into gardens of Eden.—War Cry.

Listened And Was Converted

A young man who had recklessly left home to seek his fortune in his own way, only to find failure and disappointment, was pacing the floor of his boarding-house chamber one sleepless night, in a gloomy and desperate mood, when he heard a voice, a soft but full and rich voice with tears in it, singing the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

He silently parted the shutters, and saw, under the half-raised curtain of a chamber window in the opposite house, a death-bed scene.

His eyes watched it and his ears listened with a strange fascination. The singer, whether relation or friend, was holding the dying girl's hand, and a sorrowful group knelt by the bed. The song went on, sweetly and tremulously, till at the words—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want," the singer's voice broke, and the watcher knew by the agitation in the chamber that the fluttering soul had passed away.

The young man turned from his window and knelt down and wept—wept long, and prayed. He did not rise from his knees till he had made all the words of that hymn his own, and cast himself forever on the mercy of Christ.

The Spirit-Filled Life

(Continued from page seven)

under the sky of a southern spring day. The world seemed intoxicated with life. The tree-roots were sucking life from the earth in which they were hid. The trunks were passing it upward to the branches. The branches were pouring it forth to the very tips of the swelling buds. The seeds buried in the ground were quickening with life. The day was humming with the drone and buzz of insect life. The very air you breathed made the pulsing blood to leap and thrill with life. And the thought was borne home with power, "If God's normal plan for His physical world is one of such abounding, over-flowing life, why should it not be the same for the spiritual life of His own Children?" "Ah," you say, "but this river of the Spirit is the exceptional life. It is beyond the ordinary. It is not the normal life of the believer of today." Are we sure of that? What is the believer's normal life? Is the usual life of the Christian the normal life God has designed for him? Or, does it not rather reveal the shame of his short-comings of it?

To know naught of the power of God; to live a barren, fruitless life in the kingdom of God; to have no delight in the service of God: to be so allied with the world as hardly to be known as the children of God—is this the normal life of God's child? Nay, never. It may be the usual life—alas for that!—but it is never the normal life. It may be the one we are living. But it is an awful sag from the one

(Please look on Next Page)

The Spirit-Filled Life

(Continued from page nine)
Christ means us to live.

Would you look upon a picture of the normal life? Here it is. Mark it well. "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul: and great grace was upon them all: and all that believed were together: and they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as were being saved." Lives filled with grace and joy, love and unity, testimony and power, and favor both with men and God — these were the normal lives in those glad days. Yea, and God means these to be the normal lives yet. Verily, this life is not the exception in God's plan. It is the type. It is the worldly, powerless, fruitless Christian life which is abnormal, that is, away from the normal. The Spirit-filled life is God's own pattern in the mount: God's own perfect model for our lives. For God never has designed and never will endure any substitute for the individual, consecrated, Spirit-filled life, and any church which falls short of this high ideal will miss its high calling however pretentious its claims, however elaborate its organization.

*This river of life is IN us who
BELIEVE*

A belated ship had come in from sea. Her water barrels were exhausted. Her crew were perishing with thirst. By and by they sighted another vessel, and the cry went up from the perishing men, "Send us water; send us water." Back from the captain of the other ship came the strange reply:—"Throw over your pails and draw." "But we want not this salt water to madden our thirst. We are famishing for life-giving water." Back again came the same strange reply:—"Throw over your pails and draw." Once again with parched lips and burning throats, the now desperate crew called for water. And then came back the answer:—

"You are in the mouth of the Amazon. Throw over your pails and draw." And, sure enough, all unknown to themselves, they had sailed into the mouth of the Amazon, which is, at mid-river, so wide as to be out of sight of land. And, all the while they were thirsting, perishing, and crying for water, the sweet, fresh water of that great river was all about them and they needed only to draw, to drink, and find life.

Just so are men and women crying out to God for the Holy Spirit to come: pleading for a baptism of the Holy Spirit; waiting to receive the Holy Spirit. Yet, all the while, the Holy Spirit is here. For this river of life, this Spirit of the living God, becomes the possession of every one of His children upon belief in Jesus Christ for salvation. If there were no other test to prove this than Christ's own word here that would seem to be all-sufficient. How clear and explicit it is. "He that believeth out of his innermost being shall flow." "But this spake he of the Spirit which they that believe on Him should receive." No other condition named, none other needed, but this simple one of faith in Him for salvation. The faith which trusts Him then for salvation: and then the faith which presses on to give the life to Him in dedication: which commits all things to his keeping: which draws day by day upon Him for His resurrection life: which constantly leans upon and lives upon Him for all things:—it is this faith alone which the fuller, more complete, and more all-sweeping it becomes, brings to the child of God an ever-increasing, ever enriching knowledge of the indwelling Spirit of God.

Of like import is our Lord's word to His disciples in the 14th chapter of John. There He tells them that the Father will send them "another Comforter." "For He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." That word "another" is significant. There are two words for it in the Greek. One means another of a different kind. Interestingly enough, our English word "another" contains this double meaning. For example: You go into a hardware store to

buy a penknife. You select one seemingly perfect. But when you come to use it you find it otherwise. The edge is dull. The steel is brittle and worthless. The first strain you put upon the blade it snaps in two. You go back to the merchant and say: "This knife does not please me at all. I want another." You mean another of a different kind. But, now suppose when you buy your second knife you find it just right. The blade is keen as a razor. The steel is of the finest quality. The handle is of a beautiful pearl. You are delighted with your purchase. You think of a friend to whom you would like to give one like it. So you go back again to the merchant and say—"I am delighted with this knife. Please give me another." And, now you mean another of the same kind exactly like the one you have just bought.

When the Lord Jesus was going away from His own and said "The Father will send you another Comforter," He used the Greek word which means "another of the same kind." That is, the very same a Himself. "The very same life you have seen flowing from Me; the very same the Father sent down from Heaven with Me: the very same by which He has done His wondrous works through Me; the very same Holy Spirit shall be in you, even as He was not in the Old Testament saints. He was with them; but he shall be in you." And so with all reverence, yet with a joy and gladness of heart may we say that the very same Holy Spirit who dwelt in the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God, is dwelling in us God's children. Let us believe upon His word, that He is so indwelling in all of us who are believers in Him, and just waiting for a chance to live out His life in all its fullness through us.

And so we pass naturally to our next thought, that
*This river of life will FILL us if
we YIELD*

The stream of life and power from God runs along the river-bed of the will of God. Wherefore tell man or woman who is most full in the will of God must most full

(Continued on page fifteen)

Young People's Bible Lessons

Topic: - PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING

Scripture Lesson, 1 Sam. 2:1-10

In this chapter Hannah is rejoicing over answered prayer. We remember how she had asked God to give her a son and how wonderfully God had heard her prayer and she was now in possession of the desired child. Yes, her heart is full of praise and thanksgiving.

What a beautiful experience to have God answer our prayers and give us the very things our hearts desire! Oh, it is easy to give thanks at such times, and perhaps each of us have had these rich experiences and our hearts are ringing with thanksgiving at this Thanksgiving time.

If we should begin today to count our blessings, one of the first things we would mention would be home, which is said to be the greatest institution known to man. How wonderful to think of a place to which we can go at night, after having met with this cold unfriendly world through the day, and there meet the ones who love us and sympathize with us. We might also mention eyes to see the beautiful things God has made, ears to hear the wonderful messages which come from the anointed lips of God's servants, a voice to proclaim the wonderful news of salvation to a dying world, food to eat and clothes to keep us warm. Yes, these are wonderful, but these are not the kind of blessings we want to study in this lesson.

In my childhood days I remember that my brother dressed himself up in women's clothes and pretended he was a crazy woman, and almost frightened me to death. I didn't realize that underneath those old clothes was my brother who loved me. If I had, I wouldn't have been frightened. So it is, God often dresses up His blessings in strange looking clothes to see if we will trust Him when the storm clouds arise. These are the kind of blessings we want to have you study in this lesson so that the next time God sends you a blessing in disguise you will not be afraid. In Eph. 5:20 God's Word says, "Giving thanks for all things."

PRAYER FOR PATIENCE—Rom. 5:1-5

Do you remember that time when your temper got the best of you and you said things that crushed a loved one and you went away and fell down before the Lord and cried out, "O Lord, give me patience,"

and almost before your prayer left your lips God sent a mighty avalanche of trouble and tribulation upon you for it takes tribulation to work patience into our lives. Did you thank Him for answering your prayer, or did you murmur and complain thinking your lot was a hard one? Oh, the nights of trial we must pass through to make us like Jesus! Could we but see His blessed hand upon us, we would not make so many failures.

PRAYER FOR OBEDIENCE—Heb. 5:7-9

If Christ the Son of God learned obedience by the things that He suffered, how can we expect to escape suffering? "If ye suffer with me, ye shall also reign with me."

PRAYER FOR VICTORY—1 John 5:4

We pray for victory and the things of the world swoop down upon us and we wonder how we shall escape. I thank my God through Jesus Christ our Lord. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

PRAYER FOR HUMILITY—1 Pet. 5:6

We pray for humility. God tells us to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God and if we don't do it, He will humble us through much suffering. Some messenger of Satan will torment us until we lie in the dust of humility crying for deliverance.

PRAYER FOR UNION WITH JESUS

John 15:5

"I am the vine ye are the branches." Oh yes, we want more than anything in the world to be united to the vine so that the sap may flow out from the vine through the branches to a dying world, but as we pray for this union with Jesus, God severs natural ties and calls on us to walk alone. Do we want this union?

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

Have I in the past given thanks for all things? Will I try, God being my helper, to give thanks for blessings in disguise in the future?

NOTE.—Hand out these different subjects for discussion in meeting: Patience, Obedience, Victory, Humility and Union with Jesus. Open your meeting for general discussion of questions. Have some special music and you will have a good Thanksgiving service.

Topic: - HUMILITY

Scripture Lesson, Deut. 8:1-20

Our scripture lesson shows us the importance of being humble. Somehow there is such a sweetness in the voice of God in this scripture lesson. How He pleads with His children to be humble. It is humility that brings us into the place we can feel God's presence in our lives. Nothing short of it can be blessed of God. There are no beautiful promises for anyone but the humble in spirit.

Let us study this scripture lesson over and over

and see what wonderful things God promised the children of Israel and remember Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. He will do just as great things for us if we keep humble.

HE HEARETH THEIR CRY

"Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion; declare among the people his doings. When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble." Psa

(Continued on next page)

Young People's Bible Lessons

LESSON TWO, CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN

9:11, 12.

There will come a time when you and I will need to cry unto the Lord for help, and if we are humble, He says He forgetteth not the cry of the humble, and we can count on Him in time of need.

HUMILITY BRINGS GLADNESS

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." Psa. 34:2.

We often hear people say, "I am not boasting in myself but in the Lord." When we get to the place where we can tell of the wonderful things God has done without bringing ourselves into the limelight then we are in the place where we can claim the last part of this verse and God can bless us and fill our hearts with joy and gladness.

GRACE IS PROMISED

"But he giveth more grace, wherefore he saith, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." Jas. 4:6.

"Likewise ye younger submit yourselves unto the elder, yea all of you be subject one to another and be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble."

When trials and temptations come down like an avalanche upon us we often cry, "O God, give me grace to stand." He has told us plainly who can have this grace and we should have a good supply on hand so we will be ready when the enemy comes in like a flood upon us. Humility brings this grace.

HUMBLING OURSELVES

"Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." 1 Pet. 5:6.

If we could only realize in time that if we would humble ourselves, God would not have to take us through so many hard places to humble us. If the children of Israel had been willing to humble themselves, God would not have had to turn them back into the wilderness to wander forty years and finally miss the promised land. Many of us are missing God's best for us because we do not humble our-

selves under His mighty hand.

JESUS HUMBLING HIMSELF FOR US

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of an reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Phil. 2:5-8.

If Jesus was willing to do all of this for us, then how can we expect Him to bless us and give us the desires of our hearts if we are unwilling to humble ourselves under His mighty hand? We may not be called upon to die a natural death for Him, but we are called upon to die to the things of this world so that He can have right of way in our lives. We are called upon to die to what people think of us when we are doing our best to serve Him and stand for the wonderful truths of the gospel, and make our decision to follow the lowly Nazarene.

NOTE:—Please don't depend too much on my comments but search and pray for some beautiful thoughts of your own. You may have seen the time when you decided that you knew something or when you thought you could do something better than someone else and God had to let you make a complete failure to humble you.

Bring in your own personal experiences. This will make the meeting more interesting.

Let not only your talks be on this all important topic but have a season of special prayer that God may humble you before Him so you may have His power and blessings on your life.

Memorize a verse of scripture which contains the word "power."

If you would have the dear Savior from heaven
Walk by your side from the morn till the evening,
He will come nigh if you meet the condition,
Humble thyself to walk with God.

Topic: - SOUL WINNERS

Scripture lesson, Prov. 11:30; Matt. 4:19

If I had all the readers of "The Lighted Pathway" before me in one congregation and should ask them if they wanted to be soul winners, I imagine I would hear a great chorus of voices saying, "Yes." Perhaps some would say it with more enthusiasm than others because they have made a little deeper consecration and are a little closer to the Master and can feel the burden for souls that He feels a little more keenly, but all real Christians have a desire to be soul winners. In our lesson today we want to try to lead our young people out and help them reach the place where they can do more along this line. One thing I would hate to do would be to meet my Lord with no stars in my crown. Wouldn't you? I think I would feel sad to go to Heaven and have to wear a crown all through eternity without some stars in it. Stars mean souls that I've led to Christ. Then let us study to see if we find how we can best

be soul winners.

BE SURE OF YOUR OWN SALVATION

"Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:1.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Rom. 8:1.

"The husbandman that laboreth must be first partaker of the fruits." 2 Tim. 2:6.

BE PRAYERFUL

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your request be made known unto God." Phil. 4:6.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Jas. 5:16.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Matt. 6:6.

(Continued on next page)

Young People's Bible Lessons

(LESSON THREE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

BE TACTFUL

"Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccl. 11:1.

"Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed: But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses." 2 Cor. 6:3,4.

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Matt. 10:16.

BE SEPARATED FROM THE WORLD

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." 2 Cor. 6:14-17.

BE INTENSE IN YOUR LOVE FOR SOULS

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to Israel is that they might be saved." Rom. 10:1.

"For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness go forth as brightness, and the salvation

thereof as a lamp that burneth, And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness." Isa. 62:1, 2.

BE DEVOTED TO YOUR WORK

"Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." Phil. 3:8.

KNOW YOUR BIBLE

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." 2 Tim. 3:16.

NOTE:—To those who have not used our lessons before we will say, hand out the different subjects to your young people and ask them to make talks on them. If you have time, after they are all thru, ask for general discussion. This will give a chance for helpful thoughts to be brought out from those who have been listening.

Have a closing season of prayer that you may have wisdom to know how to deal with souls.

Let your memory verse contain the word "wisdom."

Topic: - THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

Scripture Lesson, Isa. 9:6, 7.

The world's first peace convention was in the Judean hills. It was there and then that men caught visions of better things. Isaiah caught a vision and said, "And the government shall be upon his shoulders."

Let us hearken to the songs of the angels, borne on through the spaces of night, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men. Thrice glory to God in the highest, we sing, for Jesus was born on this day. The Word became flesh and did dwell among men, the life, the truth, and the way."

MARY'S CONSECRATION—Luke 1:38

The words "Behold the handmaid of the Lord" have always sounded like music to my ears. A beautiful young girl perhaps in the very best standing in her community, a girl admired by all because of her chaste and beautiful character, is now called upon to take the narrow way and be misunderstood by her friends and loved ones. How did she know but what Joseph would forsake her. Oh no, it mattered little to her, the Lord had called and she was saying, "Yes." "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

NO ROOM IN THE INN—Luke 2:1-7

I am not sure that the majority of inns, hotels, restaurants, and cafes have as a class made any progress in the last two thousand years in making room for Christ.

Some American cities are full of hotels where a man can't spend a single evening without being

immoral and paying the price for the same when he registers.

Often there is no room for Christ in man's intellect. The chief feature of the present day is the emphasis it places upon intelligence. No other age has ever idolized or defied intellect as has the present.

Have we made room for Christ in our social life? We believe that God made us social beings and a man or woman who is not socially inclined is terribly handicapped in the Lord's work. But we should always make room for Jesus wherever we go and do nothing that He could not sanction.

Have we made room for Christ in our reading? Do we read the books that Christ can use for the developing of our character? Have we made room for Christ in the home? One of the saddest places in all the world is a Christless home, where precious children are being reared without Christ.

THE SHEPHERDS—Luke 2:8-18

We have always believed that these shepherds were men who had studied the prophecies and had been looking for the Lord's first coming. Without a doubt there were many other shepherds keeping watch over their sheep that same night; whose ears were closed to the beautiful song the angel sang. Just so it will be when He comes the second time, only those who are expecting Him will hear the voice of the archangel and the sound of the trumpet of God.

(Continued on next page)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE LESSONS

THE WISE MEN—Matt. 2:1-11

The wise men were Chaldeans and had been star gazers from childhood. They had a passion for the study of the nightly heavens, and now by the aid of the stars they loved so well and on which they had meditated with such unwearied devotion they are brought to the feet of "The Babe of Bethlehem."

We believe also that these wise men had been watching for this star and were looking for His coming. God spoke to these different groups in different ways according to the way He saw they could understand. The reckless world rushed on as usual not knowing that the hope of all the ages slept in that manger bed.

MANY HERODS TODAY—Matt. 2:12-15

There are many Herods today who are trying to destroy the Babe of Bethlehem and say He was not divine, but some of us are not concerned about these Herods only that we pity them and would help them if we could. We believe that as God

brought Herod to naught He will bring these modern Herods to naught also.

GOD'S GIFT TO US—John 3:16

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

This is what God gave to us on that first Christmas morning. What more could you ask? What have you given for Him? Here is where our "Inner Circle" comes in. Can you sign the pledge?

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might ransom me,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

NOTE:—Hand out these different parts to your young people. Memorize a Bible verse containing the word gift.

Topic: —CONSECRATION

Scripture lesson, Rom. 12:1, 2.

What is our reasonable service is not for us to say, but for Christ to say. Ours, to present our all to Him and turn our lives over to His service.

God asks us to live for Him rather than die for Him. If we live for Him when we come to die we will be ready for that also. God wants our lives, our strength, our talents, and our ability.

To be of use to God we must have our minds renewed, the old sinful mind full of selfishness is worthless to God.

Just as we are transformed are we able to understand what God's will is for us. Let us seek transformation.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION

Our consecration pledge shows us what God calls us to do. Nothing short of this satisfies Him. Oh yes, He may be patient with us with less than this, but if we are anxious to really please God, we will do our best to measure up to this pledge.

What is reasonable for one will be unreasonable for another. What is reasonable for each depends on gifts and opportunities. We are to present our bodies and let Him decide the rest. You are not your own, you are bought with a price, the blood of Jesus.

It meant much for Mary the mother of Jesus, to say yes to God that day when the angel came. It looked like her good name, her social position, and everything would be lost, but she made the consecration, and her yes to God's will brought salvation down to man and her name has been handed down through all the ages as the greatest of women. Your yes to God may seem impossible, but God will make it possible, and make you able to accomplish great things for Him.

WILL YOU GIVE HIM THE RIGHT OF WAY?

Are you willing to be a highway over which Jesus Christ shall come to your town and into the lives of your friends and neighbors? Right of way

costs something.

When President Garfield was shot he was taken to a quiet, isolated house where he could have absolute quiet and rest in his fight for life and a special railway was constructed to facilitate the bringing of doctors, nurses and loved ones to his bedside.

The engineers laid out the line to cross a farmer's front yard, but he refused to grant the right of way until they explained to him that it was for the president, when he exclaimed, "That is different. Why, if that railroad is for the president, you can run it right through my house."

Are you willing to give Him right of way across your "front yard"? It may run right through some of your plans or social engagements or business appointments. But will you give Him the right of way? —Quoted in Sunday School Times. —J. Campbell White in Forb's Magazine.

QUESTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED IN MEETING

What excuses are common among our people for not serving Christ?

Has the average Christian made this entire consecration? If not, what do you think is the hindrance?

Have you individually made it? If not, why not?

NOTE:—Let the leader ask these questions and insist on the different ones discussing them. It will bring out thoughts and confessions that will be helpful. Ask each question and give time for them to discuss freely.

BIBLE READINGS

Serve With Gladness	Psa. 100:1-5
No Limit to Jesus' Service	Jno. 13:1-17
Paul's Service	Acts 20:17-35
The Spirit of Service	Mark 10:42-45
Service in Daily Life	Eph. 6:6, 7
Principle of Service	Gal. 5:13

NOTE:—These readings may be handed out to be commented on, not read, as it will take up too much time. Avoid long, tiresome meetings if you want young people to come again.

The Spirit-Filled Life

(Continued from page 10)

Now the life and fullness of God. The one Man who had the Spirit without measure" was He who at the beginning said to God "Lo, I came to do Thy will." In other words, self-will is a dyke; the yielded will is a channel. The dyke of self-will keeps out the fullness of God's life. But the channel of the yielded will furnishes an avenue for its outflow. Why does the harp breathe forth its ravishing strains under the hand of the master-harpist? Because it is yielded to him. Why is the molten bronze filled with every outline of the beauty of the world? Because it is yielded to it. Why does the great ship plough her way through storm and surge to her destined haven? Because she is yielded to the will and touch of the helmsman. If the harp, and the bronze, and the ship each had a will of its own it could hinder the Master's highest purpose for it. You do have such a will. And you must resist God. Therefore you must needs yield the life to Him, if so be that He may fill it. And that fuller life will come. It may not be in a flash. It may come by degrees. It is as you yield your life by one finite act, and then, day by day, learn to live out that act in a life of yieldedness and ministry, God's river of life will surely and steadily manifest itself from your innermost being.

*This river of life will FLOW
FORTH FROM US as we
SERVE*

That was a sweet prayer of a young Christian girl—"Lord, fill me to overflowing. I cannot hold back. But I can overflow a great deal." And she was right. For with any the desire concerning the Holy Spirit is to hold, and to enjoy. Whereas with God it is to give, and to overflow to others. For we are the Spirit of God here pictured as a great, life-giving river. But every river needs an outlet. When it has none it ceases to be a river, and becomes only a stagnant pool. The river of the Spirit is subject to the same great river-law. It seeks an outlet for the divine outflow of life and love in everyday,

practical ministry to others. It begins its flow as soon as it finds a channel. And it keeps it up so long as we remain such. Jesus does not say, "In his innermost being shall stay" but "out from his innermost being shall flow" these living streams. That is one purpose for which rivers exist—to flow. Cut off their outlet, and you stop the flow.

Here is an open secret for us all. The man or woman who will offer the Spirit-river this simple outlet of humble, willing service will know His steady overflow. People plunge the probe of self-examination into their inner selves, seeking all sorts of inward, subjective causes for their failure of spiritual life and experience. Ordinarily the reason for that failure is amazingly simple, and near at hand. Is the life selfish and self-centered? Is it failing in daily, practical ministry to others? And would you know the remedy? It is this. Do not try to shut up the Spirit in a stagnant pool of selfishness. Let Him have His river-way of flow through outlet—the outlet of loving, practical service to others. Try this. Then all your spiritual moods and morbidness will disappear in the daily, joyful consciousness of His steady outflow through the channel of service.

* * *

*This river of life may flow forth
from us UNCONSCIOUSLY*

I was in a great city, teaching. A difficult question of guidance had arisen. Day after day I had prayed about it. But the perplexity seemed only to increase. At last I came to the danger point of anxiety, so earnestly had light been sought and found not. And then this happened. One morning before the dawn I suddenly awakened from sleep. The first consciousness that came in the darkness was that a heavy wagon was rumbling past the window, in the street outside. The next was that some one on the wagon—presumably its driver—was whistling a tune. And the next vivid impression was of the tune he was whistling. It was

"Then we'll trust and obey:
For there's no other way,
To be happy in Jesus,
But to trust and obey."

Like a flash out from the darkness, came the thought as from the Lord, "Why, my child, this is all I expect of you. Simply act upon the light as best you see it, and trust Me to lead you. There is nothing you need but to trust and obey." At once I saw I had been unduly anxious about the guidance, and that this was the exact message I needed in this time of perplexity and uncertainty. Light flooded my pathway. Perplexity made way for peace. The problem was solved. The rumble of the dray wheels died away in the distance. The song of the whistler ceased. But a message had gone straight home to my heart more wondrous than any sermon ever heard. I do not know whether the unseen whistler was a child of God. But I believe it. And out from his innermost being was flowing that river of life which brought into the life of another child of God such a touch of life, and light, and refreshing as he who passed on into the darkness never knew nor dreamed.

"O Lord," said one of His saints, "I thank Thee that Thou hast forgotten all the sins I remember, yet dost remember all the good deeds I have forgotten." That is true. And out from our lives, all unconscious to us, may flow a stream of influence and blessing of which we may in no wise be conscious. But He does not forget it. And it shall all be revealed in the day of manifestation to our unspeakable joy, and His eternal glory.

"This learned I from the shadow
of a tree,
Which to and fro swayed on a
garden wall
Our shadow-selves, our influence,
May fall where we can never be."

* * *

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life * * * proceeding out of the throne of God." Rev. 22:1.

"This Jesus * * * having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost * * * hath shed forth this which ye now see." Acts 2:32-33.

Wonderful, river of life! It pro-

(Continued on page sixteen)

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

By The Editor

For this Christmas Pageant we have always used "The Angel Message" background which can be obtained from David C. Cook Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., for \$4.00.

Cast of characters:—

Six shepherds. (Four will do.)

Six is more impressive.

Three Wise men.

Mary the Mother of Jesus.

The Babe of Bethlehem.

Joseph.

Three Angels. (One large one and two small ones.)

Soloist.

Reader.

1ST SCENE:—

Curtain opens with nothing visible but background and the star. Soloist sings behind the curtain "Star of the East." Music played softly. Curtain closes and reader behind curtain reads Luke 2:1-15.

2ND SCENE:—

Shepherds seated carelessly on the ground holding their crooks. Angel appears suddenly from behind the screen and shepherds appear frightened when the angel lifts her hand gently over them and repeats Luke 2:10-12, beginning with "Fear not." Suddenly a group of girls dressed in white come from behind the curtain, or they can sing from behind the curtain, and join in the song, verse 14, "Glory to God." Angels disappear. One shepherd speaks to the other, verse 15, Let us go now even unto Bethlehem.—

3RD SCENE:—

Curtain opens and soloist sings "No Room For Jesus." Curtain closes.

4TH SCENE:—

When the curtain opens Mary is seated by the manger bending over the babe. Joseph stands beside looking tenderly at the infant child. The larger angel also stands beside the manger facing the audience. Two small angels are standing on each side of platform but have nothing to say.

The song, "Silent Night, Holy Night," is played softly and shepherds begin to march slowly from back of church in pairs about 10

feet apart. As the first pair reaches the manger they bow and worship for a moment and pass on to the side of platform and remain standing until all of the shepherds have marched on platform in like manner.

Then the reader reads from behind the curtain Matt. 2:1-11.

The wise men then march in as did the shepherds and lay their gifts at the feet of Mary and the Babe and remain in a worshipful position for a moment, then take their places on the platform, as those in charge may direct. While everything is quiet, the larger angel pantomimes the song, "Silent Night, Holy Night," as it is sung and played softly. This closes the program and leaves your congregation feeling that they have almost been on the scene.

SUGGESTIONS:—

The costuming and lighting have a great deal to do with the success of this program. We have always used bright coloring in the shepherds and wise men's robes, two of the shepherds being dressed alike. That is, the first two would be dressed in white with red trimmings, the second two in white with green trimmings, the next pair in white with blue trimmings. The three wise men wear purple and gold.

Mary and the angels of course wear white and if possible the angels should have wings.

If you have an electrician who can arrange lights for you along the edge of the platform it will mean much to your program. Cover them with blue crepe paper to give a soft moonlight effect. All lights should be turned off except the foot lights during the whole pageant.

MUSIC:—

"Star of The East" can be obtained from any music store. Better order in time as the song is in great demand at Christmas time.

"No Room For Jesus" can be found in many of our old church song books.

NOTE:—This together with a children's program will be all you need for your Christmas program. Be sure to have the pageant last.

Be careful to get the right char-

The Spirit-Filled Life

(Continued from page 15)
ceedeth from the very throne of the Father. It was received by the Son from the Father. It is shared forth by the Son upon us other children of the Father. And now as we believe—and yield—and serve, it will abide—fill—and flow forth from us to the sinning, suffering, dying world here below which so sorely needs the touch of His divine life through us, His Spirit-indwelt children.

SHADOWS

When you were small one of the great wonders of your world was the shadow that followed you at night. How it took all sorts of shape—sometimes large and sometimes small.

Shadows may be contrasted with influence. Shadows are quickly cast—our influence and impressions reflect us quickly. The shadow is silent no more at all. The great power in the world is the quiet working power.

"Shadows will be made—none of us can stop the influence of life more than we can bottle up the ocean.

"We can't rub shadows out—nor can we get away from them—nor can't rub out our influences nor can we get away from them, so we must make the best of them?"
I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of
a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a
friend.—Longfellow.

It is a dangerous thing for a young man to start out in life without the thought of God.—Gibson.

acters for the different parts. Study this closely. Plays about 30 min

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

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NO. 5.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

A NEW YEAR PRAYER

GIVE me, O Lord, that quietness of heart that makes the most of labor and rest. Save me from passionate excitement, petulant fretfulness and idle fear, keeping me ever in the restful presence of thy love. Teach me to be alert and wise in all responsibilities without hurry and without neglect. Tame thou and rule my tongue, that I may not transgress thy law of love. When others censure may I seek Thine image in each fellowman, judging with charity as one who shall be judged. Banish envy from my thoughts and hatred from my lips. Help me to be content, amidst the strife of tongues, with my unspoken thought. When anxious cares threaten my peace, help me to run to Thee that I may find rest, and be made strong for calm endurance and valiant service.—Selected.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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Young People Everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
714 Harrison St.
Knoxville, Tennessee

JANUARY

EDITORIALS

Dear Lighted Pathway readers: Another month has rolled around and with it many encouraging things can be reported. We are delighted with the response to our call for financial help, and still we have not gone over the top yet. This is what we are hoping to do in the near future. We feel that some are getting the paper on their heart and are helping us carry the burden to some extent, but we are praying that our number of helpers will increase as the days go by.

OUR HELPERS' CLUB

Up to the time the paper goes to press there have been twenty-eight responded to our Helpers' Club plan. We will mention the names of the first five who sent in for the largest rolls this month: J. M. Magouirk, Oneonta, Ala.; Miss Lula Caldwell, Atlanta, Ga.; Laud L. Vaught, Monroe, Va. We have four who sent in the same amount so we will mention them as one because of the tie, Delbert Carder, Toledo, Ohio; C. G. Carder, Clarksburg, W. Va.; James O. Rice, Greenville, S. C.; Kathleen Bunch, Wallins Creek, Ky.

THE INNER CIRCLE

Our Inner Circle is growing slowly. One young man sent us his name this month and apologized for not doing so sooner. I wonder if some others don't feel that way about it. The young man's name is Delbert Carder of Toledo, Ohio. He is also a member of the "Helpers' Club." We are looking for many more at this New Year season. Please remember to pray for those

who have made this consecration, that they fail not. It is going to take this complete surrender to win this world for Christ. People are tired of a half hearted service and we are sure that God is.

HUMILITY

Humility is what we need to win souls for Christ. The attitude of "I am hollier than thou," and the drawing of one's skirts aside for fear of touching some one who does not see just as we do, will never win the world for Christ. There are many good people in the world who do not see as you do and may not have the same experience that you have but they can not be won to see your way by this kind of attitude. A pretty good way to win them is to live a life that they will want to pattern after and they will soon come to you and ask for the pattern and you then can tell them what you have and how to get it. People are hungry for the real, and when they see it, they know it and want it.

Of course there are some who want a real experience who will not pay the price to get it. People can not hold on to the world with one hand and to God with the other.

INFLUENCE VS POWER

The disciples did not have influence enough to keep them out of jail, but they had power sufficient to shake that old prison and come forth with the mighty power of God. The first man they met cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" And they knew what would save him and his whole house. Some of our modern churches can beat the apostles keeping out of jail and out of trouble, but I doubt if their fellow-prisoners and the jailor and his family would be as sure to be converted through their instructions.

FANATICISM AND WILDFIRE

If fanaticism and wildfire could be culled from the Holiness ranks the world would soon be won for Christ. Thousands of good people are hungry for a deeper walk with God who will not mix with wildfire and fanaticism. I wonder if we are doing all we can to cull it

out or are we fearful and afraid? I believe it is just as necessary to stand against one sin as another, and fanaticism is, as I see it, just as sinful as stealing. Fanaticism allowed to remain in the church will do more harm than formalism.

Extremists never accomplish much for God. The beautiful manifestations of the Holy Ghost will convict men of sin, but the manifestations of the flesh will drive them away.

The ministry of the Holy Ghost is as infinite and varied as the needs of the immortal soul. He is the Spirit of light to illuminate the Word and enable us to understand the truth as it is in Jesus. He is the Spirit of life to quicken our souls and regenerate our spirit into the new life of God. He is the Spirit of purity and holiness to deliver us from the power of sin and conform us to the image of Christ. He is the Spirit of peace and joy bringing comfort, rest and gladness to the heart and filling us with the joy of the Lord. He is the Spirit of power, giving efficiency to our words and works and enabling us to so minister Christ that men shall be convicted and converted. He is the Spirit of love shedding abroad the love of God in our hearts and enabling us to love others even as He has loved us. He is the Spirit of quickening for our physical life and for all the powers of our mind and being.

If all this is true, who could object to being filled with the Spirit? The Baptism of the Holy Ghost having the oil in our lamps spoke of in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. This is costly and few are willing to pay the price for it. It costs us all we possess to obtain this oil.

Some children with their little hatchets were cutting at the trunk of a giant oak. Their strokes would have made no impression months. But that day a storm arose and in a flash of lightning God splintered that tree to pieces. So our efforts to pull down strongholds may be very feeble but they will show intention, and God interpreting our purpose as a prayer

(Continued on page 8)

A NEW YEAR MESSAGE



ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor.

Dear young people, we want to extend to you our New Year greetings and to say God bless you. Truly we feel our hearts swelling with gratitude to God for the privilege of serving you in only a small way thru this printed page, The Lighted Pathway, and as some of you have not failed to express your appreciation of what our efforts have meant to you, it has encouraged us and made us willing to sacrifice and work and pray until great things are accomplished for our Master through our young men and women and our boys and girls this coming year.

You have perhaps made many failures the past year and Satan is saying, "It's no use, you had just as well give up." But if you'll listen to the still small voice you will hear the words as He whispers them in your ear, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." If you have made blunders and failures in the past, make them stepping stones to higher ground. God will meet you more than half way with open arms.

Listen to this: A young man in Illinois ran for the legislature and was badly defeated. He next entered business and spent seventeen years of his life paying debts of a worthless partner. As a candidate for the United States senate he was badly defeated. He tried to get an appointment to the land office but failed. He became a candidate for vice-president but was defeated, and still again he failed,

but as president of the United States Abraham Lincoln became one of the outstanding characters of the world, esteemed and loved by the millions in America and abroad. Well did Jacob A. Riis say, "Some defeats are only installments of victory."

These are some lessons from the business and political world but are just as true in the spiritual life. Perhaps you have not found your place yet, and you are just floundering around and God is letting you fail so that you will talk a little more to Him about what you are to do. I like to think of the fact that God has a plan for every life and it is our duty and privilege to seek God's guidance until we have found our place in the world. When we do this there will be no misfit in our vocation. The reason there are so many discouraged workers

in the Lord's vineyard is that they have never found their place yet. God is waiting to show you what He would have you do. Young man or young woman, put yourself unreservedly in His hands and say, "Here am I, send me."

Look over the "Inner Circle" pledge and study it carefully. I hope you can realize that unless you can sign this pledge you are not in the place where God can guide you and direct you in your vocational calling, and you are likely to go thru life without finding God's plan for you. I have known many people who have gone thru life a misfit, sad hearted, and discouraged because they failed to make a complete surrender to the will of God, and they have never succeeded

in anything.

Dear ones, at this New Year please let God have His way with you and let Him lead you in paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Some day you will be glad. When you get to the end of the way and are able to lay some sheaves at the Master's feet and hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," you will be glad that you paid the price. Don't wait till you are old to make this sacrifice, give God the strength of your youth.

Give of the best to the Master;
Give of the strength of your youth;
Throw your soul's fresh glowing ardor
Into the battle for truth.
Jesus has set the example,
Dauntless was He, young and brave.
Give Him your loyal devotion,
Give Him the best that you have.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

RASPBERRIES

By Emma Gray Wallace

Alfred thought the new home to which they had come to live was almost like fairyland. After the big, tall buildings of the city and the crowded pavements and busy streets,—the green trees, well-kept lawns, shrubbery, flowers and quiet were new and delightful.

He spent the first two or three sunshiny days scouting around on little expeditions of discovery, and he was constantly finding something interesting he had not seen before.

It was the third morning, however, before he looked over the fence which separated their lawn at the rear from the garden on the other side, and discovered ever and ever so many bushes just loaded with juicy, bright red raspberries.

Alfred was very fond of fruit, and raspberries were his favorite. Then as if to tempt him, there was a hole in the fence because some one had torn a wire and left a big, gaping hole. Alfred was almost certain that he could reach his hand over the fence and gather some of those berries if he tried.

He suddenly realized that he was very thirsty. How good a handful of those berries would taste, and oh joy, right beside the bushes were a number of rows of green peas hanging full of dark green pea pods. Alfred always begged for a handful of the sweet, tender green peas when his mother was shelling them.

There were so many on the pea vines that he was certain he could eat all he wanted and they would never be missed. He knew that his mother was in the front of the house putting the furniture and curtains in place, and trees and bushes completely screened the house that went with the garden, from view.

Alfred decided to have a feast, and in another minute he had crawled through the hole in the fence. As he did so, he heard something tear, and he was distressed to find that one of the broken wires had torn a ragged hole in his new linen suit. He looked at the ragged flap hanging right on the front of his sleeve, and at that moment he was startled by a voice—a trembly voice it was too—and right in front of him stood a little old lady with kindly but very black eyes and silvery white hair.

"It is too bad you tore that pretty suit," she said. "I'm sorry. You are one of my new neighbors, I take it. Were you coming through the fence to get some of my berries, or green peas, or both?"

Alfred flushed a rosy red.

"I wanted some of both," he pouted, "and I'm sorry."

The little old lady looked very grave.

"Do you mean," she inquired, "that you're sorry you tore your sleeve, or sorry you didn't get the berries and peas, or sorry I was here among the bushes?"

Albert thought a moment.

"I'm sorry I tore my blouse," he answered frankly, "and I'm sorry I wanted some of your things—and now I suppose you'll never trust me again. I'm sorry for that, but I didn't take a single thing."

The old lady's eyes twinkled.

"No," she agreed, "but that was not really your fault. You were going to. Now let me tell you something. It is much better to have a ragged hole in your sleeve than a tear in your sense of honor, and I am glad you didn't tell a story at least. So let's be friends, and I'll leave the hole in the fence to show you that I feel I can trust you from this time on."

Alfred looked up gratefully.

"You can trust me," he said sim-

ply.

He went into the house and found his mother, for somehow he felt he would not be happy until he had told her the whole story. He thought perhaps she would understand how the lovely growing things made him want them.

His mother listened.

"The little old lady was right," she said, "and I am sure whenever you want to do wrong again, you'll remember that a tear in your conduct is a great deal more disfiguring than a tear in your clothing. And now I know you are going to prove that this family can be good neighbors and trusted. Just see here, dear," and Alfred's mother led him out into the kitchen, and there on the kitchen table was a market basket of plump pea pods and a big china bowl of great luscious raspberries.

"The little old lady brought these over here this morning," explained Alfred's mother. "Wasn't it kind of her?"

Alfred's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Mommie," he exclaimed, "am so sorry! May I go round to her front door and tell her again?"

His mother nodded.

"Yes, my son," she said, "but let me put a fresh blouse on you first and comb your hair."

"But He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."—Isaiah 53:5.

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."—2 Chron. 7:14.

"Watch ye therefore, and pray that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."—Luke 21:36.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

NAME THEM ONE BY ONE

By Thora M. Carmean

"Hello! Mrs. May? What's the matter? You sound all out of breath. Been chasing the hogs? Well, that's too bad! An' you have so much to do with Betty so cross an' all. You just better set down and rest awhile. I called to tell you you'd have threshers for dinner tomorrow. Yes, that's what I said. I don't blame you for sayin', 'Oh dear!' But don't fret honey. Martha an' me'll be along bright and early to help out. If you need anything just call."

At the click of the receiver Jessie May turned and, walking into the bedroom where the sleeping Betty lay in her crib, threw herself face downward on the bed in an agony of tears and sobs.

"I just can't cook for any more men. I'm so tired—so tired of all this work and worry. Just men—men—men, day in and day out and always hungry ones at that. Of course, I know we have to have them to get this work done, but why—why—do they always have to eat? It wouldn't be so hard I guess if I had always been used to it. I wish I could go back to town. Betty's so cross since she was sick and Bobby's nothing but a baby if he is almost five. Oh, if only those hogs had stayed where they belonged. I'm so tired—so tired," and she gave way to another outburst of tears that only subsided when Betty began to squirm and stretch as if about to awaken.

Mrs. May with motherly caution immediately became quiet and after five minutes her own fitful breathing gave way to the regular, quiet breathing of the exhausted sleeper. Betty, aroused only for the moment, drifted back into a deep, sound sleep.

"Mother! Mother!" Bobby's voice pounded in her ears as he tugged at her dress in an effort to awaken

her.

Jessie sat up on the bed and rubbed her eyes. "Dearie me! I didn't mean to go to sleep. How long have you and daddy been home?"

"We just now comed an' see what daddy gave me 'cause I was a good boy and stayed in the car," and Bobby exhibited a chocolate bear and elephant with howls of delight. "Mother, I couldn't give one to baby sister, could I?"

"No, no, dear. Run on out with daddy."

Jessie approached the crib where her infant daughter was rubbing her eyes and squirming about in an effort to get awake. Betty held up her arms to be taken. Jessie lifted her from the crib and was delighted to find that her nap had left her in the best of spirits. Placing the baby in the middle of the bed within reach of her toys, Jessie brushed her hair and changed her dress. Then taking the baby in her arms she went to the kitchen, where she bathed both her own and Betty's face in cool water.

"My, doesn't a nap do us all a world of good, Betty baby?" questioned Jessie as she placed the baby in her high chair and moved it to a place near the work table. "I must hurry. Threshers tomorrow and all this work to do before night. I shouldn't have allowed myself to go to sleep but I can't much regret it for I feel so much better. If I was only like Carl," she meditated aloud, as she listened to her husband's merry whistle. "He never seems to get blue and half dead and sick of it all."

"What's that tune he's whistling? That's just like him," she exclaimed as she recognized a tune that had been sung at church Sunday. She could always tell the songs that had been sung on Sunday by the tunes Carl whistled all week.

Going to the smokehouse she returned with a ham which she placed on the kitchen table for trimming. Her brows were knit in an effort to recall the words of the song as she commenced trimming with swift, capable strokes of the knife. Months of experience had left its mark in the speed and deftness with which she did her work.

Her face lighted as the words of the song flitted thru her mind. "I know what it is. 'Count your blessings,'" and she softly sang the words of the chorus. She paused as an unspoken question arose with a challenge that could neither be ignored or quieted. As she continued trimming, it seemed that every stroke of her knife brought forth the command, "Count your blessings."

She thought of little Mrs. Kurtz, whom she had met at the class picnic last week, and her regret for the fact that they would have to buy meat for threshers. A sneak thief had raided their smokehouse and stolen every scrap of their meat. Crops had been poor and with eight growing children to feed it was hard to make ends meet.

Her thoughts busy with Mrs. Kurtz, she took a pan from the shelf and went to the porch after apples. She stooped over the basket; an apple seemed to sing out, "Count your blessings." She closed her eyes and beside her stood the three little Porters', pinched and poverty stricken, with wistful baby eyes on the basket of fruit. The Porter family, shiftless and unkempt, lived in a tumble-down cabin on the outskirts of the May farm. Every now and then the smaller children came up across the pasture after skim milk and Jessie's motherly soul yearned over them as she sent them home with many a contribution from her pantry and closet.

Apples were peeled and cooked for sauce; salad dressing made and

(Please look on page eight)

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

MY TASK

By Mrs. W. B. Conklin

To look up with a patient smile
When trials come my way;
To look into His face, thru faith—
That is my task each day.

Safely to walk along the road
O'er which He bids me go;
Mercy to love and justly do
To people here below;

To have an ideal, worthy, high;
Build character that's true;
In duty never once to fail;
This is my task to do.

To live with an unfaltering trust,
Through all my earthly days;
To help the weak and weary on
And give Him all the praise.
Oak Park, Ill.

BEHIND THE VEIL

Once again upon the highroad
Of the way from year to year,
Down the dim untraveled silence
Of the coming days we peer.
And we ask, "What great fruition,
What new hopes, new joys be ours
In the pathway of the New Year?
Does it lead past thorns and flow-
ers?"

But unanswered lies each ques-
tion—

Unwrit scrolls we may not know
And we turn for clearer vision
To the year beneath the snow.
Joys it held and dark hours' sor-
row,

But each midnight turned to day!
And a kindly unseen guidance
Led us safely all the way.
And remembering its blessings,
May we not, O friend of mine,
Meet the New Year glad, expectant,
Confident of love divine?
True to faith, high hope and cour-
age,

Born of ways so lately trod,
Let us say our, Happy New Year
And fulfillment leave with God.

Selected.

By Miss Rosa Brawner, M.D.

"The cup which my Father hath
given me, shall I not drink it?"—
John 18:11.

Peter would spare his Master
from suffering and drew a sword
in His defense, but Jesus bade him
return the sword to its sheath. His
Father had given Him the cup,
and He would drink.

In the garden, three times He
prayed, "O my Father, if it be pos-
sible, let this cup pass from me";
but it was not possible, for that
WONDERFUL body had been pre-
pared by His Father for suffering.
Jesus yielded to this, His great ag-
ony, crying, "O my Father, if this
cup may not pass away from me,
except I drink it, THY WILL BE
DONE."

He drank the cup of suffering;
the cup of his Father's displeasure
against sin. He went to the Cross
carrying the sins of the whole
world. They dipped a sponge in
vinegar and gave it to Him. He re-
fused the stupefying draught they
offered, but there was an unseen
cup handed Him with the vinegar,
which He did not refuse. He swal-
lowed the draught to the last bitter
dregs. It was the CUP OF DIS-
EASE, the Fatal Hemlock: full of
all forms of germs, from the com-
paratively harmless ones which we
call Flora to the deadly Anthrax
organism. He drank them all on
Calvary.

Germs are not seen by the naked
eye. No one saw the cup of
Fatal Hemlock that the hand of
death pressed to the suffering Sav-
iour's lips, but He drained it to the
dregs. There was death in the cup,
and Jesus swallowed every drop.
He "Tasted death for every man."
Heb. 2:9. Have you the sentence of
death in your body?

Take courage, suffering one!
Death has been swallowed up.
Isaiah prophesied that this would

take place, and Paul records the
fact that it did take place. See Isa.
25:3 and 1 Cor. 15:34.

But this is only part of the good
news. "Death is swallowed up in
VICTORY." Jesus not only swallow-
ed the thing that is causing your
death, but He swallowed it in VIC-
TORY.

HE ROSE FROM THE GRAVE.
He subdued and conquered even
the death that appeared to conquer
Him. He yielded Himself a willing
victim to death, swallowing all the
poisons death pours into a cup of
death, that (should the Lord delay
His coming) your home-going, dear
Christian, might be a falling to
sleep, rather than defeat on the tor-
ture-rack of disease.

He had entered into an agree-
ment with His Father to drink this
cup. He did not sip. He swallowed
Death, and triumphed over it, mak-
ing a show of it openly.

Death—slow, agonizing death
from this terrible disease from
which you are suffering has been
subdued, conquered for ever.

Suffering Incurable! Will you
rise up and sing this song:

"O Death, where is thy sting?"

"Thy power to hurt! You are dis-
armed, where is your deadly dart.
It has passed to the Victor's hands.
I defy your power, for your artiller-
y is gone; you cannot touch me now.
You may hiss at me, give me sym-
ptoms, but I despise your wrath, for
Jesus drank all your poison on
Calvary. Surely He hath borne our
sicknesses and carried our pain."
Isa. 53:4—Hebrew.

"O Grave, where is thy victory?"

"What has become of it? You
have held the open grave before
me for so long. You have bidden
me look in and see the prison
house to which you would take me.
But look yourself, Death, and see
what has happened to it. The prison
doors are open! the bolts and locks

(Please look on page eight)

THE INNER CIRCLE

CONSECRATION PLEDGE

**O LORD: I present
myself unreservedly
to Thee**

**My Time,
My Talents,
My Tongue,
My Will,
My Property,
My Reputation,
My Entire Being,**

**To Be and Do Anything
Thou Requirest of Me.**

Pledge of Faith

Now as I have given myself away I am no longer my own, but all the Lord's.
I believe thou dost accept the offering I bring.

I trust Thee to work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and I will receive you.

As I give myself to Thee, I believe Thou dost receive me now.

Name

Date

A HAPPY WAY TO SERVE THE LORD

By Eleanor W. Carlile

Early in my Christian life I felt that I had been left out when the talents were bestowed. I was an extremely poor talker even with intimate friends, and almost dumb before strangers. I could not sing or play an instrument for my Lord. How could I speak of deep spiritual truths when my tongue halted and stumbled in ordinary conversation! For a number of years my Christian life was fruitless and I expected it would always be so.

Then I commenced a course of Bible study by correspondence with the Moody Bible Institute. As I learned more of the blessed work, I realized that God had a purpose for every life, and that I was singing in not definitely dedicating myself to Him and then waiting for Him to show me what I could do. Our heavenly Father always accepts the feeblest instrument when

it is offered in faith to Him. In a casual conversation I heard of a woman who, whenever she answered the door, offered a tract to her visitor. That seemed within my power.

A tract if properly selected will give the gospel invitation and show the way of salvation. If it is accompanied with a Gospel, it will throw further light upon a wandering sinner's soul. They should be proffered with an earnest prayer that God will bless them to the salvation of the soul of the one who receives them and to His honor and glory.

HOW COURAGE CAME

My first attempts to give tracts personally were made in a very stammering manner, but when they were graciously received more courage came.

I determined to give them personally. I do not doubt that tracts

left in cars and railroad stations and other public places do a great deal of good, but if you place a tract in a person's hand he cannot help but feel that you are personally interested in his soul's salvation. Some folks reach for them with eagerness. Others take them with indifference, but only once has one ever been refused. I have found girls in shops, conductors, newsboys, in fact, all classes of people, glad to receive them.

As I continued in this work I found that the Holy Spirit invariably told me who needed them. This will seem strange to a non-Christian, but every Christian has had some experience of the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit and will know the truth of such a statement.

This message is sent out with the hope that it may lead other timid souls to wait upon the Lord and ascertain if they too may not minister in this way to His glory and praise.

A tract is inoffensive. Our speech, unless God-given, is often misdirected, giving offense and driving a sinner farther from the Savior.

A Gospel should always go with a tract, I believe. I like to give the Gospel of John. God's Word will never return unto Him void. The Holy Spirit speaks in it with convincing power. Attractive Gospels may be obtained at one cent each, so they are within the means of most people.

SOMETHING VERY WONDERFUL

Then there is something very wonderful in simply giving the Word and leaving all to God. It strengthens and increases faith in Him. It keeps us humble too. If we felt that by our own efforts we had led one to Christ, pride might enter our hearts and give us an uplifted spirit; but we know that the work is all done by Christ in

(Continued on page Ten)

NAME THE ONE BY ONE

(Continued from page five)

rice cooked for supper. Calling Bobby to come watch baby Betty, she proceeded to the cellar after cream and milk for supper. As she lifted the skimmer of cream from the crock, a voice seemed to whisper, "Count your blessings" and her thoughts flew to Grandpa and Grandma Hogan who had lost their only cow last week. That cow and their pigs and chickens had furnished the old couples' necessities—not luxuries.

She took the milk and cream back to the kitchen and finding the children playing contentedly went down the walk to the garden, which was her especial pride. Neat rows of thrifty vegetables met her gaze and she walked among them with a feeling of satisfaction in work well done. She gathered beans and cucumbers. As she stooped to cut off a head of cabbage, the echo, "Count your blessings" came accusingly to torment her.

Looking off across the fields she saw the Haverly homestead in the distance. She knew that Mr. Haverly was lying flat on his back with a broken hip while Mrs. Haverly was so crippled and drawn with rheumatism that she could scarcely care for him. The large truck patch which was their principal source of income was a riot of weeds and grass due to the carelessness of the indolent boy who furnished the only available labor for hire.

Jessie lingered among her vegetables and flowers while her thoughts ran riot; now accusing; now excusing; now condemning; now acquitting. At length, gathering up her vegetables, she went back to the kitchen where she finished supper and called her husband.

As they seated themselves at the table Carl looked up with the question, "Why the sad face, little wife? Need those threshers make you so solemn as all that? I stopped at Ed Mills on the way home and Mrs. Mills told me she had called you," he said in answer to the question

that sprang to his wife's lips. "She told me about the hogs, too. It's too bad Jerry was so careless about the gates, and you had such a time getting them in. But I guess it's a blessing we have any to run. Joe Bates and Slim Cox told me today they'd lost every one of theirs with that disease that's sweeping the country. Sure is tough, especially on Cox. His wife has been sick and he was counting on his hogs paying her hospital bill."

"Count your blessings! Count your blessings!" rang in Jessie's ears as she questioned her husband as to Mr. Cox's loss and his wife's failing health.

"Cheer up. I'll help you with the dishes and then finish my work," said Carl, as Jessie returned to her kitchen after feeding and undressing Betty ready for bed.

Dishes were soon washed; kitchen tidied; everything prepared for a hurried breakfast in the morning, and Carl went to the barn to finish his chores.

Jessie helped Bobby undress and tucked him in bed. She leaned over the crib and gazed at her sleeping daughter with loving compassion. Tears welled in her eyes as she thought of her own impatience and discouragement, and as she closed them she seemed to see the tiny white casket that had so recently been carried from the palatial home on the hill above them.

Walking to the window, she fell on her knees and gazed with tear-filled eyes into the starry heavens as she pleaded in an agonized voice, "Oh, dear Lord, help me—help me to 'count my blessings'."

Carl coming in from his work, found her with her head on the window sill—sound asleep.

THE FATAL HEM-LOCK

(Continued from page six)

have been forced; they have given way under the mighty resurrection power of the Risen Lord. Who swallowed death in victory."

These are not idle words to make you feel good. This idea of deceiving patients into believing they are getting well when everyone knows

they are dying has always been distasteful to me. When I practiced medicine I had the reputation of telling my patients the truth, and my standard has not lowered since that time.

I am telling you the truth now when I tell you that Jesus swallowed every drop of the cup of suffering and disease the devil is pressing to your lips. He took every pain you are now enduring, and He will release you today, if you will let Him.

You say you must have a foundation on which to build. Of course you must! Just denying the existence of sickness or sin does not remove them. "Sin and sickness are two of the most terrible realities in our world, but Jesus met and vanquished both these realities in His own body on the tree. You will find a real foundation for your triumph in 1 Pet. 2:24—"Who His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree. * * * by whose stripes ye were healed."

Disease may seize you, but it cannot hold you in its power if you look to Calvary. It cannot sting you to death, for Jesus took both its strength and sting when He died in your stead. That was your death that Jesus died. That was your grave where they laid Him.

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING? O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

From The Overcomer

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

will answer by fire and by the Holy Ghost and will do more for us in a moment than our effort could ever accomplish for Him without this aid.

○

The Lighted Pathway has this month leaped across the ocean broad expanse and will now be a visitor into three mission stations. We have also had the pleasure of sending some out for jail work. Our greatest ambition is and has been from the beginning of the work, to reach the place where we can put them in the hotels, stations and public places.

Your contribution to the work will enable us to do this.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

A short time ago a young man wrote asking me to make out a program for a sample in using the Bible lessons in "The Lighted Pathway." I thought there might be many who were new in this kind of work who would like the same information so we are making out a program for you this month.

We will use our missionary lesson for this program.

1st. Have either a song service or prayer for the opening of your meeting. I prefer to open with prayer as it seems to settle any frivolity that might be in the minds of the young people.

2d. After the song service and prayer for God's blessings upon the meeting announce the topic and read the scripture lesson. The leader should do this, of course, and should always be ready to make some comments on the scripture read. If they are just beginners they should write out a little comment and read it at first until they learn how to talk in public. I had rather they would do this than not to make any comment. Little by little they will overcome their timidity and be able to discuss the topic with you. You know this is a training school. It is not only for inspiration and progress in the Christian life but is a training school for our boys and girls.

3rd. Next we would suggest a song by the whole society or a special of some kind. Search out your young people who are musically inclined and encourage them to cultivate their musical talent. There may be some great talent in your midst that God is depending on you to uncover and use.

4th. We would suggest here a scripture shower, that is, have your young people memorize scripture and each meeting have a scripture shower of ten minutes and see who can say the most verses. This encourages them to memorize scripture.

5th. Now you take up the discussion of the topic. The different

parts have been handed out some time before the meeting and each one should be ready to respond when called upon.

In this lesson Abraham comes first. Some one should be ready to talk on the call of Abraham. Study it carefully and bring out the spiritual application. Then comes Moses' call from the burning bush; then David. After the talk on David and prayer, have a season of prayer for the foreign work and the workers and for a greater zeal in your own midst for missions.

Next comes a talk on Jonah, after which you should have another special song or music of some kind.

Then we take up New Testament characters. Look each one of them up and find out all you can about them. Try to bring out some thoughts of your own even if (as I said before) you have to write it on paper, until you learn to talk.

After all have taken part open the meeting for general discussion so that those who were not on the program can speak if they desire. Some one may have been greatly impressed by something they have heard and are anxious to tell you about it.

6th. Have a closing prayer for the consecration of your young people to the great task of carrying the gospel to all lands, and if you feel the Spirit leading that way, ask for volunteers for this work.

Encourage your timid ones to pray, if only a sentence of prayer until they are not afraid of their own voice in prayer. Where people have too much concert prayer their young people will never learn to pray in public. They need training along this line also.

Have an offering for missions at this meeting.

This closes our program. God bless you!

NOTE:—Please begin the New Year with appointing your leaders the first of the month for the whole month. By this I mean give each leader a month to study and plan their programs. This will enable you to look the characters up and even read a book about them and will give those on the program time to do the same. Let's be-

gin the New Year right.

We want to again suggest having a blackboard made and placed on the outside of the church door where the leaders can write out their programs a week in advance so that people can read as they pass by. This will interest some folks and make them know that you are alive anyway. Now to those who take part, please don't just study your own part but study the whole lesson so that you will get the thought of the entire lesson. Don't take a part unless you mean to do this. If you can't understand your subject, go to some older, more experienced friend and ask them to help you with it. That is what the older folks are for. Your superintendent or pastor or any good church member will be glad to assist you.

Send for your papers between the 1st and 15th of the month so that as soon as they are out I can rush them to you. Of course if you can't send at that time any other time will do. But regular habits are best for both you and me.

A Happy Way to Serve The Lord

(Continued from page seven)

the power of the Holy Spirit. Our hearts are humble before Him and we praise Him for using our hands.

We do not know as a rule what the tract and Gospel have accomplished. I have never had a single soul return to tell me that he had been saved through a tract, yet I have the assurance in my heart that some have found Christ. If the Holy Spirit definitely directs our work we can be assured He will take care of the results. It is such a happy, dependent way of serving the Lord. It brings unspeakable joy. To save a soul from hell by offering him eternal life in Jesus Christ, to know that he will not have part in the lake of fire but that you will meet him in heaven—this indeed is the highest bliss in a Christian's experience. Nothing but your joy at your own conversion can compare with it. I wish every Christian might experience similar joy in this humble service.—From Moody Monthly.

Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC:-THE CALL OF CHRIST FOR THE NEW YEAR

Scripture Lesson, Matt. 10.

We are entering upon the threshold of the New Year with its new visions brightening our eyes, and new opportunities inspiring our souls, and I fancy I can hear a multitude of voices saying, "Lord, use me this coming year." Others are unconcerned as to whether they are used or not, but are content to plod along with their name on the church book, hoping to some day find their way through the gate into the City. Oh, that God could somehow speak to them the words of the poet who wrote the song,

Must I go and empty handed,
Must I meet my Savior so,
Not one soul with which to greet Him,
Must I empty handed go?

God is calling for laborers who are in earnest about this thing and willing to suffer with Him in order to see souls born into the kingdom of God.

In our scripture lesson He tells His disciples that He is sending them forth as lambs in the midst of wolves. We want to say that Jesus expects us to wait for the promise of the Father (Acts 1:4-8) so that we will be lamblike in our nature and will also have the power to meet the wolves that are lurking on every side.

Let us listen also at the Master's words, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Yes, there is a place to go for this wisdom also. James tells us that if we lack wisdom to ask of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given us. What a wonderful promise! We do not have to go along without wisdom, do we?

THE WHITENED HARVEST FIELD,

Luke 10:1-11.

Yes, I am sure that every child of God who has any spiritual vision can look around and see that this same condition prevails today and that the fields are white unto harvest. We are going to begin at Jerusalem and see what our local church needs and how we can help to supply that need. Some are called to one thing and some to another and the first thing to do is to try to find the place we're fitted for, and get in that place and work with all our might, under the supervision of our pastor.

Well what are we going to do this year? I wonder if we might help you to find your place to work? First, I would advise you to go to your pastor and say, Brother Jones, I feel that perhaps I didn't stand by you and help you last year as I should have done. I am sure there were some hard places that I might have helped you over last year. I want to work under your supervision this year and do my best to help you to win some souls for Christ. Now just watch Brother Jones' eyes sparkle, and when a dozen of Brother Jones' young people come in a body and tell him they are standing behind him in the work, I wonder if Brother Jones won't shout. Let's try it and see.

We are going to ask you to take up the different departments of the church work and spend some

time in this New Year meeting trying to find the weak spots in them and discussing a way to strengthen these weak spots.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR WORK

We would suggest that this New Year meeting be thrown open for everybody at this time and let the whole church be present. In this way the older ones can get the inspiration and will be more able to help you with your problems. And if there is anything the young people need it is the encouragement of the older people. Just last week we had a very sad letter along this line from one of our girls, saying, We get no encouragement from the older folks. God pity the old folks who are not interested in the young people in these days.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Ask your Sunday School superintendent to give you a talk on this subject, and also your pastor. Then open the meeting for general discussion and find out what they think should be done this next year to build up the Sunday School. In this way you can get the different opinions and it will give you an idea where to begin with your work.

INCREASING THE ATTENDANCE AT THE CHURCH SERVICES

The young people can do much to help along this line by making a special effort to get others into the service. There are many ways to work this. One thing you can do is to make church attendance a point in your contest work. Send out written invitations to a number of strangers each week whom you think you might get interested. There are always some who come sometimes but are not regular. Keep after them either by calling or by written invitations, until they will begin to feel that you can hardly run the church without them. Little by little attention like this will increase the attendance of your church.

GOOD CHEER COMMITTEE WORK

There is a great demand for this kind of work. Visiting the sick. I don't know of any part of church work that is needed more. If there is ever a time when the heart can be touched it is when people are in trouble. Don't just visit your own little bunch but broaden out and visit the sick wherever you have an opportunity. Find the places where it would be appreciated and take musical instruments along to play and sing for them. When the time comes for me to cross over to the other side I hope some of you can come and sing and play for me until as your voices die out I can hear the voices of the angels of the other side singing my welcome home. Wouldn't that be wonderful!

FRIENDLY COMMITTEE WORK

Many precious ones will come into your midst this coming year with sad, broken hearts and will be looking to you for a friendly smile or a God bless you, and if you send them away empty handed rather, empty hearted, they will go away to sorrow one else for their comfort. Yes, there are a thousand

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(Lesson one continued from page ten)

ways we might mention that would be of help to your church and pastor. But we will leave you to outline the rest of them.

NOTE:—We are not giving you scripture to use in your talks this time, as we want you to think along the line of work this New Year. Have several appointed a week in advance to talk on the different departments of church work. Leaders should be appointed a month in advance so they will have plenty of time to think and plan the meeting. Every young

people's society should have a bulletin board and the time of meeting, the topic, the leader and in fact, the whole program should be written down so that every one could be prepared; or the pastor should announce it from the pulpit; or better still, the leader should announce it. This will help those who are timid to come before the public and make the announcements. How I wish I could be with you and see what you are going to do this coming year. God bless you.

TOPIC: - MISSIONARIES I HAVE MET IN THE BIBLE

Scripture Lesson: Rom. 10:9-21

A universal gospel was taught long before the ascending Christ said, "Go ye into all the world."

ABRAHAM'S CALL, Gen. 12:1-3.

Abraham had been told that in him all the families of the earth would be blessed.

MOSES' CALL INTO EGYPT TO RESCUE HIS PEOPLE, Ex. 3.

The call of Moses is very interesting and should be discussed freely as his excuses are much like the excuses of some of our young people today.

DAVID, Psa. 2.

David was promised the heathen for his inheritance just for the asking. I wonder if we would ask more if we would not receive more.

Right here in our program perhaps you had better have a special prayer for the heathen and those who are laboring in the foreign field and in the neglected places in the home field.

JONAH

Jonah was God's first great missionary lesson to His people. He was the first chosen messenger of God to the Gentiles. His call of God to go to Nineveh, the metropolis of the world, astonished him as he counted them outcasts beyond the pale of mercy. Many ministerial Jonahs of today are surprised at the real call of God and God would need more than one whale to make them go where He wants. Jonah was a willing prophet to Israel and he had been eminently successful. He was the patriotic counselor of the king. Through his prophecies Israel had won victories on the battlefield. Had he never been called as a foreign missionary to Nineveh he would have been handed down in history as one of the greatest of the prophets. He was willing to do anything for his home church, and like many American Christians, believed that there were heathens enough at home.

The judgment of God came upon Jonah for his refusing to go. He could say, "I myself am a living proof that God will punish wicked and the disobedient, for he pursued me with the relentless lightnings of His wrath and buried me in the bottom of the sea." He had a personal experience of sin and its miseries, but God gave back to him his lost opportunities. Truly he will never go back on a repentant sinner.

After God had taught Jonah his lesson he held perhaps the world's greatest revival. This is the reason God has to take us through so many trials and tribulations.

BARNABAS

Barnabas was a business man, but not too busy

to be religious. Like Paul he was educated at the feet of Gamaliel. He must have been successful in business for he had acquired land, this he sold, laying the money at the apostles' feet. He first made his life count by the consecration of his means. His cultivated talents he considered no more God's than his means. Both money and the gift to make money was the gift of God to Barnabas. In God we trust may not have been written on the coins he laid at the apostles' feet, but it was written on the heart that prompted him to lay them there.

Think of the possibilities if our business men would, like Barnabas, give both time and means for the gospel.

LUKE

Luke was one of the converts of Paul and Barnabas. He is known as the beloved physician. However, I do not believe there is any record of his practicing medicine after he was saved.

He is also known as an adept Greek scholar and literary man. The scholar and physician found congenial employment in the mission fields.

One of the best ways of being a missionary today is by the consecrated pen. There are hundreds of missionary periodicals today, but Luke penned the first one, The Acts of the Apostles.

Recently a fragment of a missionary paper was picked up by the roadside by a Christian who subscribed for the paper, which led to his subscribing several thousands dollars for missions.

A lady in the south picked up a little leaflet on missions of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. She had never heard of this society, but in a few days she sent them money enough to support two missionaries.

WOMEN AT WORK, Rom. 16.

We see by Romans 16 that the women played a big part in carrying the gospel in Paul's day. We read of Priscilla, of Mary, and of Aquila in this chapter, who labored with Paul in the gospel. Women are still doing their share of the work on the mission fields, and God is blessing their labors.

I wonder how many of our young people would like to do something for missions and the way seems closed. Perhaps I can help you out.

WAYS YOU MAY ASSIST MISSIONS

1st. Give 150,000 gathered in Chicago three years ago to see a prize fight, and paid more in one night than some of our largest denominations gave in that whole year for the salvation of the heathen world.

The athletic budget of Yale University equals the foreign mission budget of some of our largest

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denominations. Missions is the very life of the church and the church that lags behind along this line is either dead or will die if there is not a stirring up in your midst. Then our duty to our church this coming year is too give much for missions.

Jesus Christ's "Go ye" meant your church.

2d. Pray. The foreign missionary enterprise was born in prayer and must be continued in prayer. We must advance on our knees. So if our church is not a missionary church and we want it to prosper, we had better pray that God will stir us up along the line of missions.

3rd. Study missions. A good citizen is not one who only pays his taxes and subscribes to the community chest, but one who is intelligently informed and who can contribute advice, information, and guidance in matters of public concern.

Then if we are to be able to help missions, we

must be informed and know the needs of those in whom we are interested. We need to know something about the different countries and their customs and habits of life. If this is true, don't you think it would be good for us to take an interest in the reading club and we can perhaps recommend some books that will stir you up and make you answer yes to God's call.

4th. Give yourself. During the World War, when we were subscribing millions, word came from France: "We cannot fight the enemy with money, send us men."

This is the cry of the mission fields. We want men, the finest men, big hearted men, broadminded men, who can see above and beyond the horizon of race and creed, and above all, have a genuine experience of the fullness of God in their souls. Young people, give yourselves.

TOPIC: - SPIRITUAL EXPERTS

Scripture Lesson: Jer. 32:27.

"BEHOLD, I AM THE LORD, THE GOD OF ALL FLESH: IS THERE ANY THING TOO HARD FOR ME?"

Matthew tells us that with God all things are possible. Then when we have accepted the fact of God we need not stagger at any manifestation of His power.

I believe in a personal living God, a God infinite in His power, and infinite in His love. A God so great in His power that nothing can be subtracted from or added to that power and that love.

EVOLUTION

Standing firmly upon such a divine creed, we need not be disturbed over the question of evolution, or by the many forms of infidelity that exist in our land today.

SOME ARE DISTURBED OVER THE QUESTION OF MIRACLES

If we accept the Bible as God's Word we must accept the scripture, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever." If He is the same, then the day of miracles is not passed. While there has always been a sprinkling of miracles yet it seems that there have been different periods when they have come with greater force and were more numerous. We are giving a few of these periods for you to study.

THE CREATION PERIOD

The first eleven chapters of Genesis cover a period of 2,000 years and during that time there are few miracles after the creation period.

THE PATRIARCHAL PERIOD

In this period covered by the great patriarchs there were more miracles than before, Heb. 11.

THE MOSAIC PERIOD

During the Mosaic period miracles multiplied as never before. The story of this period begins with the second chapter of Exodus. God fed His people with manna every day except Sunday for forty years.

ELIJAH AND ELISHA

During the time of Elijah and Elisha miracles

are still more numerous, making this indeed a dramatic period of human history.

THE CHRIST PERIOD

During the Christ period the Wonder-Worker of Galilee was the center of the greatest multitude of miracles that the world has ever seen. For many years these miracles continued and God mightily used His disciples in doing marvelous things, but after awhile there came a falling away and the church went down into what is known as the dark ages when it seemed that the fire of God had almost left the earth, but not so, for God found in the heart of Martin Luther still burning a tiny spark, which He kindled, and began the work of bringing us back to the full restoration of His wonder-working power among His people. John Wesley brought us another step in this great plan and he gave us the teaching on sanctification.

A number of years ago the Holy Ghost began to work in the hearts of His people making them to realize that they had not yet reached the fullness of the blessing of Acts 2:4, and men and women began to seek God for the fulfillment of this promise in their lives, and God has met thousands and thousands and given them an experience similar to Acts 2:4; Acts 10:44-46; Acts 10:1-6. In this great latter rain revival we also note that the performing of miracles has returned and hundreds are being healed of all kinds of diseases just as in the days of Christ, and we believe that a greater day is just ahead. Jesus said that His children would do even greater works than He.

We have just mentioned some of our experts in Bible times now we want to study some of our spiritual experts in recent years.

EXPERTS IN EVANGELISM

Charles G. Finney was one of the most powerful evangelists that has ever lived on the American continent. It is said of his converts that fifty years af

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(LESSON THREE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

terwards they were as charged with spiritual power as they were the moment they arose from the altar of conversion.

During his marvelous evangelistic career he rented the Chadwick theatre in the downtown district of New York City. He said to the Christians, "I don't want you to jam this theatre. I want the room for sinners." In twelve months of time he had so many converts that the theatre was not only full but with the overflow he had founded seven other churches in that marvelous pastorate.

One night he was preaching in New York State and the chief justice of the supreme court of appeals was settled in the gallery. The chief justice listened to Mr. Finney preach and said, "If Mr. Finney should come before my court and plead like that I would decide the case in his favor." Mr. Finney preached on and the judge said, "If Mr. Finney were pleading before my court I would take the case from the jury and decide for him." Mr. Finney preached on and the chief justice arose, with his overcoat on his arm and his hat in his hand he walked down from the gallery, down the aisle of the church, and up into the pulpit and said, "Mr. Finney, if you care to interrupt your sermon and give the invitation, I will go to the altar." Mr. Finney said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the chief justice of the supreme court of New York leads the way to the altar. Who will follow?" There were 10,000 converts including practically all of the lawyers of western New York that year under the preaching of Mr. Finney. In one year of Mr. Finney's evangelistic work there were 100,000 conversions. They were not the kind that shook hands with the preacher and joined the church. They might have been called "Holy Rollers" if they had lived in our day, for they often fell from their seats prostrate under the power of God. Whole factories had to close because of the mighty workings of God's power. It was his endowment of spiritual power that qualified him for that marvelous evangelistic career.

The same may be said of George Whitfield, John Wesley, Dwight L. Moody and Wm. Booth the founder of the Salvation Army.

EXPERTS IN PRAYER

The prayer life of George Muller is one of the

most remarkable stories of modern times. He founded his orphanage not only to take care of poor children but to demonstrate to unbelieving England that God still answers prayer. He cared for 9,500 orphans and they never wanted for a meal. He wanted as much as fifty thousand pounds a year and it always came when needed. He testified that one million, four hundred thousand pounds were sent to him in answer to prayer. He never asked a man for a penny for the support of that institution.

PANDITA RAMABI

In far away India was possibly the world's greatest woman in her day. She loved poverty stricken India where the average income is five cents per day and where the millions live and die having never had enough to eat one time in life. She established a home for women who had lived a low, degraded life and had from fifteen hundred to two thousand of her Indian sisters in it at one time. These were transformed by the love of Christ. For the support of this home through all the years money was never solicited, but all needed funds came as a direct answer to prayer.

God sent a wonderful revival to this place and hundreds of these women received the Holy Ghost according to the Acts 2:4.

NOTE.—Appoint some one or two to find all they can about these spiritual experts and bring to the meeting. Go to a library and find the book about these great men and read it and then tell what you can about them in the meeting. As you begin to study the lives of these and other great characters you will find your spiritual life growing and your love for your Bible also.

Appoint your leaders four weeks ahead of time, and let the leader give out the parts so that those on the program can have plenty of time to prepare their part.

Have some of your boys and girls study about the different periods of miracles we have outlined and give what they find at the meeting.

Close the meeting with a special prayer that God will make some spiritual experts out of your little band of young people.

TOPIC:—THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

Scripture Lesson: Rom. 8:16.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

The Holy Spirit convinces a man that he is a Christian then the Holy Spirit keeps up a communion between God and that life. The Holy Spirit is a dependable witness. His testimony is infallible. He is God, the Holy Ghost testifying to the fact that have been born again.

One of the purposes for which the Holy Ghost came into the world is to confirm, approve, corroborate the testimony of our own spirit, the witness of our own heart and our own conscience that we are children of God.

Our assurance is just as positive, as certain, as wine, as though proclaimed by a voice from the skies.

"The Holy Ghost so works upon the soul by His immediate influence and by a strong, though inexpressible operation that the stormy wind and the troubled waves subside and there is a sweet calm, the heart resting in Jesus and the sinner being clearly satisfied that all his iniquities are forgiven and his sins covered."

JOHN WESLEY

Before John Wesley experienced the great change known as conversion he was asked by a Moravian pastor, "Have you the witness of the Spirit within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are the child of God?" Wesley could not answer definitely, and he pressed

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the matter still further, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" Wesley answered, "I know He is the Savior of the world." "True," said the pastor, "but do you know He has saved you?" "I hope, He has died to save me," Wesley answered.

On the night of May 24, 1738 in that Moravian church, in London, Wesley had a new, definite experience.

In describing the change, which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, he said, "I felt my heart strangely warm. I felt I did trust in Christ, and Christ alone, for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I then testified openly to all there, what I now felt in my heart." A few days later Wesley reports, "My load was gone, with all my doubts and scruples."

Bishop McTyeire said, "The doctrine of conscious conversion and direct witness of the Spirit testifying to the heart of the believer that he is a child of God was the doctrine which exposed the founder of Methodism to the opposition of the formalists of the church and the ridicule of the world."

All down through the ages those who have stood for a real experience have had to stand in the face of ridicule. It is still so today.

OLD TESTAMENT SAINTS

The conscious knowledge of regeneration has been possible to man every hour from the fall of Adam to the present time. It was a deep rich experience that brought the Old Testament saints into the conscious favor and blessing of God.

ENOCH

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; For before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God." Heb. 11:5.

ABEL

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain by which he obtained witness that he was righteous." Heb. 11:4.

DAVID

When one has studied the Psalms closely they must confess that David knew a positive, personal, dynamic, joyous, and triumphant salvation ministered and sustained in his heart by the Holy Spirit.

ZACHARIAS AND ELISABETH

Zacharias and Elisabeth were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

John the Baptist was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb and grew to preeminent stat-

ure as a holy prophet having been ordained of God as the forerunner of the Christ.

PAUL

Some think it is presumptuous for one to say that he knows he is saved. Paul didn't seem to think so for he says in 2 Tim. 1:12, "I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

THE WORDS OF JESUS

"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and manifest myself to him." Jno. 14:21.

To have the witness of the Spirit does not mean sanctification or the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The disciples before Pentecost were regenerate men. This fact does not rest upon a mere inference or upon circumstantial evidence. Christ who certainly knew the experience of these disciples has spoken with no uncertain sound upon their spiritual condition.

Before Pentecost Christ sent His disciples forth as lambs among wolves to preach His own gospel, to heal the sick, and to cast out devils. These were Christ's sent men and it is unthinkable that Christ should send unregenerate men on such a mission.

Christ said that it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for those cities which should reject their message but after all this spiritual experience it was necessary for all those on the day of Pentecost to be filled with the Holy Ghost, so the witness of the Spirit and the baptism of the Holy Ghost are two separate and distinct experiences.

NOTE:—This is a subject you will need often in your work of soul winning and a study of how to meet this is of vast importance. Distribute the different characters among your people and let them bring out the different thoughts they may get along this line. It would be good to search for all the scripture on this important subject. Be sure to bring some of your own thoughts. Some one might make a study of John Wesley and comment on his life. It will do you good to get a glimpse into the lives of some of our great characters. After the subject has been thoroughly discussed open the meeting to a real experience meeting and ask all to give their own experience, how they knew they were saved, and whether they are sure just now that all is well with their soul. This will give a good ending for your meeting and it will be good to give an altar call to those who do not know about this definite experience.

O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

OUR READING CLUB

We are somewhat encouraged with our Reading Club work this month, and we are giving this work a page occasionally hoping to inspire many of our young people to spend their time reading and improving their minds and hearts as well. We also want to inspire and wake up the parents to a realization of their responsibility along this line.

Kathleen Bunch of Wallins Creek is the first member of this club. Kathleen is a special friend of mine, having met her when I was in Kentucky last summer organizing the young people in her church. She also has a letter on another page of this issue.

We hope to have many more names to report next month. Let us not forget our first one. I wonder who the second will be.

Select your own book and tell me what you are reading, if that would suit you better. However, I will suggest a few that would be a blessing to you. We are always glad to recommend "Pilgrim's Progress," written by John Bunyan while in prison for the gospel's sake. Finney and Moody are splendid for those who are going to be evangelist, or George Muller for those who feel a call to prayer; the lives of the great missionaries, for those interested in missions, Wm. Carey, John G. Paton, and a whole host of great lives you should know about. Send to Church of God Publishing House, 2524 Gaut. St., Cleveland, Tenn., and get a catalog and buy these books, or go to your pastor or some other good pastor and ask to borrow the book, or go to the city library, if there is one near where you live, and get any this new year.

Remember The Lighted Pathway could be kept on your table where your boy or girl can pick it up at any moments and get the good things we have prepared for them. We spend much of our time culling and preparing the little paper to help your girl and boy. Please remember us when you go to pray at God will inspire us to inspire others, and don't forget that we

must have your financial help if we are able to carry on the work. God bless our young readers.

GOOD READING ESSENTIAL IN THE HOME

* * *

A short time ago while visiting the home of a well-to-do farmer we were greatly impressed with the number of magazines and books which came into the home. Most of these were on subjects of interest to the farmer in his work. Some were on "Raising of Sheep," "Care of Chickens," "What to Feed Hogs," "How to Grow Vegetables," "The Caring for and Marketing of Fruit," etc.

There were several children in that home, but not a single book or magazine on the building of their character or their spiritual welfare, and yet some parents wonder why it is that their children do not grow up to be interested in the Lord's work, or develop in the Christian life.

We ask you, which is the more important, the proper teaching and training of your children and the development of your own Christian life, or the care of chickens, sheep, etc.? Which should have first place?

Does it matter whether the reading matter that is in the home is good, bad or indifferent?

Yes, indeed, it does matter. Reading matter in many a home has been a "savor of life unto life," and in other cases "a savor of death unto death." Many a boy and girl has been started toward goodness and usefulness, and many others toward badness and worthlessness, by what they read at home.

Yes, it does matter, dear parents, what kind of reading you have in your home for your boys and girls—and for yourselves, too! One very impressive instance of the elevating and ennobling influence of a boy's reading on the character and life of the future man, is that of the great preacher and pastor, the late Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, the successor

of the mighty Spurgeon in London.

The father of A. C. Dixon was a farmer-preacher in the South, who continued his ministry to a great age, serving one church in North Carolina for fifty-six years. On one of his visits to his son in New York this farmer-preacher supplied the pulpit of a leading church in Brooklyn. It is said the brethren were delighted and crowded around him, praising him because he quoted so much Scripture.

It turns out now that the son of this preacher stated that Spurgeon's sermons, read by him as a boy, under God, made him a preacher. And later the country boy, son of the North Carolina farmer-preacher, became a successor to the great London preacher as pastor of the Tabernacle Church.

And if the reading of Dixon influenced his life, will not the reading of your child now do the same? How much attention, then, should I, you, or the other fellow, pay to reading matter that comes into our homes?

This is only one of unnumbered instances of the saving power of good reading in the home. On the other hand, who can number the lives that have been misdirected and wrecked in moral disaster, through the influence of light, trashy, corrupting books and periodicals in the hands of children in the home? Parents who neglect this matter will not be held guiltless.—The Evangelical Christian and Missionary Witness.

"I'd rather see a sermon than hear one, any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely show the way;
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds;
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.
I can soon learn to do it if you'll let me see it done;
I can watch your hand in action, but your tongue too fast may run.
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true.
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do;
For I may misunderstand you and the good advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live."
—By I. T. Jones, Pres. Advance.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM THE READERS OF THE L. P.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 11, 1930.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed you will find a money order for \$3.00 which is just a little offering to help you out in your good work. It is little but maybe it will help.

You may send me twenty-five copies of the paper and I will sell them if possible.

May the Lord bless you in your earnest efforts to do good is my prayer.—Your sister, Lula Caldwell.

Oneonta, Ala., Rt. 1.

Nov. 10, 1930.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I was so glad to know that The Lighted Pathway is to continue its visits into the homes and make glad the hearts of its readers, as well as to be of so great help to the Y. P. E. I know it is a burden on you but the Lord is able to reward you, and I am sure that some of the people will stand by you and help you.—J. M. Magouirk.

Weatherford, Tex.

I received a copy of The Lighted Pathway last summer. After reading it I was very much delighted with it and kept thinking I would subscribe for it but neglected it. When organizing the Y. P. E. I told them of the paper and advised that they subscribe for it, feeling it would be a great help to them. While at the Assembly I subscribed for it and received the first copy today. I mean to be a booster for it and try to get it into as many homes as I can, either by subscriptions or selling single copies each month.

May God bless you, Sister Harrison, for the efforts you are putting forth in behalf of the young people. It is a great work and each of us should be very interested in it, that it may rise and shine for the Lord. You have my prayers and co-operation. Yours in His service, Mrs. S. J. Wood.

Wallins Creek, Ky.

Nov. 3, 1930.

Mrs. Alda B. Harrison,

Dear Sister:

I thought I would write you again although I know you are very busy and don't get much time to write.

Sister Harrison, I will have to begin by telling you how I love The Lighted Pathway. It gets better all the time. I have been reading the topic, "The Macedonian Call," and I could not keep from crying. I feel so little but yet I want to do all I can to tell lost men and women about the Lord and I believe the best way is to give them The Lighted Pathway. As soon as the papers are out each month you may send twenty-five to me.

Pray for me and for our Y. P. E.
—Kathleen Bunch.

Another letter from Sister Kathleen.

Wallins Creek, Ky.

Nov. 24, 1930.

Mrs. Alda Harrison.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received The Lighted Pathway for December. You must know I do enjoy them. They get better all the time. I am sending you a check for \$2.00. I feel that we could not do without The Lighted Pathway either at our service or at home.

Pray for me and for our Y. P. E. Your sister in Christ, Kathleen Bunch.

P. S. Sister Harrison, I want to let you know that I am going to sign the consecration pledge, also I am keeping up with your reading club. I am reading "The Pilgrim's Progress." Again I will say, Remember brother and me in your prayers.

I am very much pleased with the Lighted Pathway and find it to be a great help to us in our Y. P. E. I shall do my best to get it into other homes. I have showed the paper to some and they were delighted with it so I feel sure I'll be able to send in some subscriptions soon.

Wishing you much success, I am

Your sister in Christ,

Mrs. F. M. Waldron.

Monroe, Va.

Dec. 1, 1930.

Mrs. Alda B. Harrison, Editor,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sister:

I am delighted with your paper The Lighted Pathway. I think it should be in every Christian home especially where there are young people.

We organized a C. of G. Y. P. E. here at Monroe, Va. on Thanksgiving Day and met yesterday for the first time. All seemed to be delighted with it and although it is the only one in Virginia, that know of, I hope to soon have many more.

You will find enclosed herewith my check for ten copies of The Lighted Pathway of the December issue which you will please send to my address.

Wishing you great success in your most noble work, I am

Yours very truly,

Laud L. Vaught, Overseer of Virginia.

NOTE:—Brother Vaught has sent in two more orders since this one.

Sulphur Springs, Fla.

Dec. 7, 1930.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed you will find a money order for \$1.00 for the ten copies of The Lighted Pathway. You may send ten copies next time.

We find The Lighted Pathway lots of help in arranging the weekly programs for the Y. P. and besides, we enjoy reading the articles by different ones.

Your sister in Christ,

Alice Stephens.

FOR EVERYDAY USE

By Margaret Gapp Schmidt

Use a little bit of wholesome cheer,
And mix with a dash of love,
Then fold in God's rich promises
Sent from His throne above.

Take a smile of it in the morning
With a bit of sunshine bright,
Double it at noontime,
And triple it at night.

Then if you heap the measure,
You will find ere very long,
That the world is filled with music
And your life is full of song.

Praise will fall from your lips in morning,
Like a rose that's been kissed by dew,
And before God sends the twilight
He will shower His blessings
you.—Oakland, Calif.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1931.

NO. 6.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

GRUMBLETOWN

WHEN Dr. Grit and Deacon Grace
Had launched the enterprise,
Old Uncle Doubt came in to say:
"I hardly think it wise!

"It takes a world to work, you know,
These mighty things to do;
And let me just remind you, sirs,
That you are only two!"

"Thrice welcome, then, to new recruits!"

The workers cried with glee;

"The task indeed is hard for two:
Join in and make it three!"

"I guess I will," said Uncle Doubt,
"Since you are bound to win;
And I'll go out around the town
And fetch the others in."

So in they came, a merry crew,
Including Brother Try;
And Brother Slow, and Brother Go,
And Brother By-and-By.

Until the whole wide neighborhood
Had joined the enterprise;
For even Deacon Grumble came,
And Madam Criticize!

So many happy helpers came,
So large the business grew,
It soon became the biggest thing
The city ever knew.

If you, my friends, would emulate
The worthy and the wise,
Don't hide away in Grumbletown,
But join the enterprise.

Lyman Edward Davis.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper Devoted to Our
Young People Everywhere

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One Year \$1.00
Single copy 10c

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

FEBRUARY

EDITORIALS

Dear readers of The Lighted Pathway, one month of the new year has already slipped into the past. I wonder if you realize how fast time passes away. What is done must be done quickly. No time to sit down and sleep, no time to rest. The devil is busy and will beat us if we don't hurry. He has millions and millions of agents at work selling and distributing his literature. Thousands of papers are laying on the tables in the homes of our young people. How many of them are Christian? Most of them are papers loaded with stories and articles which degrade instead of elevate. We are praying daily, Lord, inspire us to make The Lighted Pathway a blessing to our young people and lead them into this pathway which our paper stands for. We believe this is being done because of the many letters of appreciation we are receiving. But how to get it into the homes where they can get it is more than I can tell. I believe that is a responsibility that rests upon you.

If we can toil and pray and sacrifice for our young people in putting out the little paper, I wonder if you couldn't shoulder the responsibility of soliciting a few subscribers in your church and neighborhood. Recently I sent out a plea for help, asking for each subscriber to send me one new one (now that isn't asking much, is it?) and Brother T. P. Douglas of Miami, Fla. sent me ten. He just put it before the church and the church responded. If all those who like the paper and think it is a blessing to the young people would do like-

wise, our burdens would be over. We hope and pray that God will lay this work on your hearts during the month and great things will be accomplished for the little paper. I thank you in advance for your assistance. God bless you.

OUR HELPERS' CLUB

Our helpers are coming along fine and are doing some good work. We certainly appreciate it. We know God will bless all who have helped to hold up our hands. We are hoping hundreds of others will join us.

The five who sent in the largest contribution to the work are as follows: J. M. Magouirk, Oneonta, Ala.; Gertrude Brantley, Hazlehurst, Ga.; W. D. Childers, 1209 N. 5th St., Knoxville, Tenn.; Kathleen Bunch, Wallins Creek, Ky.; Ethel Harris, Lynch, Ky.; Lula Caldwell, Atlanta, Ga.; James O. Rice, Greenville, S. C.; C. G. Carder, Clarksburg, W. Va.; D. Carder, Toledo, O.

The last six is a tie, making nine in all. We wish we could give the names of each one of our helpers for we appreciate them all, but space forbids. God bless them.

THE INNER CIRCLE

Recently we have received eight names for our Inner Circle from Oneonta, Ala. When we went to this place last October to organize, things looked somewhat discouraging as there was no organized church at that place. However, this proves that they have some good community leaders. Of course this encourages our hearts. The names are as follows: I. M. Magouirk, Mrs. Fred Inzer, Wreathie Daily, Mary Blakely, Sallie Puckett, W. D. Oden, Lorena Puckett, Essie Tankersley.

We have received three other names besides these: Vivian Harworth, Whitesboro, Texas; Kathleen Bunch, Wallins Creek, Ky.; Hettie Ellen Payne, Harlan, Ky.

We just want to say, You need not cut the pledge from the paper, just sign it and send me your name.

OUR READING CLUB

Two more have joined our ranks this month. They are Wiley E. Wright, Maud, Okla., and Hettie Ellen Payne, Harlan, Ky. We thank the Lord for them.

We feel that some have been handicapped because they have been unable to get the books we suggested. Our aim is to get you to reading good books and if you do not have what we suggest, read something else. Get into the lives of our great missionaries and Christian workers and you will grow spiritually as you read.

Hettie Ellen Payne writes: "I've read 'The Life of Wesley,' 'Buck Robinson,' 'Martyrs' History,' 'Great Sermons by Great Preachers,' including Luther, Bunyan, and all the great preachers. In the past week I read 'D. L. Moody,' and only yesterday I finished 'Charles H. Spurgeon'."

Wiley E. Wright gave a list of the books he had read recently. His selections have been good. We have misplac'd his letter and cannot remember.

This sounds like these two young people have joined the Reading Club, doesn't it? Come on, boys and girls, and get busy improving your minds and hearts. It is our aim to get you so busy doing good things that Satan can't even whisper in your ears and if he does you will not have time to listen.

Do you pastors and teachers and adult leaders fully appreciate the high privilege of working with a group of young people, helping them carry out their program in the church? What concerns them ought to concern you for it certainly concerns the church. Their good times, their school work, their love affairs, their home relationships, their doubts and worries, their dreams and aspirations should concern you. An adult friend and counselor worthy to be trusted is the greatest need of the youth of today. As such you can help them find themselves and help them to make these major adjustments the youth must make in order to live life at its best. In order to help youth we cannot be too critical of their faults and failures, but must lead them unconsciously to better things. The attitude of some people I know only drives them away from God. Too many don'ts and no enough do.

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MIRACLES AND FIRE

THE CHURCH TODAY NEEDS THE FIRE AS IN DAYS OF YORE

There was sore famine in the land. Ahab, the king, had failed God. A general condition of apostasy prevailed. The country needed rain. In such a time God's true followers should have stood by Elijah's side because he, the true servant of God, knew the secret of the Lord and the power of His might. His torch had been fired at the altar of the living God. His faith in El-Shaddi flashed as lightning thru the awful gloom of unbelief that shrouded the sky. His life alone was a burning rebuke to a backsliding nation. Elijah's very name implied "the Great I Am, He is God." To make a sad story sadder, the drouth grew worse and worse. More than three years rolled by and Ahab made no move to restore the altar of the Lord that was broken down in the land. No one seemed to realize the seriousness of the altar's absence.

But Hallelujah! God is ever faithful. He had a prophet in the land. Elijah was God's separated servant who was not afraid to denounce sin. While Elijah was alone in the world, he had God, and God and one are always a majority. Elijah's challenge came like a shot out of a gun. When accused of Ahab that he had troubled Israel, Elijah immediately responds: "Gather to me all Israel on Mount Carmel." He was not ashamed of his God or his message. He was ready to stake even his own life in demonstrating the faithfulness of his God. He knew that the Baal prophets would be included in the big crowd at this demonstration service but he stood fearless and undaunted in his unflinching courage that God would vindicate His cause and bring to confusion the Baal worshippers of that age. Elijah made things clear. He knew that a common sense test was enough. He threw out his challenge in no uncertain tones, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, follow him." The great masses of people are always willing to heed and abide by a fair demonstration.

Elijah instructed the Baal crowd

to proceed with their part of the ceremony which would show forth either the falseness or the genuineness of their god. The scene becomes ludicrous as they foolishly carry on in their futile attempts to get the fire to fall from heaven upon the sacrifice. At last when the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice had arrived, Elijah steps forward in the power of the Spirit and repairs "the altar of the Lord that was broken down."

Oh, that ministers today might step forward in this Saturday night of the dispensation and gather the people together unto Mount Carmel where God can be found, proving the immutability of His holy promises! Oh, that preaching might become a passion rather than a profession! Apostates and modernists of our age need to see Holy Ghost fire descend from heaven. An ounce of demonstration is worth a ton of theory in these days when men have a right to demand reality in religion. Christendom has reached a crisis in its history. 'Tis revolution or revelation. 'Tis modernism or The Book. Two distinct standards are before us. It is high time for the anointed of God to see this clearly and get their bearings amidst the multiplied signs of the Anti-Christ which are now appearing.

Natural fire is a strange incomprehensible phenomena to natural science. The heathen of old could not understand it and, therefore, worshipped it. Fire is a mystery — only its laws can be defined. It is a natural fact that proper combination will invariably produce combustion. For instance, if flint strikes steel, sparks are a result. Again, two gasses are united and fire is produced.

And so it is in the spiritual realm. Supernatural fire is a mystery. How strange to the unregenerate. Let us note its significance in scripture: fire miraculously descends upon and consumes Abraham's sacrifice, Gen. 15:17. This happened throughout Old Testament history from the time of Abel. It was an indication of God's ap-

proval upon the worship of His saints.

God met Moses at the burning bush prior to the exodus of the Israelites out of Egypt. Moses out of curiosity approached the burning bush which was exactly what God desired. "I will turn aside and see this great sight." God knows human psychology. He understands the frailties of humanity enough to know that the commonplace will not suffice. Psychological phenomena is a means to an end. Moses had now finished his sentence in the dry desert land. God is not a tyrant. He tells Moses, "I am come down to deliver." This is applicable to the church of today which is groaning for the fullness of Jesus to be revealed. God responds with a supernatural visitation of miraculous power. Redemption is invariably the objective of the miracles of God. We are dealing with a God unchangeable. Pharaoh was oppressing the children of Israel. They were groaning for deliverance until God finally responded with, "I will stretch out My hand." Let the devil crowd God and then watch God assert Himself as Master. God will vindicate and favor the people of faith who believe in His name. A visible manifestation of power is God's last resort on earth and this is a final expression of His awfulness of reality. "God did signs in the sight of the people." Jesus did the same in open ministry. And in today's Anti-Christ pressure that same power is flowing from Him in increasing measure. Christ sits upon the throne, blooming immortality and life in the very face of Unbelief and Modernism. Many today are being turned aside from the common walks of life into revival meetings where the extraordinary and supernatural are prevalent. Many of us today would be far away from the Christian faith, which extols a God who answers prayer, were it not for the fact that God in His great love is manifesting His power in a visible manner. "When John had heard in prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his dis-

(Continued on page Ten)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

CRIPPLE TOM

Sent in by Charlotte Higgins,
Harlan, Ky.

In one of the deplorable miserable East London homes, in a dark, wretched room at the top of a house, lay a cripple boy. He had lain there for over two years, greatly neglected and comparatively unknown. When quite young his parents had died, leaving him to the mercy of an aged relative, whom he called "Granny."

Born a cripple, he had always been a sufferer; but as long as he was able, he had swept a crossing on his crutches, or gone short errands to earn a few pence. But soon after his parents' death the boy had to take to his bed. Very ungraciously the old woman allowed him to occupy the top room in her house which room he never left again.

His mother had taught him to read and write, and some times, on a snowy night the lad had crept into the mission hall merely for the sake of getting warm. Numb with cold, and weary in body he took little heed of what he had heard on those nights but, lying alone day after day, there came into his mind the memory of it, and by degrees he was possessed with a great longing to know more about things of God, and to have a Bible of his own. He knew that it was from the Bible that the speakers had gathered their knowledge, and that was all. So, summing up courage, he one day consulted Granny about it. His only encouragement in that direction was an ironical laugh: "Bibles weren't in her line! What did a lad like him want with Bibles?" So the matter dropped for a time, but the lad's desire to possess one did not grow less.

One day, however, up the creaking stairs came noisy, boisterous Jack Lee, the only friend the cripple had in the world. "Hurrah! hurrah! Got a new box. Off north to-

morrow! Come to say Good-bye, Tom," he cried, all excitement, seating himself on the bed, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "But I've got a real beauty present for you, my lad," taking from his pocket something wrapped in a greasy bit of brown paper.

Tom raised himself on his elbows, not at all gladdened by the news he had heard. "A bright new shilling for you, Tom. And you're not to spend it till yer want suffin real particular." "Oh, Jack, you are good, but I want something now very particular." "Yer do? What's he?" "I want a Bible." "A Bible! well I never! Who ever heard of a poor lad spending all that on a Bible, when I had to scrape months and months to save it in coppers." "Don't be angry, dear Jack," cried the cripple boy, "you're going away, and I shall be lonlier than ever, and oh, I do so want a Bible. Please get it, Jack—now—this very evening at Fisher's, before the shop closes. Granny never would; she'd spend it in gin if I let her get it into her hands." "What can yer want with a Bible, Tom? only scholars understand them their things," he answered rather crossly. "Maybe so, Jack, but I am hankering after one, for I must find out whether them there folks in that mission hall you and I sometimes used to go to told true about some one they called Jesus. Let it be your parting gift, Jack, and you will make me so glad." "Very well, lad, then I'll go, but I knows naught of Bible buyin'." "Fisher has 'em at a shilling, for I saw 'em marked in the window when I used to go by. Quick, Jack, or the shop will be closed!"

Jack complied very ungraciously, and descended the stairs less rapidly than he had mounted them. But he got over his disappointment before he returned with a beautiful shilling Bible. "Fisher says I could not leave you a better friend, Tom, and he declares the shilling could

not be 'vested better; and says he: It may be worth a thousand pounds to the lad. So 'pears there's suffin we ought to know about."

Tom's joy and gratitude were unbounded. "I know it, Jack. I know it!" hugging the book to his breast. "I'm happy now. Oh, how kind you were to save that shilling!"

The lads never met again; but if the honest errand boy could only have known what a precious treasure that Holy Book became to his cripple friend, he would have been amply rewarded for the sacrifice he had made to save the shilling. After a month's hard reading, Cripple Tom knew more about his Bible than many who have professed to study it for twenty years. He had learned the way of salvation, his only teacher, the Holy Spirit; he had learned also that obedience to God's will meant helping to save others.

"It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself," he said; so he thought and thought, until at last a simple, but very beautiful work was decided on for the Master. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and some how he got a pencil and paper, and wrote out different texts, and then dropped them into the noisy street below, directed:

"TO THE PASSER-BY—PLEASE READ"

He hoped that by this means some one might hear of Jesus and His salvation. This service of love faithfully rendered, went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep and immediately afterwards a tall well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked, kindly. "Yes," said Tom, brightening up. "Have yer heard

(Please look on page eight)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur

That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day;
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care;

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings.
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when ready to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With the selfsame round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine,
"You are living, toiling, for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;

Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet,
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

We Must Face The Facts

Bright and shining faces and changed lives are a scarcity in revivals. Young people are losing their faith; the Sabbath is being startlingly desecrated; picture shows are crowded and church pews are empty; dance halls are filled; shameful automobile joy-riding is seen on every hand; swimming pools, Sunday baseball and card clubs are alarmingly the order of the day.

We must face these facts and stem the tide.

Give The Children a Chance

If our children are to be the kind of men and women we want them to be, it is of tremendous importance that they have kept before them as children the ideals toward which we wish them to grow.

Every wise teacher acknowledges the truth just stated.

What do we want the boys and girls of our Sunday Schools to become? Is it not our desire, our earnest purpose, that they shall become men and women who are the world's leaders toward the highest ideals of the Christian Church?

And what do we consider essential to that kind of leadership? Is it not that men shall thoroughly know and effectively do the will of God?

Then to provide such a leadership, our boys and girls must be highly developed and thoroughly trained, that they may have skill and knowledge and a strong Christian purpose in life. Especially must they be taught the Word and will of God.

NOTICE:—Editor's Address
"Please notice change of address,
504 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tenn.

HONESTY

By Ruth Haskell Hayton

I cannot say anything on the importance of teaching honesty, even in the smallest matters, so well as to quote from an article in Good Housekeeping for October, 1925, entitled, "They Let Me Get Away with It."

"I am facing a year in the penitentiary. My crime warranted a much heavier sentence; but on account of my youth and it being my first offense, the judge gave me a light sentence, while my mother sobbed and the other ladies in the courtroom wept in sympathy.

"Mother loved me dearly, and tried to do her best by me. She had for me that sort of affection that endures, suffers, forgives, and hopes in the face of everything. But she helped to make me what I am today. I am twenty-one years old. I have been a thief for seventeen years; and only today I got a light sentence for my 'first offense.'

"When I was five years old, an old man next door had a reading glass through which I loved to look at pictures. One day he fell asleep in his chair when I was in the room. The glass was on the table beside him. I thought how wonderful it would be if the glass were mine and I could look through it whenever I wanted to. I tiptoed up to the table, slipped the glass inside my little blouse, went home, and up to my play room. I was absorbed in using it when my mother came into the room suddenly. Startled, I let the glass fall, and it broke into pieces.

"Mother questioned me, and I admitted that I had taken the glass without the old man's permission. But mother called it 'borrowing without permission.' She wept as she explained how wrong it was, and how the entire family would be disgraced if any one knew what

(Continued on page Ten)

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

I KNOW THY SORROW, CHILD

I know thy sorrow, child; I know it well,
Thou needst not try with broken voice to tell.
Just let me lay thy head here on my breast
And find here sweetest comfort; perfect rest!

Thou needst not bear the burden, child, thyself;
I yearn to take it all upon myself!
Then trust it all to me today—tomorrow;
Yes, e'en forever; for I know thy sorrow.

Hadst thou no cross like this for me to bear,
Thou wouldst not feel the need of my strong care;
But in thy weakness thou didst come to me,
And through this plan I have won thee.

I know thy sorrow, and I love thee more,
Because for such as thee I came and bore
The wrong, the shame, the pain of Calvary,
That I might comfort give to such as thee.

So resting here, my child, thy hand in mine,
Thy sorrow to my care today resign;
Dread not that some new care will come tomorrow,
What does it matter—I know all thy sorrow.

And I will gladly take it all for thee,
If thou wilt only trust it all to me.
Thou needst not stir, but in my love be still
And learn the sweetness of thy Father's will—

That will has planned it only for the best;
So knowing this, be still and sweetly rest.
Trust me. The future shall not bring to thee
But that will bring thee closer still to me.—Sel.

Joseph, the son of Jacob, found the way of escape, and although it led him through privations, stormy scenes and dungeons, he faithfully followed it until it brought him on a throne next to Pharaoh. While the "way of escape" may appear to have many thorns in it, and ravenous beasts upon it, God's Word for it that the thorns will have lost their sharpness, and the ravenous beasts will be chained and harmless when the trusting pilgrim comes to them. So it pays to take the "way of escape" God has made for you though cyclones and tornadoes seem to sweep across it, and the devil's lightning and thunder rends the rocks on either side of it. "None of these things move me," said faithful Paul.

WIT'S END

God stands ready to meet us at our wit's end. Many roads lead to that point: financial trouble, sickness, business problems, opposition in mission work, an unruly Sunday School class, besetting sins. God has something to say to us at the end of each of these roads. The danger is that we may retrace our steps and try to find the answer ourselves, or turn to a friend for advice before we look to God, or that we may become discouraged. But it is a good thing to know that we have reached the end of our resources. For then we can begin to learn of God's infinite wisdom and grace. When Jehoshaphat was faced by hosts of enemies he cried to God,

"Neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon thee" (2 Chron. 20:12). At once God answered: "Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not your's, but God's." Then he told Jehoshaphat just what to do and what not to do. In financial trouble there is Philippians 4:19, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

* * *

In war strategists employ barbed wire barrage to hinder the advance of the enemy. In the Christian's warfare on the kingdom of Satan, barrage entanglements appear that more than equals the barrages employed by man. But God's warriors are fully equipped to break down these entanglements, for with every temptation He makes a way of escape. Entanglements or barriers will not keep God's soldiers from going "over the top."

* * *

When God Is Silent

Unanswered prayer should not be an obstacle to faith. With the natural eye the believer sees no evidence that God is working, but the eye of faith sees "him who is invisible." The natural ear hears no sound of coming relief, but by faith the Christian accepts the promises of God's Word and knows they will be carried out. This truth is beautifully expressed by Sir Robert Anderson in "The Gospel and Its Ministry": "Faith must be prepared for a refusal. Faith trusts for safety, but never fails when perils come. Faith looks for food and shelter, but never falters when hunger, and thirst, and cold, and nakedness become its portion. The faith that cries with the Psalmist, 'At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee,' is truer and greater than the faith that could bid the sun stand still upon Gibeon; and the sufferings of Paul denote a higher

(Continued on page 15)

THE INNER CIRCLE

CONSECRATION PLEDGE

**O LORD: I present
myself unreservedly
to Thee**

**My Time,
My Talents,
My Tongue,
My Will,
My Property,
My Reputation,
My Entire Being,**

**To Be and Do Anything
Thou Requirest of Me.**

Pledge of Faith

Now as I have given myself away I am no longer my own, but all the Lord's.

I believe thou dost accept the offering I bring.

I trust Thee to work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and I will receive you.

As I give myself to Thee, I believe Thou dost receive me now.

Name

Date

and gathereth fruit unto eternal life, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together, and herein is that saying true: one soweth and another reapeth. John 4:35-37.

In Rom. 10:14 we read, How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed, and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent, as it is written. How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things. Oh, feed His sheep, feed His lambs, they are seeking for truth; point them the way of eternal life. Sow the precious seed; teach little children and make possible the kingdom of heaven on earth, for He taught us to pray, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Besides, Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord and the fruit of the womb is His reward. As arrows are in the hand of the mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them, they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate. Ps. 107:3-5.

"Our Father which art in heaven." How wonderful it seems to believe and really feel and know that God is our Father and that we can go to Him and really feel that He knows us and loves us better than any earthly father, and that He will give us what we need and what we ask for if He thinks it best for us, for He knows what is best, and sometimes, too, He takes things away from us because He knows they are dangerous and would hurt us. The day will come when we

(Continued on page 14)

JESUS IS COMING

He's coming, soon coming;

Yes, Jesus is coming!

The way into glory will then open wide;

To receive all the sealed ones

To the House of His Father,

And they'll feast at His table, His own precious Bride!

He's coming, soon coming;

With the sound of a trumpet

The dead shall burst forth from the tombs where they lay,

Ascending in triumph

To meet the dear Savior

In realms of His glory and eternal day.

He's coming, soon coming;

Their eyes shall behold Him

Appearing in glory in clouds of the sky;

And we which remain

That are ready to meet Him

Shall go, being ransomed, to never-more die.

Oh come, blessed Savior!

With Thy hallowed presence

Enrapture our vision thy face to behold.

Oh come in thy brightness,

Catch us to thy presence,

With us in thy rapture transcend to the goal.

Catch us to the house

Of our father in glory,

Seat us at thy table thy blessing to share;

And there, blessed Savior,

We'll stay in thy presence,

Rejoicing forever thy glory to share.—O. C. Bostwick, Meridian, Cal.

Why did Jesus ask Peter three times: Simon Peter, lovest thou Me? Ah, the pathos in those words, and also in these words, "Feed My sheep." Peter answered, Yea Lord. Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee. Then Jesus said, Feed My sheep, feed My lambs. John 21:15-17. Ah, feed His sheep, feed His lambs; point them the way of eternal life. Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest, and he that reapeth receiveth wages

CRIPPLE TOM

(Continued from page four)

as some one has got hold of one?" "Plenty, lad, plenty! would you believe it if I told you that I picked up one last evening and God blessed it to my soul?" "I can believe in God's Word doing anything, sir," said the lad humbly. "And I am come," said the gentleman, "to thank you personally." "Not me, sir! I only does the writin': He does the blessin'." "And you are happy in this work for Christ?" said the visitor. "Couldn't be happier, sir. I don't think nothin' of the pain in my back, for shan't I be glad when I see Him, to tell Him that as soon as I know'd about Him I did all I could to serve Him? I suppose you gets lots of chances, don't yer, sir?"

"Ah, lad, but I have neglected them but, God helping me, I mean to begin afresh. At home in the country I have a sick boy dying. I had come to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye, he said: 'Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus. I can not bear to meet Him empty handed,' and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day, too, until the evening when I was passing down the street your little paper fell on my hat, I opened it and read: 'I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.' (John 9:4) It seemed like a command from heaven. It startled me and brought me to my knees that night, and I could not sleep until I could sing:

'Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me!

Glory, glory to the Lamb!'

"I have professed to be a Christian for twenty-two years, my lad, and when I made inquiries and found out who dropped these texts into the street, and why it was done, it so shamed and humbled me that I determined to go home and work for the same Master that you are serving so faithfully."

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face.

"It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much."

"Tell me how you managed to get

the paper to start it, my lad."

"That warn't hard, sir. I just had a talk with Granny, and offered to give up my ha'porth o' milk she gives me most days if she would buy me paper instead. You know, sir, I can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as has lots to give Him, sir?"

The visitor sighed a deep sigh. "Ah, lad, you are a great deal nappier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to Him, and who have time, talents and money, and do little or nothing for Him."

"They don't know Him, sir, knowin' is lovin' and lovin' is doin'. It ain't love without."

"You are right, Tom. But now about yourself. I must begin by making your life brighter. How would you like to end your days in one of these homes for cripple lads, where you would be nursed and cared for, and where you would see the trees and flowers, and hear the birds sing? I could get you into one, not far from my home, if you liked, Tom."

The weary lad looked wistfully into the man's kindly face, and after a few moments' silence answered:

"Thank'ee, sir; I've heard tell of 'em afore, but I ain't anxious to die easy when He died hard. I might get taken up with them things a bit too much, and I'd rather be a-lookin' at Him, and carryin' on this 'ere work till He comes to fetch me. Plenty of joy for a boy like me to have a mansion with Him up there through eternity." The visitor felt more reprieved than ever.

"Very well, my lad, then I will see that you have proper food and all the paper you need while you live. I will settle it all with one of the Bible women. Now, before I go, I want you to pray aloud for me," and as he made the request the strong man knelt by the dying boy's bedside, scarcely suppressing a sob as he covered his face with his hands. The lad trembled at having to do such a thing, but when he saw that bowed form and heard that half-stifled sob, he knew he

ought to comply with the request.

There was a seraphic light on the poor, pale, upturned face, as he said in a tone of the deepest reverence: "Lord Jesus I know you are a listenin', and I'm much obliged to you for sending this friend here to cheer me in my work. Now, Lord Jesus, he's a bit troubled about not havin' worked for Thee enough in the past days. Will You help him to see to it that there's nothin' left undone in the comin' days, and please, Lord, make him go straight away and tell them other rich men that they don't know Thee if they aren't a-workin' for Thee. And I'm grateful to You, Jesus, for all the paper and the food that's a-comin' to me while I live. Maybe I'll hold out a bit longer to write these texts for Thee. Now, Lord Jesus, please bless this kind friend, all roads and always. I ask this for Thy name's sake." "Amen," said the deep toned voice.

Then the gentleman arose and said farewell. Before leaving London he made every arrangement for the lad to be cared for, and then with a gladder heart he went back to his beautiful country home and lived for Christ. As soon as he could he built a mission hall on his own grounds, and preached Jesus to the villagers. When he confessed his sin of negligence toward them, and told them of his second conversion through the cripple boy and his text, many of them were led to "seek Jesus."

News of the dying lad reached them from time to time through the Bible woman, but it was not till winter set in, and the snow had fallen and covered the earth with its crystal whiteness, that they heard that the dear lad "had gone to be with Jesus." The same post brought a parcel which contained Tom's much-prized and much-used Bible. What a precious relic was that marked Bible in that beautiful home! For when the cripple boy's friend lent it to his youngest son to read—the careful marking, the short, simple prayers written by the cripple lad on the margin, and his dying wish on the fly-leaf, written about a week before his death, that "this Holy Book may be as

(Please look on Next Page)

Our Exchange ~

Hettie Ellen Payne of Harlan, Ky. has suggested some splendid things for our paper. Among them is an exchange where the young people can exchange ideas. I think this is splendid and we are giving a page for this as you see. We hope you will take advantage of this and send us something good from your Y. P. E. Remember not to make it too long. We haven't much space for it. We hope to have more some day.

Hettie Ellen says, "We are starting a question box next Sunday. If we do not understand a passage of scripture we write it down and put it in the box and our pastor, who is very much in sympathy with the young folks, will help us."

Now I am very much impressed with this idea and will recommend it to other societies. I'm glad to find another pastor who is in sympathy with the young folks.

This is just an introduction to the Exchange. We are going to use this page for letters from our young people this month, but we hope the good ideas will fill the page next month.

Dear Sister Harrison:

You can't imagine how I would appreciate a letter from you at any time. I can't go anywhere unless I ride. I go on crutches what little I do walk out, so you see I don't get to go out like other young girls and I appreciate any kindness anyone gives me. May the dear Lord bless you richly for your good work.—Beulah Osbon, Box 391, Aiken, S. C.

NOTE:—We hope some of the young people will write to our little crippled sister. A post card shower would be nice. Get pictures of the town in which you live. This will give her a great collection of scenes. Don't pass this by.

Harlan, Ky., Jan. 5, 1931
Dear Sister Harrison:

I've been reading The Lighted

Pathway. I think it's a wonderful paper. I find it's a great help to the young people and older ones too. I wish we could get them in every home.

I'm sending you a tract. I'm not sure you can use it, but I think it so good and has such an impression on anyone that I wanted others to read it too. I'm sure if we would sacrifice as Cripple Tom did, God would bless us too.—Your sister in Christ, Charlotte Higgins.

Forrest City, Ark.

Jan. 9, 1931

Sister Alda B. Harrison,

Dear sister:

We are praising and thanking the Lord for The Lighted Pathway and Y. P. E. at Haynes. Without it there would be a great responsibility on the president and leaders everywhere. We feel we could not do without Sister Harrison and The Pathway. May the Lord bless you spiritually and financially.

Send us twenty copies each month, C. O. D., until further notice of more. Pray that the Lord will bless us and give a good year in winning souls for Him.—Your sister, Ruth James, president.

Lynch, Ky., Jan. 1, 1931

Dear Sister Harrison:

I'm very glad that I can recommend The Lighted Pathway as a great help to our Y. P. E. I also want to express my gratitude to Sister Kathleen Bunch for introducing the paper into our endeavor and I'm very glad I took her advice and learned to love the little visit-or which comes each month.

You will please find enclosed \$2.50 to cover payment of the twenty-five copies of the paper for January. I am willing to help you all I can and I will sell everyone I can for you. I always enjoy reading the good topics which the paper contains and when I read for recreation I always choose The Lighted Pathway. — From a sincere

friend, your sister, (Miss) Ethel Harris.

CRIPPLE TOM

(Continued from page eight)

great a friend to some one else as it has been to me," made such a deep impression on the youth that he gave himself to the Lord, and later on to mission work in foreign fields, and out in Central Africa he has shown that worn Bible to many a native Christian, when telling them about Cripple Tom and his texts.

This beautiful incident of consecration in lowly life teaches us that the most adverse circumstances coupled with intense suffering, need not interfere with a life of intensest devotion to Jesus Christ. Thousands of sad, weary hearts are wanting the little ministry of love that we might render. Shall we then take our ease, enjoy our pleasure, or indulge in our luxuries? Millions of dark, benighted souls are crying out for the light; they continue to grope in darkness, while many of us who profess to love Christ live self-centered and self-indulgent lives. Today—without the help of the world—the Christian Church could easily send out enough missionaries to evangelize the world; but the dark blot of "it won't," stains its fair name. Oh, that the Spirit of God would, by His mighty power, cleanse away all the slothfulness, un-reality, and self-complacency from our lives, for following Christ means self-sacrifice, and there is no such thing as holiness without it. If a dying lad in suffering and destitution could joyfully deny himself the little sip of milk, which cooled his parched lips and partly fed his weary body, surely it is possible for us to do more!

"Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" 1 Chron. 29:5.

When some churches seek a pastor they often want:

The strength of an eagle.

The grace of a swan.

The gentleness of a dove.

The friendliness of a sparrow.

And the night hours of an owl.

But when they catch that "Bird,"

They expect him to live on the food of a canary.

Miracles and Fire

(Continued From Page Three)
 ciples who said unto Him: 'Art Thou He that should come or do we look for another?' Jesus answered: 'Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.' Matt. 11:1-6.

The Baptism of Fire was a fundamental teaching of John the Baptist. "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Matt. 3:11. Jesus was careful to command His disciples to tarry for this experience. In the early Jerusalem revival, the Holy Spirit fills the scene with phenomenal demonstration. Thousands of souls were saved in this pattern revival.

Let us see what fire will do. Fire warms. The great paramount need of the church of Christ today is spiritual heat that will cause God's people to spontaneously pray and to love one another from a sense of heartfelt desire rather than from a sense of duty. The heathen world is dying for this kind of love. The great unsaved masses of our own land have a right to expect warmth and cordiality from professed Christians.

Fire welds. Here is the secret of true unity in the church. Separate identities soon melt into one beneath the heat of fire. The Holy Spirit is, therefore, the basis of unity in the church. Oh, for the fire of the Holy Ghost to fall upon its divided ranks! Every department of human society is crying for unity. The national life, the capital and labor problem, the divorce court problem, and the educational problem could all be solved if God's recipe for unity would only be accepted.

Fire lights. Sin must go wherever the light of the gospel enters. Spiritual light can alone reveal hidden truths from the prophetic

Word. "The entrance of His Word giveth light."

Fire consumes the dross. The cry for purity from the hearts of thousands of Christian aspirants can be satisfied if God is allowed to have His full way in imputing sanctifying grace. Jesus in speaking to the Laodicean church, which is the final state of apostasy in the Christian age, says, "I counsel thee to buy me gold tried in the fire." All baser metals must be drawn off in the refining fires of God's great furnace.

Finally, fire spreads. A real Holy Ghost revival will grow from heart to heart and from community to community if kept fanned by the rushing, mighty winds of heaven's glory.

God's hero is first of all careful to lay a proper foundation for his project. He takes twelve stones and builds his altar in the name of the Lord. Twelve as a Biblical numeral represents governmental perfection. When everything is in order, and the sacrifice protected from the possibility of a natural explanation for the descent of the supernatural fire, Elijah is ready to proceed. His prayer is simple: "Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God and that Thou hast turned their hearts back again." The result was unmistakable—"the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench." The demonstration's effect upon the people was convincing and conclusive. "When all the people saw it, they fell on their faces and said, 'Jehovah, He is God.'" The big crowd of counterfeit prophets was exposed, and the burdened hearts of the people were turned to burning hearts. Through the prayers of one man, judgment was stayed; a catastrophe was averted, and, next, rain came in abundance upon the thirsty earth. As Elijah further prays, a vacant sky of judgment gives place to clouds filled with rain. "Justice and mercy met together."

Today, the world does not deserve a revival. It deserves famine. Yet, for the sake of the faithful, God will pour out blessing in the

face of apostasy. This blessing will come upon both good and bad. "Where sin abounds, there doth grace much more abound."

O. B.

—From The Overcomer.

HONESTY

(Continued from page five)

I had done. Mother explained that she and I would buy another glass exactly like that one, and replace it; and she was sure I would never, never do such a naughty thing again.

"No wholesome humiliation for me; no stiffening of my normal fiber through having to face the stern old man myself and give him the new glass.

"I don't know just how long after that it was when mother discovered a red rubber ball in my pocket. Questioned about it, I said I had traded my top for it, which might have satisfied very well had not the top dropped from another pocket.

"I hastily framed another story, but I was not hardened in the ways of sin, and my scarlet face gave me away. I admitted I had taken Eddie's ball from a bench in his back yard. Again mother explained the naughtiness of borrowing without permission. Again we both wept. When I had repented for half an hour, I went over to Eddie's house, put the ball down exactly on the spot from which I had taken it, and beat a hasty retreat. Again I had got away with it.

"My father gave me every Sunday a shining dime for Sunday School. For a while I gloried in my pretty teacher's praise of my generous contribution. After a while an older boy suggested that I might buy a nickel's worth of candy and still have a good donation. After that I gave the Lord sometimes a nickel, but more often two or three cents.

"But no use multiplying anecdotes. I went on and on from one offense to another and another. The point is that all through my childhood I committed little thefts, many of which were never found out; but when I was caught, no one ever called stealing, stealing. Not one of

(Continued on page fifteen)

Young People's Bible Lessons

NOTE:—We want to suggest to pastors and leaders of young people who are using these lessons to look over all four of the lessons as soon as you get the paper and appoint your leaders for the month so each leader will have plenty of time to work out their program.

We are beginning a page this month which we will call "The Exchange" where ideas from different young people's groups can be exchanged. We invite you to send in anything that you think would be a blessing to other young people.

Topic:—OPPORTUNITY

Prepared by Vivian Haworth

Song "Brighten The Corner Where You Are."

Scripture Lesson, Gal. 6:9, 10.

Leader:—"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

NOTE:—The following parts should be studied before class if possible and commented on by different ones of the endeavor. Don't read if it can be avoided. It is much more interesting when told orally and helps to give you boldness. Divide into as many parts as there are headings.

BE THANKFUL FOR OPPORTUNITIES

This being the beginning of the new year, I think this is one of the greatest subjects for the young people. Let us take a look for a moment over the past year. Have we made use of all the wonderful opportunities? I imagine we can all recall to memory golden opportunities we have let slip into eternity. Like a "spoken word" they can never be recalled. Realizing this, let us with a determined will look ahead to the year before us and repeat our motto: Phil. 4:13, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Be thankful for parents and friends who tell us of Christ, for an endeavor in which to study of such a wonderful Savior, for the golden opportunity of taking part and doing service for Christ. If you are a Christian, make use of every opportunity to win some soul. Be bold for Christ. If you are a sinner, make use of the glorious opportunity to accept Christ as your Savior before it has verlastingly sped into eternity.

OPPORTUNITY TO USE OUR TALENTS

Psa. 108:1, 2, "O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory. Awake, saltery and harp: I myself will awake early." Music and singing are wonderful talents that should by all means be used for Christ. Make the music ring for Christ. If you play an instrument, do your best, realizing this is one way to praise God. Use your voice and sing with a LOUD voice. Do not bury these wonderful talents. Sing of the love of Jesus. Music will touch hearts, will make the world weep, laugh, wonder, and worship. It will call the wanderer home and help rescue a soul from the depths of sin. Music is God-given talent. Use it for His glory.

PRAYER

We should not neglect prayer. If we pray in secret, Christ will reward us openly. Pray that your life will be a blessing to some soul. Someone is watch-

ing you. Are you a fair example? Pray in public that others may know you're interested in them.

Lord, lay some soul upon my heart
And love that soul through me,
And may I nobly do my part
To win that soul for Thee.

PERSONAL WORK

You who are not gifted with music and singing as well as those who are, visit the sick, speak encouraging words to the discouraged, to a heavy-hearted sinner who feels friendless and forsaken. Awaken the music in some sad heart by a smile, a hearty handshake and "God bless you." A word, and you make a rift in the clouds; a smile, and you may create new courage; a grasp of the hand, and you may repossess a soul from hell.

SERVICE

Rom. 12:1, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Like the widow who gave all she possessed we should give our entire service to Christ or to His glory. God requires service and He gives us opportunity to prepare for service. Keep busy for Christ and let your light shine. Your light might give someone courage to press on in the Master's service.

Not many lives, but one, only one, have we,

ONE, only one;

How sacred should that one life be,—

That narrow span.

SHALL WE HEAR HIS "WELL DONE?"

Matt. 25:21, "His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Won't this be a wonderful greeting from our Savior if we make use of our opportunities? use our talents for God? and are active in His service?

Make every opportunity

A gain and not a loss,

The best is yours, so do not fear

The bridge you'll never cross.

NOTE:—Bring in your own personal experience. Tell of opportunities you have had for Christ's work. Ask the following questions:

Have you made use of the opportunity to accept Christ?

Have you done your best to win others?

Do you let your light shine daily?

Each one name an opportunity that is before us.

Topic:- CHRIST'S MISSION INTO THE WORLD

By John C. Jernigan, Ravenna, Ky.

Lesson Text, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19:10.

INTRODUCTION

Reading, Luke 4:16-21.

Memory Text, Verse 18, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Christ came not into the world for fame, honor or wealth. He was the most famous of all heaven and was honored by the angelic host, and the wealth and glories of heaven were at His pleasure. But on His mission on the earth He was known as the carpenter's son, and His enemies called Him a devil, deceiver, etc.

He lived among the poor and walked the long dusty roads of Palestine, often spending the day teaching the unlearned and the night on some lonely mountainside in prayer to God for a lost world. His associates and partners in His mission were not sought of the most noted families of the country, but such unlearned, yet great-hearted men, as Peter, Andrew, James, and John, fishermen of Galilee, were His choice to accomplish His great mission of cheering the faint, healing the sick, binding up the broken-hearted and saving a lost world. He made Himself lower than the angels and submitted to a murderer's arrest and died the shameful death of a criminal slave.

HE CAME TO DO THAT WHICH THE LAW HAD FAILED TO DO

Reading, Rom. 8:1-7.

Memory Text, Verse 3, "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."

The altar worship from the sons of Adam to Moses failed to purify the hearts and lives of men. The tabernacle worship from Sinai to the temple failed to give God satisfaction. Heb. 10:6. The sacrifice of innocent beast for guilty man could not take away sin. Heb. 10:4. After all had failed Christ was the only hope to rid man of sin and give God pleasure in him. Wherein the law was weak and failed, the great high priest entered into a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands and accomplished that which the law in its weakness had failed. Heb. 9:11, 12.

Through the one sacrifice He saved the world from the law and sin.

HE SAVES GREAT PERSECUTORS LIKE PAUL

Reading, Acts 9:1-16.

Memory Text, Verse 13, "Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem." Paul was present at the stoning of Stephen, Acts 7:58. He persecuted the church unto death and imprisonment,

doubtless committing many great crimes against the saints that are neither mentioned in Bible nor history. Yet through his great wickedness God saw something about him that man could not see, and while on his way to Damascus with letters from the high priest to bind the saints and bring them to Jerusalem, Christ called his hand: Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? This was the turning point of his life. The mercies of God overshadowed him and in much humiliation and obedience he began to pray to God and the atoning blood of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost atoned and he was reformed from one of the greatest sinners to one of the greatest Christians and writers of the Bible.

HE IS SEEKING THE CAST DOWN

Reading, John 8:3-11.

Memory Text, Verse 11. "Jesus said unto her, Neither do I accuse thee; go, and sin no more."

The unhidden sins of this woman banished her from society. She was looked down upon in shame and disgrace. She was a lost sheep in the house of Israel condemned to die by the old law, but Christ came not to condemn but rather to save. His love went out for the poor fallen woman and He sent her on her way with instructions to sin no more.

There is no one too low and disgraceful that Christ will not save. We often fail to show them the love of Christ for fear of what some one else might say about us. Let us from this on join Christ in His mission of lifting the fallen and making better the morals of our country.

HE SAVES THE MORAL SINNER

Reading, Mark 10:17-22

Memory Text, Verse 20, "Master, all of these have I observed from my youth." This young man had lived a virtuous life, told no lies, killed no man, stole nothing, honored his parents and had defrauded no man, yet with all of these good qualities he lacked one thing. And Christ promised to accept him if he would only meet this one condition. There are many moral, virtuous young men and women who lack only one thing, and we who have met this condition should do all we can to help other young people to accept Christ.

HE HEALS BROKEN HEARTS

Reading, Isaiah 53:1-9.

Memory Text, Verse 4, "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Christ was very sacred and sincere in His mission. He was never light and frivolous. Every minute of His time was spent for good. He became acquainted with sorrow and grief, setting before us a perfect example of suffering to make others happy. When Lazarus was dead and the home in mourning, He went to comfort them and turned their mourning into joy, John 11. He met the widow of Nain as she was weeping, on her way to bury her only son and had compassion upon her and made her life happy, Luke 7:13. He is our best friend in every circumstance of life but probably appreciated more in sickness and death. He is able to bind up the broken heart and make glad a sorrowing life.

(Continued on next page)

(Lesson 2 continued from page 12)

HE HEALS THE SICK

Reading, Luke 4:38-41.

Memory Text, Verse 40, "Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."

Healing as well as the forgiveness of sins was included in the atonement. He forgiveth all our in-

iquities, and healeth all our diseases. Psal. 103:3. Healing was made possible in His suffering as much so as the forgiveness of sin, and with His stripes we are healed. Isa. 53:5; 1 Peter 2:24.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever. Heb. 13:8. He commissioned His disciples to go and heal the sick. Matt. 10:8. He has told us to pray for the sick, laying on hands, and he would heal them. Jas. 5:14-16.

Topic:-OBEDIENCE

Scripture, Song of Solomon, 5th Chap.

There may be many of our young people who have read this scripture and have wondered what it meant. I remember a time when I did also. I did not like the book very much because I didn't understand.

The Song of Solomon is a love story or rather conversation between Christ and His Bride. We notice in this chapter that the Bridegroom came to see the Bride and she didn't open the door at once but began to make excuses. At last she went and opened the door but the Bridegroom was gone.

How often we see this right around us and in our own lives. This is a message for the Christian or the Bride of Christ, we might say. How often Christ comes to His children knocking for admittance and bringing them some wonderful spiritual blessing, and they are too busy to open the door and He is grieved and goes away. And we wonder why we are so dry spiritually. God calls for prompt obedience, and if He doesn't get it He is grieved and our spirit is sad and we are unable to get our prayers through and we wonder why.

On down a little further the chapter tells how the Bride went about the streets searching for the Bridegroom. Yes, we spend much time trying to get restored and forgiven that should be spent in winning some other lost soul to Christ, just because we are not obedient when He calls.

We want to study for a little while what the Word says about obedience.

Deut. 11:26, 27, 28.

The cry of every heart is, Oh, Lord bless us. So often before we have thanked the Lord for the blessings of the past we cry out for another blessing.

Our Scripture tells us plainly how to get the blessing.

1st Sam. 15:22.

"To obey is better than sacrifice." If God speaks to us and tells us something to do however small it may be He expects us to do that thing regardless of what we think about it. We might say, "Well, Lord, can't do that but I will do this thing which means more sacrifice to me, I can give a great sum of money. I can spend much time in visiting the sick or looking after the poor but I just can't do this little thing you asked me to do. God wants us to obey His voice when He speaks. Of course back in the time of our scripture reading it was the custom to offer sacrifices but at this particular time God had

commanded something special. We must listen for His still small voice and obey.

Acts 5:29.

There are some scriptures which tell wives to obey their husbands and children to obey your parents. This scripture tells us we are to obey God. I will not comment at length on this subject but will leave this for the Y. P. E. to discuss. You will find when you search the Word that there is no conflict on this subject. Please study Eph. 6:5; Tit. 2:9; Eph. 6:1; Col. 3:20; Heb. 13:7.

2d Thess. 1:8; 1st Pet. 4:17.

This scripture gives us a glimpse into the fate of those who are not willing to obey the Gospel.

Jer. 7:23.

"Obey my voice, and I will be your God." it is then you can say with the Psalmist, The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer: my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

Psa. 91.

If obedient you can claim the 91st Psa. In time of sickness and all kinds of trouble you need not fear, for you are in the secret place of the most high, abiding under His wings. Thousands shall fall at thy right side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thy dwelling. Oh what a wonderful place to be!

NOTE:—We do not know of a better subject than this to turn into an experience meeting. Open the meeting for all to take part, and let each one tell of his experience of disobedience and its result, of his obedience and the joy it brought to him. Disobedience in one individual will sometimes kill the spirit in your Y. P. E. If God calls you to do something and you refuse, the Spirit is grieved and perhaps the whole service is hindered and some precious souls may go away sad and discouraged because you did not obey.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDITATION

Has God called you to some special service and you have disobeyed? If so there is no chance for you to live a happy, useful life, until you say an everlasting yes to the will of God.

Have you disobeyed the voice of the Lord in this meeting, when He told you to speak a word for Him in testimony? How about obeying yet? You will go away with the joy of the Lord in a new way, ringing in your heart.

Trust and obey for there is no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Topic:-THE WORLD FOR CHRIST

Scripture Lesson, Matt. 14:13-22.

Let the leader study the scripture very prayerfully, until the vision of the starving multitudes becomes real to him so that he is able to make it real to others.

We are doing our best to stir up missionary zeal among our young people and we hope you will try as nearly as possible to carry out our suggestions as we give them to you from time to time.

I am using this lesson last in the month so that you will have time to read and get ready for the meeting.

We want you to appoint six of your young people to write a paper on the subject. "What can 'stay-at-homes' do for foreign missions?" Please do not take this part when offered unless you put your whole soul into the work. The leader should see that those who are interested are appointed.

Appoint judges to decide which paper is the best, but do not decide second best. This will prevent the one who might be last on the list from feeling hurt. Give about five minutes to each paper.

If you are selected for this place and feel that you are not able, go to some friend and ask for help. There are plenty of good people in every church who will be glad to assist you. In this way you will get in the habit of doing things and finally be able to do it yourself. But until you do gain confidence enough in yourself and learn to trust in the Lord for your help, it is the duty of the older Christians to assist you, so don't be backward in asking them. I hope you each have a pastor who is so interested in you that you will not hesitate to ask for assistance.

For this meeting the chorister should select songs appropriate for a missionary lesson. The prayers should be for an increase in interest in your own church for missions and for the missionaries on the field. They need your help.

We want you to give a missionary quotation shower at this meeting instead of a scripture shower. We are giving some quotations for you to memorize and have ready. Don't memorize just one but memorize them all and be ready to have a popcorn quotation shower.

Below are the quotations:

"Let us advance upon our knees." Joseph Hardy Nessima.

"We are playing at missions." Alexander Duff.

"The word discouragement is not found in the dictionary of the Kingdom of Heaven. Never let yourself use the word if you have God's work to do." — Melinda Rankin.

"The land is henceforth my country which most needs the gospel."—Count Zinzendorf.

"I cannot, I dare not, go up to judgment till I have done the utmost God enables to do to diffuse His glory through the world."—Dr. Asahel Grant.

"I will go down but remember that you must hold the ropes."—William Cary.

"How will heaven be heaven where there are no Nestorians to be led to Christ?"—Dr. Perkins, Persia.

"Prayers and pains through faith in Jesus Christ will do anything."—John Elliott.

"It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again, that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away till the story of the cross would be uttered in the ears of every living man."—Simeon H. Calhoun.

"If I thought anything would prevent my dying for China, the thought would crush me."—Rev. Samuel Dyer.

"Oh, let me pray once more for Feejee."—John Hunt.

"Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God."—William Cary.

"If I had a thousand lives to live, Africa should have them all."—Bishop McKenzie.

"Give until you feel it and then give until you don't feel it."—Mary Lyon.

"A true missionary never knows defeat."—Rev. A. A. Fulton.

"If you want to serve your race, go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do."—Mary Lyon.

"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."—St. Paul.

"My parish is the whole world."—Count Zinzendorf.

NOTE:—Open the meeting for all to take part after the papers have been read if you have time. The papers should not be too long, about five minutes each. Be sure to make a special effort financially for missions at this meeting. A collection should be taken once a month by all young people's societies for foreign missions. This should be previously announced so they may come prepared.

CONTINUED FROM INNER
CIRCLE PAGE

* * *

shall understand these things better.

"Nothing is gained without a sacrifice." Often I hear of people who would serve God and give themselves to Him, but are afraid that they must sacrifice some earthly pleasure, as they look upon it. Why, even when they desire some material things they pay a price for them; they make a sacrifice, and these things last but a short time. When we sacrifice for the Lord we

get back infinitely more than we give, both in this world and in the world to come. I never made a sacrifice for the Lord but that His blessings rolled back mountain high. He untangles almost impossible skeins and unties almost hopeless knots and smooths things out so carefully it is amazing. He gives us peace that passeth understanding; and, to hear His blessed voice say, "He loveth thee with a love beyond understanding." O, the richness of His love and mercy, and the peace and joy that comes to the troubled soul; it is like oil poured upon trou-

bled water. Why live in uncertainty when certainty brings such joy and happiness which is everlasting for no one can take the love of God away from you.

Jesus made the greatest of all sacrifices. He gave His life for the life of the world. He paid the greatest price for your soul; it belonged to Him. Why not deliver the goods? Give your soul, your life into His keeping; you belong to Him, He bought you with His precious blood, why withhold yourself from

(Continued on page 16)

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

There ought to be a young people's society in every church. People learn to be mechanics by working at the trade. Our girls learn to cook and sew by cooking and sewing. And so they must learn to think and feel and act in a Christian way by having the chance to practice thinking, acting and feeling in a Christian way in response to the various situations they meet in everyday life. The devotional programs of the young people's society will lead them step by step in their experiences of their own lives to pray, testify, and win souls for the Master.

—O—

No greater service can be rendered by a leader in his relationship with young people than to introduce them to the truest, holiest spirit of true worship that makes life rich and grand. Worship should be made the central thing in every stage of the program. Not simply in the opening devotional service but it should include those moments in the discussion when new truth is discovered that brings a feeling of gratitude and exultation. Prayer and testimony are fields in which they should be led afar. Likewise in fellowship period, out-of-doors recreations, or with music or art, the leader should be quick to interpret the essence of worship that is present.

—O—

Young people must know that religion has both its individual and its social aspect. First, it is purely an individual matter, your capacity to feel, to will, to think, and to organize your experience around the highest values. This is an adventure which you must make for yourself. No one else can do it for you. Second, religion is also a social matter. The contacts you have with the individuals around you in the family and in your group largely determine what your religion will be like. In your modes of thinking and feeling and acting, you take on the impress of the social group of which you are a part. Then you need the holy influence of the young people's society.

The young people's society has a social mission. Some girl works with a group who think that having a good time is the one business of life. The good times they like is cheap dances and petting parties which, according to their boasts, often "go the limit." They use every subtle means to break down that girl's resistance and induce her to join them in these affairs. She is having the fight of her life. Your society will give that girl the opportunity for the kind of friendships that fortify rather than undermine character and will provide a chance for good times that are wholesome and uplifting.

—O—

Please write name and address plainly. Please send post office money order where it is possible instead of your personal check.

—O—

NOTICE

Will those who want a roll sent them as soon as the paper is out, please let us know so I can send them without delay? It would be a great help to me if I could receive your orders by the 25th of the month. Where there are several engaged in work of this kind this is not necessary but where just one has the whole responsibility it is necessary to have system. Of course if you cannot do this, we will accept your order gladly at any time, but we believe you are anxious to help us in this way if you just understand.

Send in for your rolls if it is more convenient and sell them and then send us the money. We will trust you because you are Christians. Try to send us the money by the 25th of each month anyway. Remember we are workers together with God.

HONESTY

(Continued from page 10)

them ever made me face the real logical punishment of disgrace and loss of good standing in the eyes of the people I respected. They might have taught me that good behavior could in time restore lost confidence.

"When I was about twenty an old friend of my dad's took me into business. In exactly three

months' time I owed the firm \$500. I had altered the books. I meant to replace every cent of it out of my Christmas bonus! But dad's friend wasn't a woman, and here I am.

"Does all this sound as if I was trying to shift the blame? I don't mean it that way. I adore my mother. The hardest thing about it all is the way she is suffering. It is all my fault. I was a miserable weakling.

"To save other kids like me, I'm trying to make women see it is a lot better for a mother to cry her heart out because her child has stolen a nickel, than to go through the anguish of later years seeing him convicted of a big theft. If a child once realizes that dishonesty is sure to be discovered and punished, the chances are that his small pilfering will cease.—"A Convict."

When God Is Silent

(Continued from page six)
faith than the mightiest acts of Elijah! 'A night and a day I have been in the deep!' Paul—the beloved child and saint of God, the faithful and honoured servant, the chosen vessel to bear His name before the world, the foremost of the apostles—clinging to some frail plank upon the wild lone sea, hour after hour for a whole sun's round; in hunger, and thirst, and cold; the sport of every wave; lost to earth, and seeming'y unknown to heaven; and yet he had a God who could have delivered him by a word! And though deliverance came not, he kept his heart and eye fixed upon unseen realities, and reckoned the present sufferings unworthy to be compared with the coming glory." It was the same Paul who by inspiration wrote: "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

"Said the Robin to the Sparrow

'I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings

Rush about and worry so.'

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,

'I think that it must be

That they have no heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me,'"

INNER CIRCLE

(Continued from page 14)

Him? He only wants you to know real happiness and love. Love is the most wonderful thing in the world, yet so few of us realize it, or even taste of it. What a world this will be when love rules.

The Lord said to me: Selfishness breeds contempt, while unselfishness creates love. Love unlocks every heart, it unlocks the very doors of heaven. Learn to love now, before it is too late. Those who say that love ends with life are wrong. Love cannot die. Learn now to know what heaven means,—it is most satisfying.

Dear Jesus, I thank Thee for the knowledge of the truth, "God is Love." The Lord said to me: You have My word, you have the key; go forth to conquer. Love is the key that unlocks every heart. Dear Jesus, I thank Thee for unlocking the door and for the open door into Thy pasture. For two thousand years we have been preaching and teaching and yet we have withheld the key—the key is "love." Oh! the power of love; it is the key to wisdom, to strength, and to healing. Jesus says, Fill your hearts with love and go forth to conquer. There is nothing too difficult for love, for real unselfish love to overcome. Selfishness breeds contempt. Forget yourself, forget your grievances and your desires for unnecessary things; forget your ailments and your sins; ask God to forgive and to heal you, and just fill up on love,—real, unselfish love; love for little children; love for the old; the sick and the poor, and see how it will pile up mountain high and roll back upon yourself until you will be engulfed in love. So also the reverse,—so also hatred,—so beware!

Love is your heritage, why shut it out of your heart? Hate and self-pity and self-love are very dangerous; they are shoals upon which we become stranded, and wrecked, and lost. Oh! let Jesus have His way. Open your hearts and let Him in. He will take your hand and help you and lift you over all difficulties as He did me, and I would not go back; no, not for an instant. I am living in the wonderland of His

love.

Can you imagine how it feels to know that Jesus loves you and has taken your burden upon Himself and is caring for you? He has given me health and life. These words are health and life,—they are from Him, the Fountain Head of love. Such love passeth understanding. Every kind act that we do another we do it unto God. Oh! that this world may overflow with love. Over all is the eye of One who never sleeps. God's unchanging love is over all. Teach the world faith in God.—E. B. WATKINS.

A LOT OF FAITH

* * *

By Rev. Joseph Taylor Britan, D.D.
It takes a lot of faith to keep on living,

In such a changing, evil world as this,

To keep a heart of laughter and thanksgiving

When sorrow comes to take the place of bliss.

It takes a lot of faith to keep on saying

That right is bound to win the hard fought field,

When frequently you see base men betraying

The trust of those whose goodness stands revealed.

It takes a lot of faith to keep on going

Against the solid forces that oppose,

When all the while you cannot help but knowing

The shout of triumph will arise from foes.

It takes a lot of faith—for those who're lacking

The sight and touch of the all loving God—

But those who have it need no other backing

Though on the roughest road that e'er was trod.

BIBLE GEMS

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accom-

plished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—Isa. 40:1-5.

[The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.—Isa. 61:1-3.

Do You Make Time?

* * *

To breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and to use you to His glory during the day?

To read a few verses from God's Word each morning?

To be patient? A bright smile and pleasant word will fall like sunshine upon the hearts of those about you.

To be polite? A gentle "Thank you!" "If you please!" or "Excuse me!" is no compromise of dignity.

To be patient with children? Patience and kindness open a way for good influence over almost all children.

To be thoughtful about the aged? Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.

To end the day with prayer, thanking God for His mercy and committing yourself to His keeping for the night?

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

MARCH, 1931.

NO. 7.

JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

Lifters and Leaners

THERE are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more I say.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided into just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

MARCH

EDITORIALS

Dear Lighted Pathway readers: We bring to you our March greetings with a God bless you. It's wonderful how people can become so attached to those whom they have never seen. In fact, I begin to feel that I have a great family of boys and girls to whom I pay a visit each month. And how I do enjoy my visits. Perhaps you ask, Why? Well in the first place, I enjoy the fellowship of Christian people, and especially do I enjoy meeting young people who have left all to follow Christ. Then, I know my visits into the homes are helping the lives of many, because of the many letters that come to me each month saying, We feel we could not get along without the little paper. We have them stacked up now and it grieves us because we cannot publish them this month on account of taking the room for "Our Exchange." However, we think perhaps the Exchange page will be more beneficial to us than the letters, but you must not forget to still write me occasionally what you think of the paper, so that I shall be encouraged to go on with the good work. You know we all like to know we are doing good along the way. It helps us.

Don't forget that we especially need your help to finance the paper. You are responsible for that part of the work. God is depending on you to hold up our hands by soliciting some subscribers. Let me ask a favor of each subscriber. During the month of March will you not send me at least one new subscriber. Now listen that isn't ask-

ing much is it? This will mean so little to you and so much to me.

We especially want to say a word about dear Brother Letsinger, our publisher. We hardly know how we shall get along without him. He has been so patient when we were slow to pay. We wonder why God took him when good men are needed so much, but all we can say is, that God knows best and we must submit to His will, and wait till we get over on the other side where all things will be made plain. Let us pray for his dear family. How we love them.

Since our last issue of the paper we have moved, as you see by the new address. Those of you who have ever moved know how things get topsy turvy and upside down and that sometimes things get misplaced and even lost. As I go to check up on my Inner Circle members and Reading Club members I am afraid I have failed to keep a correct record and may leave some one out who has sent in their name. I am so glad I am dealing with Christians because, if I do, they will forgive. So if your name is left off this month when it should be on, just drop me a line and you don't know how I will appreciate it.

Our Inner Circle is growing slowly, but it means something to sign this pledge and we need not expect it to grow like some ordinary thing. Lucy Miller, Thelma Hayden of Maud, Okla., and Laverna Housel of Harlan, Ky., are the three new members and we want you all to offer a special prayer for them, and all the Inner Circle members.

Our Reading Club is growing in interest and we are encouraged with the response we are getting, and feel sure a revival of reading is going to take place among our young people.

Adelle Stone of Hazelhurst, Ga. writes, "Our Y. P. E. is reading 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" This sounds good to me. We wish some more would do likewise. Charlotte Higgins of Harlan, Ky. and Grace McLain of Knoxville, Tenn. are our

other new members. We are sure they will get blessed by the good books they may read.

Our Helpers' Club is progressing nicely. We have nine in the tie this month. The names of the ten who sent in the largest rolls are as follows: J. M. Magouirk, Oneonta, Ala.; Lula Caldwell, Atlanta, Ga.; Frank Barche, Olney, Ill.; Eva Lynch, Shelburn, Ind.; Gertrude Brantley, Hazelhurst, Ga.; Nettie M. Hanvey, Anderson, S. C.; Gladys Dash, Warrior Mines, W. Va.; Melda Renick, Somerset, Pa.; Delbert Carder, Toledo, Ohio; Kathleen Bunch, Wallins Creek, Ky.

We wish we could publish the names of all our faithful workers but space forbids. Next month we will publish the names of all of our Helpers' Club.

God bless each one who has helped us even in the smallest way. It is your help that is making the little paper possible. Without this faithful Helpers' Club our work would have to cease at once. We hope you will feel the importance of your work.

God has a plan for your life and if you have accepted it and committed it to Him, for execution, neither earth nor Heaven nor hell can prevail against it.

The outlook of the church is as bright as the promises of God. In writing of it we do not dip our pen in gall and bitterness. He has told us that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

The spiritual longing evidenced in the hearts of the multitude prophetic of a pentecostal response.

Materialism is so complete bankrupt that men are now afraid of the machine civilization which they themselves have created. They are conscious that they have lost their way. They may come back to the Bible. They may return to the family pew of their fathers. Multitudes will remember that He is the way.

The church must know that only a spiritual revival can lead our distressed and disturbed to the Christ who is the way.

SATAN'S STRATEGY

AN ALLEGORY

By Mrs. Mary L. Houghton,
E. Northfield, Mass.

The hosts of evil were in conclave—demons, dignitaries of principalities, powers of the air, rulers of the darkness of this world had hastily assembled at the imperious call of Satan, their sovereign prince.

Massive cohorts had gathered, rank on rank—a mighty army. Each one was the personification of some vice or crime. Hate, envy, malice, oppression, lust, murder, every kind of wickedness, every fiendish intention was there. Thick darkness enveloped all and each individual intensified its blackness. Foul thoughts like living things crowded the air to suffocation.

Towering above all, masterful, compelling, and unspeakably awful, Satan sat enthroned. In him was centered all the diabolic characteristics of the mass. All the imagination could portray of horror, destruction, and death was stamped upon his face and suggested in every movement of his body, and withal was revealed a mighty power that, unrestrained, could take the world in his grasp and hurl it to ruin.

Satan Speaks

His voice reverberated through a vast expanse like the thunders of a belching volcano, and his breath seemed a tornado of flame.

"My subjects," he said, "we have come to a perilous crisis! We stand face to face with a mighty foe, and must redouble every energy and exert every power to meet it. The enemy is planning and moving toward the destruction of our kingdom, and will make short work of us if we fail to do each and all, our very utmost to forestall his movements.

"You all know of a book called the Holy Bible. You know too it has been a tremendous force we have fought for centuries—often with seeming victory; often to our dismay and overthrow. Many times we have thought it annihilated, but again and again it seemed to spring miraculously to life. Now the danger is greater than ever. The book

is being multiplied by millions and sent to every quarter of the globe. Many have accepted its claims as the Word of God, and live and lead others to live by its teachings in direct opposition to all for which we are working. If universally received and obeyed, our cause is lost forever.

"My tactics near the beginning of man's history wrought a grand victory. Every child since born is my subject unless snatched from me by our relentless foe, Jesus Christ. His object is to retake the earth and cast us out of our rightful possessions.

"You well know how I accomplished my purpose, how wisely I planned, and how lasting and wide-reaching were the results. *Follow that plan to the letter.*

"In few words present every temptation that appeals to mankind—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life.' It has never failed with man—only in my encounter with Him, who is called Jesus.

"I appeared to Eve, standing under the forbidden tree, as a beautiful, graceful creature, as innocent and joyful as herself. Lethely winding around one of its lower branches I asked in sweetly modulated tones, 'Hath God said?'

"She was startled. New, strange thoughts crowded her brain. A shadow of doubt passed over her face as she hesitatingly replied, 'Yea, God hath said.'

"I was not slow to see and to seize my vantage ground and responded, 'Eve, it is false! God would deprive you of a great pleasure which is your right. He knows better, but jealously withholds the knowledge He Himself possesses of good and evil!'

"Bending the bough which upheld me, the beautiful luscious fruit touched her hand. She grasped it. It broke from its stem, and almost involuntarily she raised it to her mouth. I whispered softly, 'Taste and be as God!'

"I conquered, destroyed her innocence and foiled God! She was a rebel and also a tempter, persuad-

ing Adam, who now appeared, to join the unholy repast, against his convictions.

"The earth of which I had been defrauded was again mine! I could also claim all its coming generations. The Bible tells the story, and furthermore reveals God's plan to compel man's release from our possessions, promises our complete overthrow and subjugation, and the everlasting reign of Christ.

"We must destroy it, root and branch, but move cautiously, craftily, unceasingly. Follow my formula. It wrecked the world. It will keep it *wrecked forever!*

"First, *raise doubt.* Is the Bible God's Word? Hath God said? If you can persuade your listener that He hath *not* said, there is no further question—man's will is his law.

"Second, *denounce as a lie!* Should anyone believe the Word to be from God, proclaim it harsh, vindictive, jealous, impure, not sanctioned by great minds and scholars of repute.

"Third, *show the attractiveness, beauty and desirability of that which it denies or condemns.*

"Fourth, *suggest the delightful, refreshing, and strengthening taste of the forbidden thing.*

"Fifth, *tell how it will enlarge experience, increase knowledge, and give wisdom.*

"Enter every place—palace and cabin, Christian home and heathen hut, the slum and the dwelling of the honored, the secular and the religious, the den of vice and the temple of worship, college and church, pulpit and pew. In all you will find subjects and helpers for my kingdom.

"Use any and every means to blind, tempt or mislead men, from the lowest passion, the most horrible crime to the loftiest encomiums of beauty, virtue, morality, philanthropy. Even speak of Christ himself as most worthy of admiration and supreme among men, but never, never speak of His sacrificial blood as an atonement for man's sins!

"Organize methodically, strongly and wisely every principality. Conserve every power. Let all rulers of the darkness of this world re-

(Please look on page eight)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

DADDY

My daddy is the queerest man!
 Whatever plans I lay,
 He's always sure to say to me,
 "Then, son, begin today."

I look ahead to when I'm grown,
 And plan to make things hum,
 No telling how much good I'll do,
 Nor what I may become.

Sometimes I talk of college days
 And the honors I shall win;
 But daddy thumps my spelling book,
 And says, "All right—start in!"

When I get old, I've planned to be
 Just like my Grandpa Howe;
 But daddy only laughs, and says,
 "You'd best begin right now."

I ask him why he talks that way,
 And daddy says to me,
 "The kind of boy you are today,
 That kind of man you'll be."
 Southern Australia Young Soldier.

THE BROKEN SAW

A boy went to live with a man
 who was accounted a hard master.
 He never kept his boys; they ran
 away, or gave notice they meant
 to quit; so he was half his time
 without, or in search of a boy. The
 work was not very hard—opening
 and sweeping out the shop, chop-
 ping wood, going errands, and help-
 ing round.

At last Sam Fisher went to live
 with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his
 mother.

"I should like to see a boy nowa-
 days that has a spark of goodness
 in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a
 man who has no confidence in you;
 because, do your best, you are like-
 ly to have little credit for it. How-
 ever, Sam thought he would try;

the wages were good, and his moth-
 er wanted him to go. Sam had been
 there but three days, before, in
 sawing a cross grained stick of
 wood, he broke the saw. He was a
 little frightened. He knew he was
 careful, and he knew he was a pret-
 ty good sawyer, too, for a boy of
 his age; nevertheless, the saw broke
 in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you
 for it," said another boy who was
 in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it,
 and accidents will happen to the
 best of folks," said Sam, looking
 with a very sorrowful air on the
 broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allow-
 ances," said the other boy: "I never
 saw anything like him. That Bill
 might have stayed, only he jumped
 into a hen's nest and broke her
 eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr.
 Jones kept suspecting, and suspect-
 ing, and suspecting, and laid every-
 thing out of the way to Bill, wheth-
 er Bill was to blame or not, till Bill
 couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the
 eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was
 afraid; Mr. Jones has such a tem-
 per."

"I think he had better have own-
 ed up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better
 to preach than to practice," said the
 boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell
 him;" and he soon turned on his
 heel and left poor Sam alone with
 his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very
 comfortable or happy. He shut up
 the woodhouse, walked out into the
 garden, and went up to his little
 chamber under the eaves. He wish-
 ed he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she
 wasn't sociable, and he had rather
 not.

When Mr. Jones came into the
 house the boy heard him. He got
 up, crept down stairs, and met Mr.

Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said
 Sam, "I broke your saw, and I
 thought I'd come and tell you be-
 fore you saw it in the morning."

"Why did you get up to tell me
 for?" asked Mr. Jones; "I should
 think morning would be time
 enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was
 afraid if I put it off I might be
 tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry
 I broke it, but I tried to be care-
 ful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from
 head to foot, then, stretching out
 his hand, "There, Sam," he said
 heartily, "give me your hand
 shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam.
 That's right; that's right. Go to
 bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the
 saw broke; it shows the mettle's in
 you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never
 were better friends after that than
 Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has
 not been done Mr. Jones. If the
 boys had treated him honestly and
 "above-board" he would have been
 a good man to live with. It was
 their conduct which soured and
 made him suspicious. I do not know
 how that is; I only know that Sam
 Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind
 master and a faithful friend.

—Scotch Tract.

TODAY IS MINE

Today is mine to think and plan
 And dream and will and do;
 I claim not life's allotted span—
 Today my heart is new.

Today is mine, from time's great
 hoard
 God gives me one more day
 Wherein to earn my bed and board
 To work, and watch, and pray.

Today is mine, a sacred gift
 From out love's gracious hand
 Oh let me live that I may lift
 Some soul to higher land.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

THE FORGOTTEN COUNTRY

By Emma Gary Wallace

At two o'clock that afternoon, the two men walked into the office which they had left some hours earlier. Dan was with them. He was white and silent and much subdued. It had been exceedingly humiliating for him to come through the halls and outer offices where he thought it probable that the other employees knew what had happened.

In the bottom of his frightened heart all sorts of panicky ideas thronged. He was satisfied that he never could face the same folks again, for he was certain that in some way they would learn of his misdeeds, and the difficulty of getting another job appalled him.

Why had he ever done this dreadful thing? He marveled at his own stupidity in thinking that he was getting away with something when he was taking and spending that which did not belong to him, and a dry sob arose in his throat. He caught it and choked it down, for he did not want either of the two men present to think of him as a baby.

"A nice mess you got us into!" stormed his father, turning to him eagerly. "The only thing for you to do now is to come home and go back to school. There is no chance of you getting another job until people begin to forget—if they ever do."

A startled look came into Dan's eyes.

"I can't go home, Dad," he said. "You know I can't."

Mr. Mallory hung up his coat, turned around and took Pa Ellsworth by the arm.

"Please step into the outer office," he invited, "until I have a little private talk with Dan. Then

MY LITTLE BOY

Against my knee a little head is lying;
Two eyes of blue are looking into mine.
The breath of twilight in the air is sighing,
And twinkling stars amid the azure shine.
With mother love the winsome face I kiss,
And fold the hands, so weary of their play;
No sweeter joy a mother holds than this.
Too soon, alas! the little feet will stray.

Again I press him to my hungry heart.
Ah, me, if I might shield him ever so!
Mayhap some day he'll kiss me and depart,
And I shall sorrow as I watch him go.
Secure I hold him in my arms tonight,
And motherlike I lay him down to rest,
His curly head upon the pillow white,
His dimpled hands soft folded on his breast.

I may not go and leave my darling there,
So fair he looks within his cozy bed,
Ere one last touch upon the wavy hair,
One lingering kiss upon the lips so red.
"God bless my darling!" low I whisper then;
And silent as a watcher of the night,
I close the door, low breathing o'er again
A mother's prayer to keep his steps aright.
—T. F. Rowland.

if you can wait a few minutes, I will see you."

Pa Ellsworth stepped out with a scowl. He had no notion of letting folks back home know what had happened if he could help it. He doubted if he should even tell Sukie—the whole facts of the case. Just the same, he had no notion of letting Dan get off without learning the lesson that honesty is the best policy—the only policy to follow for safety's sake.

Behind the door of the president's office was a frightened, slender, motherless boy, and Mr. Mallory's heart ached when he looked into the pleading eyes of this over-grown child.

"Sit down, Dan," he said kindly, "I want to tell you a story. Once upon a time, long years ago, when I was just about your age, I lived in a country Which-I-Never-Forgot. Both my father and mother had early been taken from me by death, and I had come up most of the way to that point in a haphazard manner. I felt that no one cared what

I did or what happened or how I got along, and besides, I had had very little teaching as to what was right. Just the same, I had a conscience, and had I listened to that still, small voice I should not have done the thing I did."

Dan was leaning forward in his eagerness to hear.

"I worked for a farmer and my days began at four o'clock in the morning and ended long after nightfall. I was none too well fed or clothed. I worked for my board and keep. It was an older hired man who put the idea into my head when he said, 'You're a fool to work so hard and not look out for yourself. You don't get what you earn.

Put away part of the eggs you gather each day and when you get a basket full, take them down to the store at the Crossroads and sell them. The storekeeper will think Mrs. Skinner sends them for he knows you live here.'

"I listened to the voice of the tempter and I sold basket after basket of eggs. I didn't dare buy anything which I couldn't hide, and so my ill-gotten gains went for candy and a pocket-knife which I had long coveted, and other such things.

"Then one day, Farmer Skinner found out and his anger was dreadful to behold. He was for having me locked up, but old Aunt Lizzie, who had worked there for years and who was crippled and near the end of life's journey, went to the straw tick on her bed and from one corner she drew out her small hoard of money.

"I'll pay all he owes you," she piped, "—every cent the storekeeper has paid him, an' I don't believe (Please look on page eight)

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

Consolation

Weep not! Your precious blossom,
Broken in life's early spring,
Was caught in his descending
On his guardian angel's wing;
His sweetness ne'er will mingle
With the cold forbidding sod,
He blooms in fragrant beauty
On the bosom of his God.

Weep not for the removing
Of the lovelight from your eyes,
Another star begins to glow
O'er the hills of paradise;
The home is dark, the heart is sad,
With gloomy, vague unrest,
But another home is lighted
In the mansions of the blest.

Weep not for the safe-keeping
Of a treasure held in trust
Where the mildew cannot tarnish
Nor earth's bitter acids rust;
'Tis hard to give your dearest,
Unbidden tears will start,
But where your cherished treasure
is

There also put your heart.—Sel.

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

By the Editor

Somehow we feel that we must send a little message of comfort to the great army of bereaved ones this month. We can see in our imagination a great host of sorrowing ones who need comfort. As we read of so many deaths all over the country we realize there are many broken hearts in the world today, who are wondering what it all means, and why God has dealt with them thus. If we can cast a little ray of light on your pathway and help you to understand by telling you some of our own experiences, we will be glad. They tell us that experience is the best teacher, and the Word tells us that we must first be made partakers of the fruit

before we can recommend it to others.

When I was about fifteen years of age I professed faith in Christ and had an experience I knew about. Years of service for the Master followed, although that service was not as wholehearted as it might have been, but I knew very little then of any other kind except a half-hearted service. In later years through the preaching of a good Methodist minister I saw the light on sanctification. Would to God there were more like him. I soon realized that God was talking to my heart. I came face to face with Him, and this was the question He asked, "Will you accept this truth as you see it and step out regardless of what the world thinks about it?" I shrank back knowing that many whom I loved were opposed to this experience, and I thought I could not pay the price, although I knew God was calling me and my heart was hungry to know Him more intimately.

A few years passed by. God was patient with me and kept pleading with my soul to surrender all to Him. At last He sent a snowy angel down and carried away our precious baby boy, so beloved by us all. Oh how we wept, and wondered why. As we were about to lay our darling away the still small voice of the Savior spoke these words to me, "I gave my life for thee, what hast thou given for me?" I awakened to a consciousness then of how little I had been willing to do for Him, that I had allowed the opinions of friends and earthly loved ones to come between Him and me. I responded, "I have done nothing, Lord, but right here over the beautiful form of my precious loved one I give myself to thee to live or die." I began to search the Word and God began to illuminate it to my soul. Right here let me say, dear troubled ones, when you get in dead earnest about this thing God

will meet you. The Bible need not be a closed book to you any longer.

I kept studying and as I studied I found that I had been ignoring much of God's precious Word. I saw that the Bible taught that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. I realized that if part of the New Testament was for us it must all be for us. I then saw that I must accept it all or throw it all aside. I said, "Lord, I want to meet my precious babe again. Please show me the way." God then began to lead and help me to see His real purpose for His children and I launched out into this beautiful Highway of Holiness and there received the wonderful upper room experience according to Acts 2:4. You may desire to ask, Have you ever been sorry you said yes to God? No, a thousand times no. We wish we had space to tell all that this yes has meant to us during these twenty-two years which have followed. However, let me say, we have not sailed on flowery beds of ease. The way has been mixed with joys and sorrows. Sunshine and shadows alike have fallen on our pathway. There have been times when the sea of life has been calm and beautiful and times when the waves have dashed high. There have been times when we have looked with admiration upon the beautiful rose and times when the thorns on that same rose bush have pierced our hands and made them bleed. He has been in the joys and sorrows and in the sunshine and shadows; He is in the calm and the storm. The same God who made the beautiful rose also made the thorns.

Dear ones, are you in sorrow to day because a loved one has gone away and left you? and do you wonder why? Has God called you to yield Him your all and have you refused? God comes to us and gently knocks at our heart's door and

(Continued on page ten)

THE INNER CIRCLE

THE TWO BURDENS

By Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle
One night I heard the Master's voice.
In tones of tenderest love He spoke:
"Lift up thine eyes, My child, and see,
The whitening harvest waits for thee:
Haste! I invite thee; bear My yoke.

"Afar and near are priceless souls
That stretch their arms, and wait
for thee;
A thousand weary hearts that mourn,
A thousand burdens to be borne;
Wilt thou not bear the yoke for Me?"

"But, Master, see: which shall I choose?
The luring world is bright and fair,
Her giddy joys my spirit woos,
How can I all her charms refuse?
O why should I Thy burdens bear?"

"Let others bear the burdens, Lord.
My hands are weak, my strength is
small;
The tempter brings this child of Thine
A chalice bright of red, red wine,—
Why should I drink a cup of gall?"

"My child, and dost thou ask Me why?
Lift up thy waiting eyes, and see!"
I looked, and 'neath the lurid sky
I saw my Master doomed to die,—
I saw the cross of Calvary.

He bore the burden of my sins,—
The ghastly burden, vast and broad;
I saw Him faint beneath the weight,
I saw Him enter death's dark gate,—
My blessed Master and my God.

O love divine, O wondrous love!
What can I do, O Christ, for Thee?
"O joyful bear my little cross,
The toil, the burden, and the loss,
For Him who bore so much for me

IS GOD WAITING?

James H. McConkey

I was standing on the wall of a great lock. Outside was a huge lake restless about to enter. At my feet lay the empty lock—waiting. For what? *Waiting to be filled.* Away beyond lay great Lake Superior with its limitless abundance of supply, also waiting. Waiting for what? *Waiting for something to be done at the lock* ere the great lake could pour in its fullness. In a moment it was done. The lock-keeper reached out his hand and touched a steel lever. A little wicket gate sprang open under the magic touch. At once the water in the lock began to boil, and seethe. As it seethed I saw it rapidly creeping up the walls

TAKE HEED

SUE B. HALEY

It is strange, isn't it, how a few words can sometimes change a whole life. Yesterday I had but one thought—to get away from home, at any cost.

We are a large family, with no of the lock. In a few moments the lock was full. The great gates swung open and the huge ship floated into the lock now filled to the brim with the fullness impoured from the waiting lake without.

Is not this a picture of a great truth about the Holy Spirit? Here are God's children, like that empty lock, waiting to be filled. And, as that great inland sea outside the lock was willing and waiting to pour its abundance into the lock, so here is God willing to pour His fullness of life into the lives of His children. But He is *waiting*. For what? Waiting, as the lake waited, *for something to be done by us*. Waiting for us to reach forth and touch that tiny wicket gate of consecration through which His abundant life shall flow and fill. Is it hard to move? Does the rust of worldliness corrode it? Do the weeds and ivy vines of selfishness cling about and choke it? Is the will stubborn, and slow to yield? Yet God is waiting for it. And once it is done, He reveals Himself in fullness of life even as He has promised; even as He has been all the time willing and ready to do. For all the barriers and hindrances have been upon our side; not upon His. They are the barriers not of His unwillingness, but of our unyieldedness. And so you say you got all of Christ when you were saved? Doubtless you did, but the point in issue here is not whether you got all of Christ, but *did Christ get all of you?*

more burdens than the average — and a great many more blessings. But in our home no one seemed content with anything; and everything seemed to go wrong from morning till night.

For various reasons few of us have attended church on Sundays, and those who did, very irregularly. Thus, we have grown up without the softening influence of the church and its regular worship — Oh yes, I have been to church enough to realize that.

However, I doubt if I would have gone to church at all except that next door to us there lives a most attractive young woman who is always "going to church" it seems to me. Occasionally she asks me to go with her. When she does, I accept, as I feel a bit flattered to be asked to do anything by anyone so attractive as she.

Today we went to her church, where they had a special speaker for the inspirational meeting. The talk was on the subject, "Take Heed." I was so fascinated with all that was said I was astonished to learn he had spoken nearly an hour. What he had to say set me to thinking, and my whole outlook on life has changed — especially with reference to my home life.

He quoted the verse, Luke 11:35: "Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness." He began with the home life, and talked about the individuals in the home, and how those who refuse to let their light shine stand in the way of others who are trying to give of their best.

To impress this truth, the speaker gave several illustrations:

He spoke of the woman with a tiny candle, her only possession, striving to hold it in a way that it

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Satan's Strategy

(Continued From Page Three)

double their defense and attack unceasingly that crumbling corner in the fortifications of the enemy — 'spiritual wickedness in high places.' Put into the mouths of popular teachers arguments that take from, distort, or dissipate the whole meaning of the Word.

"Destroy, blast, ruin every vestige of faith in that Bible! Thus you will irremediably destroy all faith in Him whose work, life and death are its theme from beginning to end. Misconstrue, tear to shreds, throw aside page after page, till little or nothing is left. Prove that it asserts the opposite of what it evidently says. Many will accept this, though such treatment of a ten dollar business document would be treated with contempt.

"Make a *strong point* of this argument: the supernatural claims of the book are impossible, even to the Creator and Lawgiver of the universe!

"Pose as an angel of light. Magnify good works, the dignity of man, and his innate goodness. Even exalt Jesus as a shining example for all but never, never mention the *blood!* That is the very heart of that hated old Bible! It makes me gnash my teeth to speak it. The *blood* is the *life!* Christ's blood is the life of the church! Kill that book and Christ's power is gone. Man will then have no knowledge of the spiritual, whence he comes, whither he goes. No guide will he possess save his own ever changing guesses. He must stumble on in darkness to end in unutterable blackness. *Kill, kill it! Go!*"

A flash—empty space and God's sweet sunshine! The demon hordes had scattered far and wide, making superhuman efforts to execute the mandate of the arch-fiend their master, while he, garbed as an angel of light was walking up and down, to and fro, through the earth seeking subjects and helpers among the children of men.

pense he could ill afford. Go home now, Dan. Get rested and report for work tomorrow morning. Your father will be over to your boarding house soon. Wait for him. Go out this way." And Mr. Mallory opened the door leading into a narrow hallway.

Then he stepped back into his office, opened the other door and asked Pa Ellsworth to come in.

"Say," he said, when the two men were seated opposite each other, "were you ever a boy? Do you remember the Country of Youth?"

Pa Ellsworth looked up surprised. "Yes," he said, "but I wasn't a thief."

"That's good to remember," replied Mr. Mallory pleasantly. "But did you ever make any other mistake? Perhaps tell what wasn't exactly true some time, or copy some examples at school, or play hookey, or—?"

Pa Ellsworth nodded slowly.

"I reckon I have," he said, "for I wasn't perfect."

"And you would not want someone to judge from that that you were criminally inclined?"

Pa Ellsworth didn't reply.

"Listen, friend," Mr. Mallory continued, "that Country can be a joy or a menace. It's a joy if you *remember* it and because of those memories *help some other lad* over the rough, treacherous places. It's a menace if you forget that you were ever there. Dan is going to stay with me at his old job. It's best I think. When he comes home on his vacation next summer, play square with him. Before he comes back, have a heart-to-heart talk with him. Get nearer than you ever have before, and I think you will find that Dan will respond when he learns that you and he can be friends and pals in spite of all."

Pa Ellsworth sat silent for several minutes simply because there was a lump in his throat and he could not speak, then he arose slowly, put out his hand, and wrung that of the president of the Golden Rule Wholesale Millinery Company.

"I'll—I'll remember what you have said," he voiced in a low tone, "for I'm just beginning to see that

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THE FORGOTTEN COUNTRY

(Continued from page five)

you were ever a boy yourself, or if you were, it's a country you've clean forgot.'

"Farmer Skinner greedily took the money, keeping an ample sum to cover all I had taken several times over. Then old Aunt Lizzie put her arm around my shoulders.

"'Laddie,' she said, 'I'm going to divide the rest with you. I want you to go away from here and be honest, oh, so honest. Never touch a thing that doesn't belong to you. Make a new start in the world, for you've the makin's of a good man in ye.'

"Farmer Skinner was in another rage. She should not give that money away and perhaps come on the town or expect him to support her. But she was firm, and I packed up my things and left. I'm glad to know, Dan, that I never took another thing that didn't belong to me, and the last two years of old Aunt Lizzie's life, I was able to do much for her to make her comfortable and happy."

The tears were running down Dan's face.

"Do—do you suppose—I can ever—ever—be anybody after this?"

"I am sure of it, Dan," replied Mr. Mallory kindly, laying a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder. "I am so sure of it that I am going to put you right back in the same department where you were and under the same foreman. I am going to trust you. But this time, I am going to open the door for you to better companionships than you found by yourself. If you are willing, you shall come to the church where I go and sit in the pew with my family. I want to do this for you, Dan, in memory of the Land of Boyhood, which I haven't forgotten. I've changed my mind about your going home. It'll be better this way."

Dan was sobbing almost convulsively, for the nervous strain he had been under, was greater than even he himself had realized.

"And next summer," went on Mr. Mallory, "I want you to have enough saved up to go home well-dressed and to pay your father a little something on this extra ex-

Our Exchange ~

Our Exchange, it seems, has created quite a bit of interest and we have some splendid suggestions to offer in this issue. These suggestions may not all be workable in every band of young people but perhaps you can find some that you can use to make your meetings more inspiring and helpful. We want the Lighted Pathway to be educational as well as spiritual. Here is what Brother C. G. Carder has to say along this line. He has also offered some suggestions.

"I believe the Lighted Pathway will be educational as well as spiritual to the young people. I am going to try to get it into the Y. P. E. at all the different places, to get a certain number each time, and pay for them out of the treasury, which I think would be a very good plan, as some of our members are not financially able to pay. By this plan they won't feel slighted. I also feel that the offering plan will work better at present than to charge a fee, or monthly dues."

This is all good and might be given a trial if you think that might be best for your church.

* * *

Find out if you can what good books your young people have been reading and ask some one occasionally to give a book review at your meeting, touching the mountain peaks only. Of course the book should be very spiritual so that it would not detract from the spiritual part of the meeting. This will create an interest in reading good books.—Editor.

* * *

SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR PUBLIC MEETINGS

In our little booklet, "How To Organize And Conduct The Y. P. E.," we have suggested a monthly open night when a special program is put on and everybody invited. We will each month suggest something for this program through this exchange. For the March program we would suggest a little play in

two scenes, "The Choosers." This is short but teaches a good lesson. Shows the best choice to make is to choose Jesus. This together with your music, your scripture shower, your prayers, and remarks by the older people will make an interesting program and will do much to create interest in your Y. P. E. We will suggest another so that you can order them together and have them ready, "The Spirit of Missions." This shows the life of four characters. One chooses fame; one, fortune; one, pleasure. The other gives her life to the cause of missions. Then it pictures them in old age and shows how much better it is to give all to Christ. Either of these are beautiful and will do more perhaps to win souls to Christ than the average sermon.

These each have the same lesson of choosing but are entirely different. You can order these from the Baptist Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn. I do not know the price but I am sure 10 cents will cover price for the two. Be sure to always give the fathers and mothers and older people a chance to speak words of encouragement to the young people on these special nights.—Editor.

Knoxville, Tenn.

The Y. P. E. at Knoxville has been doing some splendid work. We have been doing fine financially and are praying that God will strengthen us spiritually. He has been helping and blessing and we know that He will as long as we continue in His will.

Since we were organized, only one year ago, we have purchased a fine piano for the church, taking the responsibility upon our own shoulders. Last fall we put on a contest, dividing the Y. P. E. into two groups, to work for attendance, new members and finance. This proved successful by more than doubling our attendance and swelling our treasure until we have al-

most completed the payments on the piano. We are now working on a quilt to raise money to finish the payments.

We also do other things, such as seeing after the sick and giving poundings to the needy. We are hoping to do still greater things by the help of God.—Grace McLain.

NOTE: Grace has told you just a little of the wonderful contest they put on but we are going to ask her to give more about it in next issue.

* * *

STAR MEMORY CERTIFICATE

I was sponsor of an endeavor sometime ago and had wonderful success in using "The Star Memory Certificate." I find it creates much interest in memory work.

Each certificate is of cardboard, about 6x8 inches. On this are five star-shaped spaces in rotation, with the following titles written above: 1. "The Lord's Prayer." 2. "Ten Commandments." 3. "Beatitudes." 4. "23rd Psalm." 5. "Books of the Bible." Different colored stars are placed in these spaces as they are won. Below I will explain my method.

I described the certificate to the endeavor; took up a collection for them; kept a copy of the names of each who paid. I also ordered a few extra for new scholars who might begin later. I wrote the names on each certificate and kept them. At each service I gave an opportunity for oral recitation by those working for them, saying, "Opportunity now open to win stars." I would explain it each time for the benefit of new scholars or visitors. As stars were won they would be put in place. When a certificate was won I would present it publicly and make honorable mention of the individual. This is a nice keepsake and the memory work is valuable also. I am proud of mine.

These certificates can be ordered from David C. Cook Pub. Co., Elgin, Ill., at about 7c each. They can be paid for by the Y. P. E. or by the individual. I find when paid for individually they work for them hard.

I hope this suggestion will be the
(Continued on page fifteen)

THE FORGOTTEN COUNTRY

(Continued from page eight)

Dan wasn't all to blame. I reckon I expected him to be wiser than I was or am, and—perhaps I have put business ahead of being a father sometimes. I haven't meant to, but money has been close and I have kept grabbing."

Mr. Mallory nodded.

"I understand," he said, "write often to Dan—and show him how much you really care."

Pa Ellsworth went for a little walk in order to have time to think before he turned his footsteps in the direction of Dan's boarding house.

"Hello, Danny," he smiled, as he opened the door of the dingy little room.

The boy looked up surprised. He had not heard that pet name for years.

"Hustle and pack up," he said, "I have located another boarding house for you where you'll have a little nicer quarters than these. I have got to go home in the morning and I want to see you settled before I leave. What shall I tell Sukie for you?"

"Tell her," beamed Dan, "that I am going to pay back every cent that I owe the both of you and then some more besides."

"I believe you," returned Pa Ellsworth heartily. "But, Danny," he cautioned, "don't go without good food or warm clothing to do it. I was a hungry, growing boy once myself, although I'm afraid I came near forgetting it."

Together the two of them hustled Dan's few belongings into his small trunk. The expressman was at the door for the baggage. The two came back to look about and see that nothing had been left behind. Pa Ellsworth closed the door a moment.

"Listen, son," he said gently, "don't be afraid to tell me anything you want to. Perhaps I'll understand better now than I ever have before."

"I will," breathed Dan softly. "And it's great to have a dad who cares!"—(The End).

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED

(Continued from page six)

by His still small voice says, "Let me in." Again He pleads, "Give me thine heart." If you will not answer, He comes and knocks a little louder, perhaps in the form of sickness or misfortune of some other kind. If you will not listen, He may have to knock still louder by calling away the idol of your heart. It is then that we look up and say, "Lord, show me the way so that I can see my loved one again." Has the going home of that loved one made heaven a little sweeter and earth a little less attractive? I believe I can hear you answer yes.

The memory of the going away of our little darling is one of the sweetest memories of my life today. I am so glad God came and took him and made Heaven sweeter to me so that I wanted to go there more than to have the good opin-

ion of friends and loved ones. Since that time my dear mother has gone to be with Jesus. Every one makes the tie a little stronger and Heaven a little sweeter.

Dear ones, if God has called away your loved one, make this sorrow a stepping stone heavenward. God bless you!

NOTE:—Since finishing this piece word has come that my dear old father, eighty-five years of age, has just slipped away from this world of sorrow to take possession of the beautiful mansion Jesus went to prepare for him. Oh how hungry it has made me to go there too.

Father was so sweet and gentle and kind in his old days, never a cross word, never a murmur. Everybody who met him loved him. Some of these days when I get through winning souls for Jesus I want to go and meet father and mother and my dear sister and my baby boy, and many other dear friends I have known and loved down here. Don't you want to go there too?

TAKE HEED

(Continued from page 7)

would give as much light as possible. But some members of her family, or perhaps some close friends, each possessing a much larger candle which they refuse to light, stand in front of her feeble light, not only obstructing its helpful rays but casting ugly shadows over all.

He spoke of a home where such a charming light radiated that everyone was tempted to stop and linger awhile in its friendliness. Upon investigation it proved to be not a big light at all, but the combination of all the lighted candles in the household. Further investigation revealed the fact that this beautiful light was made possible by one member of the family, with a tiny lighted candle, influencing all the others to join with her in the effort to make a light that would be powerful enough to serve others as well as themselves.

He spoke of a church, with a congregation all in darkness, because there were members who not only refused to furnish any light, but

who stand in the way of those who were giving the little they had.

He spoke of thousands of people in a rural section, groping around in darkness, and one little feeble church doing its best to light up the way. All the other churches in that section were without teachers and leaders, and their lights had gone out.

He spoke of a city, with a number of churches, but each giving such a feeble light that the rays were too weak to lighten the dark places close by, and yet on these streets were representatives from every nation on earth, watching, and seemingly willing to follow our example—be it good or bad. He told of the highways leading into the city on which were thousands of rural folk bound for the city to add to the millions already there.

In each of these illustrations, I saw myself—and realized what a hindrance I had been in my home, my church, my town, and my whole country because of my indifference and neglect. Not only had I not given any light myself, but I had willfully obstructed the efforts of

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Young People's Bible Lessons

NOTE: We want to again suggest that the leaders of Y. P. E. please examine the four lessons as soon as you receive them and appoint your leaders for the month. These lessons have some work about them and need time to prepare.

Topic:-Successful Youth

By John Jernigan, Ravenna, Ky.

TEXT, Eccl. 12:1.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

WHAT IS A SUCCESSFUL YOUTH?— In this God forgetting age a "Successful Youth" is usually termed one whose name often appears in the headlines of the world's greatest newspapers as a hero of war, sportsmanship, opera singer, political leader, etc.

The advice of the wise man was, First, remember God in the days of thy youth. The happiness of youth is to be enjoyed but one time and that for a short while. In this short time we mould our life for success or failure. A tree can only be bent and shapen to any form while young and tender. We are represented in the Bible as trees, and while in youth such practices and habits should be formed that would make us successful in after life and would fit us for Heaven.

When Daniel was notified that he was to eat of the king's meat and drink of his wine, instead of thinking of the honor that was bestowed upon him, he thought of God and purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with a portion of the king's meat. Dan. 1:8.

A successful youth is one whose life can be used in the service of God. There is not anything more beautiful than the devoted, consecrated life of a youth?

OBEDIENCE, THE FIRST STEP TOWARD SUCCESS

Reading, Exod. 20:3, 17.

Memory text, "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20:12.

"Children obey your parents in the Lord, for his is right."—Eph. 6:1.

We are living in a day when Paul said children would be disobedient to parents, 2 Tim. 3:2. Disobedient children can never hope to amount to very much, failing to obey parents is a transgression of God's law. A child from fifteen to twenty years old is certainly not too old to obey parents. This is the first commandment that God gave a promise with. Obedience to parents means obedience to the Law of God.

THE YOUTH IN THE SERVICE OF GOD

Reading, 1 Sam. 3:1-10.

Memory text, "But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." Sam. 2:18.

God used Samuel when only a very small child rebuke Eli for not controlling his children. When

Jeremiah was a youth God called him into His service, and Jeremiah said, "Ah Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth," Jer. 1:6-9.

When David was a child he went out against the uncircumcised Philistine whom the armies of Israel had feared, and brought him down to the ground. God was with Joseph when sold into Egypt and used him in preserving food for his family and Egypt. The youth is in demand for God's service today.

WEALTH DOES NOT BRING SUCCESS

Reading, 1 Tim. 6:6-13.

Memory text, "And having food and raiment let us be therewith content." Verse 8.

Christ has set a perfect example to every age. His life was not one of earthly wealth. He was born in poor circumstances, and dressed in the cheapest of clothes (swaddling) and lived the life of a carpenter's son. Peter and John, two of the greatest preachers of the New Testament, were poor, unlearned fishermen. Lincoln, once the country's greatest statesman, was of the poorest of the poor.

Wealth is not the making of man. The first fundamental of a successful life is a foundation of righteousness, built upon with a will and aim to serve God and your fellowman, and surrounded with contentment. If you are not dressed as nice as some one else, don't be embarrassed but seek to put on the adorning of the hidden man of the heart. Many a poor ragged orphan boy has made those who made fun of him ashamed of themselves.

STUDY THE WORD

Reading, 2 Tim. 3:14, 17.

When Paul was a youth he studied in a great school at Jerusalem. He did not learn much of the righteousness of God, but after he became acquainted with Christ on his way to Damascus his education was a great help to him in understanding the mysteries of God. He wrote Timothy to study to shew himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. 2 Tim. 2:15. One should not study to attract attention of men, but rather to bring the approval of God upon his work. Paul said Timothy had known the Scriptures from his youth, which was able to make him wise unto salvation.

Reading the Scriptures and other good books serves as a tonic to any Christian. It feeds his own

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soul and enables him to know how to deal between God and man.

SOUL WINNING

Memory text, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

Solomon said, "He that winneth souls is wise." Every young person should do his best to win souls. The old saying, that one must sow his wild oats is

altogether untrue. It is unnecessary to waste any part of life. Never allow discouragement to take hold of you, but like Paul, see no impossibilities through Christ. God called the young man because he was strong, therefore, let us give our very best to Him.

NOTE:—Let the leader use the text for a foundation for his talk. The leader should always make a talk in opening the meeting. To lead a meeting means more than to call off the program. Some leaders get off too easy.—Editor.

Topic:—The Story Of Sin

By Starling Smith, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture lesson, 1 Cor. 15:20-34.

THE ORIGIN OF SIN.—Gen. 3:6; Matt. 15:19.

Let us by faith look back to the Garden of Eden. Just think of that beautiful place with its green grass, and trees and flowers and the beautiful rippling streams. There was no sickness, no pain, sadness nor death. Everything seemed to picture happiness and perfect peace. The animals were tame, birds seemed to talk to their new master, and love Adam and Eve. The entire atmosphere was laden with the sweet perfume of the flowers, and made it a delightful place to live.

The location of the wonderful place seemed to be between two great rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris. Gen. 2:10-14. We may never know the exact location of this Garden, but it is enough to know that it did exist.

Think of the glory of the home of our forefathers, so peaceful, full of happiness, rest, joy, and comfort, a real heaven on earth, no thought of death ever coming to blight their happiness! But alas! Adam what have you done? Instead of a blessing, the earth was turned into a curse, and we all too are brought into this reaping of SIN.

THE CHARACTER OF SIN.—Isa. 1:18; 1 Jno. 3:4.

Here we find that SIN is a transgression of the law and all unrighteousness is SIN, so Adam and Eve did just exactly what God told them not to do, and we find that the whole world is going contrary to the will of the Lord. But thanks be to God that He has called us to come and reason the matter out with Him. In the above scripture Isaiah says, "Though your sins be as SCARLET, they shall be as white as snow." Just think of the unregenerated heart being black with almost all kinds of sins, and us being separated from God by them until we feel almost ashamed to try to approach God. Yet He in His mercy and plan of salvation has called us to come and reason with Him and He would take our sins all away and make our soul as white as snow. Thank God! Also "they be RED like crimson, they shall be as wool." And in these good promises there is no room left for any more sinning. Thank God! Jesus is coming after the white robed people.

ALL BORN IN AND UNDER SIN

Gen. 5:3; Rom. 3:9.

"And Adam lived an hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Seth." The thought expressed in the lesson is the phrase "his own likeness, after his image." This means to us that he was brought

forth in sin, because Adam had sinned and death was pronounced upon all through him, "as in Adam all die." Then according to Rom. 3:9 the final verdict, the whole world guilty before God, both Jew and Gentiles, all under sin, and the lone remedy for sin is the blood of Jesus.

CHRIST ALONE WITHOUT SIN

2 Cor. 5:21; 1 John 3:5.

Paul in this lesson, in quoting the verse, "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," makes us to know that there wasn't any sin in Jesus at all. And to be our sacrifice He must be without sin. Our justification before God came thru this perfect sacrifice. Again we read, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 8:1.

CHRIST'S BLOOD REDEEMS FROM SIN

Eph. 1:7; 1 John 1:7; 3:5; Zech. 13:1.

The first promise we have of a Savior, or Redeemer is in Gen. 3:15. Adam and Eve had found themselves naked before God and made themselves aprons of large leaves, and when God came down through the garden, in the cool of the day, calling to them and said, "Where art thou," they had hid themselves. God having conversed with them about their pitiful condition, then promised that the seed of the woman (Jesus) should bruise the serpent's (devil's) head, and that the serpent (devil) should bruise His (Jesus') heel.

Thank the Lord today for the Fountain that was opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness. Zec. 13:1. Then in answer to this promise we turn to Paul's statement in Eph. 1:7. "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

SIN EXCLUDES FROM HEAVEN

1 Cor. 6:9; Gal. 5:19; Rev. 21:27.

Let it be remembered that every one present in the Y. P. E. will be excluded from heaven who doesn't take the advantage of the redemption plan and get rid of sin even in this life as there is no remedy after death. "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, nor whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Rev. 21:19.

Note: Brother Smith has a Y. P. E. with one hundred in attendance.

Topic:-Wanted: Loyal And Courageous Workers

Scripture lesson, Matt. 16:21-28.

One of the greatest sins that can be committed is idleness. Jesus told us to "work while it is called day for the night cometh when no man can work," and I hope I can impress upon young people everywhere the importance of working for the Master. At twelve years of age Jesus said, "I must be about my Father's business." If we are trying to be like Jesus, we must begin here, at this point in His life. We have tried so often to impress on your minds the importance of finding your calling in life. After you have found your place the Word tells us, "Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might." Jesus did not shrink even the hardest tasks or the greatest dangers. He knowingly marched straight to His death. Sometimes our friends, through love, seek to turn us from the path of duty. Spiritual loyalty should come first. Loyalty may call for self-denial, taking the heavy, crushing burdens, and bearing them quietly and without murmuring.

LETTING NOTHING HINDER Neh. 6:1-3.

Yes, it is true that when we start out to do something that is worth while there are always a number of people, sometimes your best friends, who tell you, "You are foolish to spend your time in that way. They tell us we will never get any thanks for all our efforts, but there is another voice that speaks, "Be not weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap if you faint not." Sometimes the alluring things of the world are held up before us and made very attractive, but we must answer with Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?"

The reason so many people backslide and get cold is because they do not keep busy for the Lord. We must have exercise in the spiritual life if we grow and develop, just as we must have in the natural to make our physical being grow and develop.

USING OUR TALENTS Matt. 25:14-30.

We find in this scripture the parable of the talents. Oh what a lesson, and how we see on every hand the buried talents. If every one would use the talent God has given him for the Master, I mean every professed Christian, the world would soon be won for Christ. Are you going to be responsible for lost souls of men and women at that time when the sheep and the goats are separated? If you are guilty of burying your talent, suppose at this very meeting you dig it up and put it to work.

SUPREME LOYALTY Acts 20:17-24.

Let us study Paul's life for awhile. Run through his writings and study closely his loyalty to the cause of Christ. Notice how he suffered and still he says, "None of these things move me." Oh that God had more loyalty like that which Paul possessed. How easy people are moved and become discouraged and

quit because of a little hardship and suffering they have had to endure.

THE GIDEON BAND Judges 7:1-7

God is looking for a Gideon band these days, men like Paul who are neither fearful nor afraid to face the enemy on every hand. He cannot use cowards. Uncle Sam is very careful when our country is in conflict with another, to search out the very best to send out to battle. Why should the great Ruler of the universe be less careful about the workers for His kingdom. Then we must lay aside all cowardice if we expect to help in this great battle against the enemy in these last days. Are you among the Gideon band of loyal workers?

THE LOYAL AND COURAGEOUS SPIES

Num. 13th and 14th chapters.

Again in this scripture we see a picture of the courageous, but we see they are small in number. Only two out of twelve who could be depended upon. How like our churches today, how few can really be depended upon when the real test comes and when it takes courage. Oh yes, they have their names on the church book but when they are called upon for some service they are fearful and afraid and the pastor cannot depend upon them. I am afraid they will not go up when Jesus comes for His Bride.

If we have been among this class, let us resolve in this meeting that we are going to pattern after the two spies, Caleb and Joshua, and march out and possess the land which is flowing with milk and honey. It takes grit and determination to possess this land. By God's grace we can do it.

What are you doing for your pastor this year? Are you encouraging his heart by putting your shoulder to the wheel? Are you praying for him and holding up his hands? If you are not, don't be surprised if his pastorate is not successful. God has sent him to you and you are partly responsible for his success. Don't be afraid to tell him that you appreciate him. If his sermon has helped you, go to him and tell him so. It lifts us over many hard places to know that we have been a blessing to some one. Cheer your pastor and his wife often with a shower of groceries.

THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The father of Success is Work. The mother of Success is Ambition. The oldest son is Common Sense, and some of the other boys are Stability, Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, and Cooperation. The oldest daughter is Character. Some of the sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony. The baby is Opportunity. Get acquainted with the "old man," and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family.

Topic:-The Life Of Jacob

We are not giving a special scripture lesson for the leader this time. We want you to make your study this week on the life of Jacob. Beginning at Gen. 25:20 you will find the birth of Jacob. Read from here on to the close of Jacob's life. Study well his life and make note of each point that impresses you, whether good or bad. Remember Jacob was not always good.

Appoint six of your young people to write papers on Jacob's character, making clear the lessons God teaches us through his mistakes and failures as well as the wonderful victories he afterwards won.

We are trying to vary our lessons each time so that your programs will not get monotonous or tiresome. Then we want to develop you along the line of writing. Who knows, God may have some wonderful writing talent tied up somewhere that might be in use for Him. Let's try it out.

Have judges appointed to decide which paper is best, but have no second best, so as not to have any hard feelings. After you have decided which is best send it to me and I will try to find a committee to judge among all that may be sent in to me, and then publish the one that wins in the "Lighted Pathway." Now if you do not win the first time, try it again. Remember it is those who persevere that win the victories, and if you never win you will have the experience any way, and you will have learned more about these Bible characters than you have ever known.

We do not want just the six appointed to write, to study the life of Jacob, but we want every young person to make a thorough study so you can better understand the papers as they are read. Then you will be able to discuss the lesson when they get thru.

If you think six are too many, make it four, and then give the whole Endeavor a chance to discuss the lesson.

Do not make the paper too long, as it will become tiresome. Try not to make it over five minutes.

Remember our young people are not to say, "I can't." But they are to say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Remember He will help you if you ask Him.

I'll be wondering if you like this lesson. Write me if you do. Of course I will not be able to answer all your letters but you will let me know how you like the change. I want to please you.

Next month we hope to have something similar to this. It may be on Pilgrim's Progress next time, so get busy and join our Reading Club. It may be on another Bible character.

I am praying that God will give you a good and profitable time. Have your program just as you would any other time, your songs and prayers. Always try to have some special music. It adds spice and interest to the meeting. Throw in a good song or some special music between the reading of the papers. This will keep the papers from being tiresome to the ones who are not interested in them, if such should happen to be there.

HOW CAN WE WIN OUR YOUNG PEOPLE FOR GOD?

So many times this question arises in our minds, How can we win our young people for God? How can we get them interested in our Y. P. E.? To begin with I want to say, We must first get interested ourselves before we can interest others. Are you interested in the young people and the Y. P. E.? Do you have the work at heart? Do you desire to see mother's boys and girls saved? All loyal Christian boys and girls should be so wrapped up in this great work that they would lose no time in trying to win others. We are serving a wonderful God who has provided for us a wonderful organization, the Y. P. E. How we thank the Lord for those He has given us already but that should not satisfy us when there are so many more who have honest hearts and do not know the

Lord. A number of these will respond if we only show them we are interested in them and love them.

Do you visit other young people in their homes and invite them out? This is the best way I know of to get them interested. It is true that not everyone will come that we invite but some will. Do you tell them about the Y. P. E.? what it is for and what it is doing? And when they come do you go back and shake hands with them and let them know you are glad they came? Have you ever visited a strange church, especially where you knew no one and noticed the difference in your feelings when someone came and spoke to you? Or have you visited a place where no one spoke to you or invited you back? Did you care to go back? We never hope to win the young people unless we show them we love them and are interested in them.

Not long ago I heard a young man (who had recently been saved in our meeting) say, "It was the

love and interest that was shown for me the reason I'm here." I also heard another say, "When I started attending your meetings I was only a sinner but you people were so nice to me and welcomed me that I kept coming until I realized the need of a Savior." Let's not leave it all to the pastor to welcome people. While it is important that he does, but let's do our part too. It makes my heart ache when I see precious young people drifting away from God, some never to return, because we have failed to do our part. Every young person should be a personal worker in his or her local church. Go after the young people, prove to them you care for them, and nine times out of ten you will win them for God. Don't forget to speak an encouraging word to those who become discouraged. An encouraging word spoken in the right manner is not forgotten.

It is so important that the older
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HOW CAN WE WIN OUR YOUNG PEOPLE FOR GOD?

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people stand back of the young people in this great work, to pray for them and encourage them. Let's work while we can for the time is too short to lose a minute. Do you pray earnestly for the Y. P. E. that God will make it a blessing to other young people? Let's put our shoulder to the wheel and by prayer and supplication make 1931 the greatest year of our lives. It is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the great things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. 2:9.

If you are not a subscriber of "The Lighted Pathway," you are missing something worth while. It will be much help and encouragement to the young people in the homes. I'm sure Sister Harrison has the work of the young people at heart and she is publishing this little paper that it might be a blessing to many.—One who is interested in the young people and their work, Alice Stephens, 8307 12th St., Sulphur Springs, Fla.

TAKE HEED

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Others who were freely giving of their best.

Is it any wonder that I am not thinking today as I did yesterday? Instead of wanting to leave home, I am eager to remain at home and let my light shine, however dimly it may be. Yes, I want to do this! and even more—I want to grow in knowledge and in service of the Master who left us an example that we should follow in his steps.

Thus today I am thinking of myself as I was—cold, selfish, and indifferent; and as I would like to be—loving, kind, and helpful. And every day, at morning and eventide, I shall ask my Father in Heaven for grace and strength to be and to do what He would have me do, that the light which is in me be not darkness.

OUR EXCHANGE

(Continued from page nine)
means of many committing to memory the valuable truths.—Vivian Haworth, Whitesboro, Texas.

Hettie Ellen Payne of Harlan, Ky. gives these suggestions:

If the group captains will get a large sheet of cardboard (this can be purchased at any book store or printing shop) and write the names and addresses of their members and make a square for each meeting night, they can keep a record of attendance by putting a gold star in each square when they are present. If they are absent, some other colored star should be put in the square. Then, the Friendly committee, Good Cheer Committee, group captain, or president can visit them and see why they are absent. If they can't get time to visit them, a card should be sent, asking them to come back. It makes them feel more welcome and let's them know we appreciate their presence.

Also I would like to suggest something for the Reading Club. If the book is your own, underscore lightly with a pencil, those things you would like to remember. If the book is borrowed, you can copy on a paper and put it where it can be obtained when wanted. I always find things I like to remember when I read a book, and I have a notebook in which I keep them. Mine is looseleaf and can be changed about and arranged in any order I want them. I keep poems in mine too. I have several taken from "The Lighted Pathway." Here is an example of what I keep in my notebook. It is taken from the book "Life Sketch And Sermons" by D. L. Moody.

"THE WORD"

"A lamp to direct us; medicine to heal us;
A bit to restrain us; a sword to defend us;
A guide to direct us; fire to inflame us;
Water to wash us; salt to season us;
Milk to nourish us; a key to unlock heaven."

Why commit to memory at least

a verse of Scripture each day?

1. "It will acquaint you with God's Word.
2. It will be a ready weapon against the enemy.
3. It will cultivate your mind.
4. It will crowd out evil thoughts.
5. It will prove the best equipment for personal work.
6. It will prove a constant source of joy.
7. It is a practice of obedience."

You see this helps to study the Bible and makes reading interesting. After our revival we are to start an Inner Circle Bible Study Class, meeting once a week for the purpose of studying the Bible more closely. Our pastor will teach this and we are expecting great results. At first we will study "How To Study The Bible as a Whole." Then we will take up different characters, subjects, and books of the Bible. We will also study how to outline a subject, how to get the principal thoughts, etc. I think it a very good idea, helping the Y. P. E., the Sunday School, and even the church. Some others might like to try it.

Sister Harrison, remember us when you go to prayer and pray a special prayer for us. I would be glad for all "The Lighted Pathway" readers to pray for us.

NOTE:—We think this Bible study is fine. In one place where we worked with the young people we had a similar Bible class. We had our regular Y. P. E. on Friday night and the Inner Circle Bible Class on Monday night. When I announced to the Y. P. E. that we would have an Inner Circle Bible Class we told them that we wanted only those who were interested in the service of the Master to attend. We went so far as to tell them we didn't want them to even smile at these classes. Of course we only said this to impress upon their minds how much we wanted them to spend this time in unmolested study of God's Word.

Now we do not mean that just those who have signed the pledge can attend this class, but as a usual thing those who would attend these

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IS THE BIBLE SWEET TO YOU?

By H. L. H.

"The natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit." He who is at enmity with God, does not know the preciousness of the words which God has given. A father's voice does not sound in the ears of a stranger as it does in the ears of a loving child. A father's letter though treasured by a son, might be mere waste paper to one who knew nothing of its author. So the value of the Word of God is only known to those who know and love the God from whom it came.

In Miss Havergal's Autobiography, though she had always been religiously trained, yet after giving herself up to God, she says, "For the first time my Bible was sweet to me, and the first passage I distinctly remember reading, in a new and glad light, were the fourteenth and following chapters of St. John's gospel. I read them feeling how wondrously loving and tender they were, and that now I, too, might share in their beauty and comfort."

Undoubtedly this is the experience of many. He that knoweth God, heareth God's Word. The sheep know the voice of the shepherd, but a stranger's voice they will not hear or heed. The Word of God has an unspeakable sweetness to the child of God. Those who do not love that Word have cause to carefully examine their own condition, for while they suppose themselves to be passing judgment upon that Word, the Word is really testing and passing judgment upon themselves; and however it may seem to them at the present time, they will find at the end that the Word which Christ has spoken will judge them at the last day.

The true servants of God have ever found a wondrous sweetness in the Word of God. "Thy words were found and I did eat them." "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God." "The words of Thy mouth are better to me than

thousands of silver or gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

Let those who love the Lord seek more and more to become acquainted with His Word, and to know Him who in it speaks to man in love, and seeks to guide the erring and the wanderer in ways of peace and truth and righteousness, and to lead the chosen flock in green pastures, and by the side of still waters.—The Christian.

How I Ascertain The Will of God

By George Muller

1.—I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter.

Nine-tenths of the trouble with people is just here. Nine-tenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the Lord's will whatever it may be. When one is truly in this state, it is usually but a little way to the knowledge of what His will is.

2.—Having done this, I do not leave the result to feeling or simple impression. If I do so, I make myself liable to great delusions.

3.—I seek the will of the Spirit of God through, or in connection with, the Word of God.

The Spirit and the Word must be combined. If I look to the Spirit alone without the Word I lay myself open to great delusions also. If the Holy Ghost guides us at all He will do it according to the Scriptures and never contrary to them.

4.—Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate God's will in connection with His Word and Spirit.

5.—I ask God in prayer to reveal His will to me aright.

6.—Thus, through prayer to God, the study of the Word, and reflection, I come to a deliberate judgment according to the best of my ability and knowledge, and if my mind is thus at peace, and continues so after two or three more petitions, I proceed accordingly.

In trivial matters, and in transactions involving most important issues, I have found this method always effective.

THREE KINDS OF GIVERS

Some witty person once said "There are three kinds of givers—the flint, the sponge, and the honeycomb."

To get anything out of a flint you must hammer it, and then you can get only chips and sparks.

To get water out of a sponge, you must squeeze it, and the more you squeeze, the more you will get.

But the honeycomb just overflow with its own sweetness.

Some people are stingy and hard they give nothing away if they can help it.

Others are good natured; they yield to pressure, and the more they are pressed, the more they will give.

A few delight in giving, without being asked at all; and of these the Bible says, "The Lord loveth cheerful giver." — The Christian (London).

(Note—Continued from page 15)

Bible classes are in the Inner Circle or else they are good prospects. Then we just somehow love the name and feel that it carries with it a thought that helps folks make the consecration.

We do not think that these classes should take the place of the regular Y. P. E. as the Y. P. E. is a better way to get your sinner friend interested. We must feed babes of milk before we give them too much strong meat. The inspiration topics will be your kindergarten and the Inner Circle Bible Class your real school work. We have had several letters from young people who say I was saved through the Y. P. E.

* * *

We are getting hungry to see the readers of the "Lighted Pathway" so we are getting us an album and we will call it "The Lighted Pathway Album." We want your picture (just a snapshot is all we ask) put in that album. Who will first on its pages? Write your name and address plainly.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

APRIL, 1931.

NO. 8.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

HAVEN'T GOT TIME

Opportunity knocked at the door
With a chance for a brother within;
He rapped till his fingers were sore,
And muttered, "Come on, let me in.

"Here is something I know you can do,
Here's a hill I know you can climb!"
But the brother inside very quickly replied:
"Old fellow, I haven't got time."

Opportunity wandered long
In search of a man who would rise,
He said to the indolent throng;
"Here's a chance for the fellow who tries."

But each of them said with a smile: At last opportunity came
"Oh, I am so busy today, To a man who was burdened with cares,
I really haven't got time. And said: "I now offer the same
I'm so busy, I'm sorry to say." Opportunity that has been theirs.

"Here's a duty that ought to be done,
It's a chance if you've got time to take it."
Said the man with a grin, "Come along, pass it in!
I'll either find time or I'll make it."

Of all the excuses there are
By which this old world is accursed,
This, "Haven't got time" is by far
The poorest, the feeblest, the worst.

A delusion it is, and a snare;
If the habit is yours you should shake it.
If you want to do aught that is offered,
You'll find time to do it, or make it.

—Detroit Free Press.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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Young People Everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

APRIL

EDITORIALS

Easter Greetings

As we approach the time of the year when we commemorate afresh the sufferings of our precious Lord may His peace and all that He made possible on that day of atonement be made real to you and yours in a new way.

It was a tremendous day when the Savior who knew no sin became sin for us that we might become the righteousness of God in Him. It was an awful day when He, the innocent Lamb of God, suffered for us poor guilty sinners. Oh with what love He must have loved us that He could lay down His life for those who cared nothing for Him! "For while we were yet without strength in due time, Christ died for the ungodly."

But oh what a wonderful day, on that first Easter morning, when the powers of death were broken and God showed forth His power as He raised Christ from the dead, and when He came back from the lower parts of the earth, and His body came forth immortal from the tomb, conquering sin, sickness, death, flesh and the devil! What a shout of victory rang through the universe! What trophies Christ brought back as He led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men!

He is up and out today to set you free on this approaching Easter season. He has a life of victory, of freedom, for "whosoever will may come," and as He spoke to Mary on that first Easter morning so He will speak to you today. Her heart was breaking; she was faint and lonely; but Christ came and called

her by her name. Through her tears and earth-dimmed eyes, she recognized the Savior. It was there her burden was lifted on that first Easter morning.

Dear readers of The Lighted Pathway, as the buds spring forth this springtime may new life and vigor come into your heart and enrich your experience as you travel along the pathway with Him until again He breaks forth, not from the tomb, but from the skies, and when the great host of loved ones shall join with us in that meeting in the air. Oh what a wonderful time! What a reunion that will be when we all sit together around that table at the marriage supper of the Lamb! Yes, it will pay us to be misunderstood and suffer just a little while longer to have the privilege of enjoying this feast.

May God's richest blessings rest upon you at this Easter time.

OUR HELPERS' CLUB

God bless the ones who are making it possible for us to put out the little paper. We have been publishing the names of only those who have sent in the largest number each month, but this month we want to give credit to those who are working just as hard to help us, but are laboring under difficulties, some of them have been helping us to carry the load for months and have had no recognition, some of them are new. We welcome them with all our hearts. Let us feel more and more that we are one big family working for the Master.

Let me say that I have been sending out your papers as soon as they are out so that they will not be delayed. You will receive your roll of papers each month according to the number you ordered last, unless we hear from you to the contrary. This is best for me and also for you as it saves you from ordering.

The names are as follows: J. M. Magouirk, Oneonta, Ala.; Lula Caldwell, Atlanta, Georgia; Ruth James, Forrest City, Ark.; Frank Barche, Olney, Ill.; Delbert Carder, Toledo, Ohio; Delzie Murray, Cleveland, Tennessee; Alice Stephens, Sul-

phur Springs, Fla.; Eva Lynch, Shelburn, Ind.; Rev. Starling Smith, Somerset, Ky.; Gertrude Brantly, Hazelhurst, Ga.; Nettie M. Hanvey, Anderson, S. C.; Gladys Dash, Warrior Mines, W. Va.; Melda Renick, Somerset, Pa.; Christine Rice, Greenville, S. C.; Lucy Miller, Maud, Okla.; J. R. Staggs, Helena, Ark.; J. B. Hal-
lowell, Poplar Grove, Ark.; Mrs. J. B. Pullman, Avon Park, Fla.; Mrs. Vesta Erwin, Pittsburg, Pa.; Beaulah Osbon, Aiken, S.C.; Lucile Smith, Fitzgerald, Ga.; Willard Stephens, Industrial, W. Va.; Ada Queen, Cincinnati, Ohio; Eunice White, Dover, Fla.; Mrs. O. J. Plake, Ardmore, Okla.; Laud L. Vaught, Monroe, Virginia; Myrtle Black, Linden, Fla.; Beatrice Henson, Marked Tree, Ark.; Hazel Pippin, Lawton, Okla.; Daisy Davis, Honea Path, S. C.; Nettie Morris, Greenwood, S. C.; C. G. Carder, Clarksburg, W. Va.; B. O. Rosenbaum, Reading, Pa.; H. P. Williams, Big Springs, Texas; T. P. Douglas, Miami, Fla.; Grace McLain, Knoxville, Tenn.

We hope we have recorded all your names, but if we have missed any one please write us about it. If your order comes in after the 15th it is too late for this issue but your name will appear next time. God bless you.

THE INNER CIRCLE

We have a nice list of names for the Inner Circle this month. Their names are as follows:

Harold A. Lintner, Toledo, Ohio; Christine Rice, Greenville, S. C.; Mamie McGuire, Greenville, S. C.; Mary Christian, Wallins Creek Ky.; Mamie Doyle, Wallins Creek Ky.; Esther Smith, Twila, Ky.; Bessie Higdon, Harlan, Ky.

If we have missed any one just remember it is a mistake and remind us and we will try to do better next time. Let us pray for these young people that they will be able to resist every temptation and live the life they are anxious to live. We are sure that the enemy of our souls will be on their track, and they need our prayers.

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EASTER HOPE

By Catherine Marshall

At first, dear lad, when you were gone

The sun forgot to shine

And earth seemed but a dreary spot

To this sad heart of mine.

But spring has come with garlands gay

And all her budding flowers

Breathe loving memories of thee

To fill the long, long hours.

And in the garden of my soul,

This blessed Eastern morn,

The flowers of everlasting faith

Are springing up new born.

EASTER IS A HOME FESTIVAL

By M. Wilma Stubbs

A November morning with the ground snow-covered. Two little girls with faces pressed against the windowpane watching eagerly for the sleigh that should take them to "Thanksgiving." In imagination, they were seeing the long table at "Gran'ma's" loaded with good things. Some of which had come out of the big brick oven that was rarely used except at the time of the "back home" festival. After dinner, the children would be given the parlor and games and apples and nuts would end a happy day. All the uncles and aunts and cousins in the region round about would be there. And Gran'ma herself, dear old Gran'ma, the soul of it all. Such is Thanksgiving as my mother has often pictured it to me out of her childhood.

Easter, too, for countless thousands is a Home Festival. Like Thanksgiving, it is based upon the joy of reunion. Only Easter looks toward the future and not the past. In place of memories are anticipations. And instead of one day swiftly passing, it pledges an eternity of home joy.

The life that is to be is a life of the spirit. But so also at its highest is life on earth. You and I and those we love are spirit. God is spirit. Even here our most satisfying occupations and pleasures are spiritual. If we work with the soil

—and who does not love to garden? —we work with the spirit of life. If we teach, we are training the human spirit. If we are homemakers and true to our privileges, we are creating a home spirit and fitting spiritual beings for victorious contact with a material world. And so on "*ad infinitum*."

If heaven, or the life into which we enter through the gateway called death, is pre-eminently spiritual, then it should be, by our analogy, satisfying. As we have promise that it shall be. But also we can't doubt that it will be reality, reality to a far greater degree than anything we have yet known. St. Paul tells us that there is a body terrestrial and a body celestial and writes of "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Jesus declared that in his Father's house were many mansions. The writer of Hebrews visions "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

The great Christians of the ages have thought of heaven as home. Thus in "Jerusalem the Golden:" "I know not, oh, I know not

What social joys are there,
What radiance of glory

What light beyond compare."
Or this:

"One sweetly solemn thought

Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I'm nearer home tonight

Than ever I've been before."

And again:

"And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

For

"Loved ones in the Homeland

Are waiting me to come

Where neither death nor sorrow

Invade their holy home.

O dear and native country!

O rest and peace above!

Christ bring us all to the Homeland

Of his eternal love."

Whether or not we place confidence in communications from those who have gone before and whatever value we may set upon the "inspiration" of imaginative works picturing the future life, it is at least suggestive that so many of these paint heaven as a country of homes. There can be no question

that this thought, hope, conviction, is deeply implanted in the minds and longings of humankind.

So Easter may rightly be termed a Home Festival, a happy celebration of one of the highest, most satisfying joys known to the human soul. Take away from the earthly home all misunderstandings, all selfishness, all that is gross and of the earth, earthy, and give in their place such a home as, for instance, mother-love creates for the child or for the mature son or daughter, that is, union of spirit with spirit, and we have a picture of the home in heaven, a home unclouded by dread of death, a home glorified by all that here made life worth living. This need be interpreted in no selfish fashion. A real home spirit will also delight in service, for which we shall surely be as ready there as here.

For myself, I do not care whether or not we eat in heaven. But I do want something, and I believe that I shall have it, furnishing the pleasure that I gained in preparing a meal for mother here on earth, something replacing a social meal together with friends. I do not covet "a mansion." I should be well content with a very humble cottage, so I know that mother would glorify the rooms through countless years. Perhaps many of us will have in-between dwellings, neither cottage nor mansion. But of this I am certain—it will harbor, this home in heaven, no hate nor suspicions nor unloveliness, just as these never found foothold in the home we made, mother and I, here on earth. This heavenly home will be a center, I think, of social life. For many are the friends who have gone on before. And my mother loved dearly the gracious task of the hostess. Above all, this home will be glorified with love and work and hours of serene rest, a "just at home" spirit.

For most of us it is well, doubtless, to live largely in the present. Our earth is a good earth and we do right to enjoy it, in the light al-ways, however, of that endless life to which we are heirs. We do better still if we make it a school out

(Continued on page sixteen)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Old Testament Work

1ST WEEK

What little boy was given in answer to the prayer of his mother? His name meant "asked of God." She lent him to the Lord. One night after he lay down to sleep the Lord called him and he answered, "Here am I." Who did he think called him? After the fourth call what did he say? God's message was for the priest who failed to restrain his sons from doing wrong. Read 1 Sam. 1:20-28 and chapters 2 and 3. Have you obeyed the call of God? He says, Give me thine heart.

Memory work: Ex. 19:5; Ex. 2:12; Deut. 11:26, 27; 1 Sam. 15:22; Psa. 13:44; Jer. 7:23; Prov. 1:2.

2ND WEEK

What great prophet said, "Here am I, send me," after the angel laid a live coal on his mouth and said, "Thy sin is purged"? When he saw the Lord what did he say of his lips? Isa. 6:5. What great and glorious person was he privileged to announce? Isa. 9:6, 7. Read the sixth chapter of Isaiah. This man prophesied many wonderful things about Jesus and His church.

Memory work: Psa. 51:2; Psa. 51:10; Isa. 1:16, 17, 18, 19; Isa. 55:6.

New Testament Work

3RD WEEK

Who was the little girl that died and Jesus restored to life? How old was she? What effect did this miracle have on the people? Read this event in Mark 5:22-43.

Memory work: Luke 7:15; John 11:25; John 11:44; Psa. 116:15; 1 Cor. 15:22; 1 Cor. 15:26.

4TH WEEK

What little boy fed five thousand people from his lunch basket? A great miracle! What is a miracle? Read this Bible story in Matt.

14:13-23. Study the miracle found in each verse of the memory work.

Memory work: John 9:11; John 11:44; Acts 3:6; Acts 20:9; Acts 28:6; John 2:11; Acts 9:40.

"I've Got The Vickey"

One time when we were in St. Louis, a dear little fellow where we were staying slipped down from the table one morning and went into the back parlor. His mother left the table and peeped through the portieres to see what he was doing. He had climbed into a chair, putting his feet into the chair in front of him, and was praying. He said:

"Please, Lord Jesus, won't you make Gowan some new shoes?"

The shoes he had were so old his toes stuck through, and he knew his mother had no money for new shoes. He waited awhile after praying and then opened his eyes, but there were the shoes with the same holes. His mother was confused, hardly knowing what to do, as she was afraid his faith would be shaken so he would never get over it. In a little while he folded his hands again, shut his eyes and said:

"Please, Lord Jesus, won't you make Gowan some new shoes?"

He waited longer—seemingly to give the Lord time to do it—but when he opened his eyes there were the same old shoes. His mother's heart sank within her, but to her surprise he got down from the chair and began marching around, saying:

"I got the vickey" (victory). I got the vickey," but he had on the same old shoes.

When the postman came there was a letter to his mother from a friend who wrote:

"The Lord would not let me sleep last night. He kept telling me little Gowan needed some new shoes. I enclose two dollars to buy

him some new shoes; if there is anything over you can buy him some stockings too."

Gowan's shoes creaked victory all through the house, upstairs and down and through the halls, wherever he went his shoes seemed to say "vickey."

I told that story in a certain place, and a woman who had been praying for coal went home and walked around her empty coalbin, saying, "I've got the victory, I've got the victory," and before the day was over, she had the coal. Many folks will shout over new shoes, but how many will shout over old ones? How many will shout when there is an empty coalbin?—Herald of Light.

Sent in by Mrs. H. L. Trim.

Someone Is Watching You!

I once read a story of a ten year old boy named Johnnie. For sometime a class of boys had been trying to get Johnnie to join their Sunday School class but he refused, saying he did not want to go to Sunday School.

One day Johnnie saw this class of boys going fishing. He was very eager to go with the boys, but felt ashamed to ask them if he might go since he had not joined their class as they insisted. Just then a man came along who was a special friend of Johnnie's. He happened to know of Johnnie's refusal and being much interested in boys began talking with him.

The man said, "Johnnie, do you see that brick? You are just like it." The boy denied the charge.

"Johnnie," said the man, "What do you see across the street?"

"I see a brick building over there," answered Johnnie.

"Well, isn't this dirty brick as

(Continued on page 8)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

The Common Things

By Alice M. Morrow
Life gave me just the common things;
A homestead on a hill,
An apple orchard sweet with song
Where I may rove at will;
A vineyard where the clustered fruits
Are globes of ruddy wine,
And bees that fill their fragrant hives,
From flowering shrub and vine.

A sunny yard where children's clothes,
Dance on a swaying line;
Beyond low barns a pasture-land,
Where feed the sheep and kine;
A row of stately maple trees
That murmur night and noon,
Mingling their muted music with
The brooklet's merry tune.

A road that comes from far away,
Climbs up my hill and down,
Between green hedges hastens on
To reach the noisy town.
And O, the fields are fresh and fair,
The wandering winds are sweet;
The skies are wide, and daisies star
The soft turf at my feet.

Life gave me just the common things;
A pace of humble guise,
Where love and labor, joy and pain,
Have sought to make me wise.
Not riches, fame; not rank nor power;
Yet well content am I,
"Among mine own" to dwell secure,
And let the world go by.

Long Beach, Calif.

The problem confronting Christian parents is an increasingly serious and large one, for religious instruction has not only been removed from the public schools, but these schools through their textbooks and the liberties taken by teachers are to an alarming extent definitely anti-religious.

Large resources and a great advance in methods have increased the efficiency of the public schools, while limited means and a surprising indifference have sadly weakened the effect of those attempts which have been made by the church to give their children the needed religious training. The money spent and the effort put forth in evangelistic work is largely confined to the attempt to reach unsaved men and women who should have been saved and kept as boys and girls.

One of the strongest influences in the lives of children, next to the

atmosphere of the home in which they grow up, is the character of the things they read. Politicians long ago learned the power of the press in influencing public opinion, and those who have succeeded have made wise use of this great force. If Christian parents could likewise realize the effect which reading can and does have on the impressionable minds of their children, they would diligently guard against harmful literature and just as diligently provide helpful books and papers. And the careful attention of parents to this matter of their children's reading will bring the man infinitely greater reward than the politician receives for his skillful molding of the public mind.

Even one of the leading modernists concedes that "there is no idea of God, however deep and spiritual, whose essential meaning a little child well trained from the beginning can't grasp." Realizing this, publishers who are true to the Word of God are publishing children's papers and books which present the great truths of the gospel especially and successfully to childish minds and hearts. How happy one of the writers for these papers was made recently by the news that a little boy had been saved thru reading one of his stories!

In the midst of increasing difficulties with which a godless world surrounds the Christian child, it is encouraging to see the growing concern manifested by Christian parents. The atmosphere of the home is undeniably the most powerful single influence in a child's life, but very close to it comes the influence of the child's reading. Doesn't an obedience to the command, "Suffer little children to come unto Me" include our use of such a powerful force as spiritual reading to introduce our children to the Savior and help them to follow Him?—Sel.

THE POWER OF "EXAMPLE"

By Margaret Conn Rhoads

I inquired of a certain mother who had three wonderful children what problems she had found most difficult in training them so well.

She answered without a moment's hesitation: "My greatest problem in raising my children was myself."

Then she went on to explain.

"I was fortunate enough a few months prior to my marriage to hear a broken-hearted mother who was returning from a criminal court-room say, 'I see it now. I was a model housekeeper but a poor mother. I kept my mahogany dusted but had little time left for Jim and Edward.'

"That night when I was talking with my husband-to-be I told him that all my plans for furnishing our home were changed. I had decided I would have the simplest kind of furnishings and the most efficient kind of household helps. 'I am going to specialize on being a good mother, provided I am fortunate enough to have children,' I told him, 'and I want to be given the chance.'

"I had the children—three of them—and I determined they should be physically well, mentally keen, and morally clean. How did I bring it about? Not by giving most thought to rules for their conduct but by specializing on my own.

"Can you conceive of children in the home never hearing cross words, never getting sharp commands that antagonize by their very unkindness, never being overwrought because the mother is unstrung and never hearing jangling between Father and Mother?

"We all agree that children are mimics. If you use sharp tones be assured that you will hear their

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: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

The Kindly Father

Sent in by Hettie Ellen Payne

He was a kindly father, who granted every plea;

He gave his boy the toy he asked, whatever it might be.

He could not bear to see a tear come to the youngster's eye,

Because he loved the youngster so, he never let him cry.

He shielded him from every hurt, he sheltered him from pain;

He drove the little lad to school, and drove him home again.

And when his sums were difficult and troublesome to do,

To save his boy from worrying, the father worked them thru.

He planned the little fellow's day, and as the years went by

He carried every care for him, until he came to die.

And, oh, that son was helpless then, unused to toil or strife,

He'd neither strength nor wit with which to face the tasks of life.

Perhaps the Father of us all who hears our every plea,

Permits our burden to remain, that stronger we may be.

And tho' at times He pities us, 'twere better in the end,

That we should learn to stand alone and on ourselves depend.—Edgar A. Guest.

Help In Temptation

By Philip E. Howard

We could not at first understand the noise in the eaves pipe. There was a persistent rattling close to the lowest joint where the pipe entered the drain near the ground, and there was no rain to account for it.

At last one of the children suggested that a bird might have fallen into the pipe and could not make his way back again to the entrance at the eaves. If that were true, there was a column of darkness about thirty feet long above

the little fellow, and almost no chance to get out below.

Accordingly we pried the pipe apart at the joints and lifted the lower end of it so that, if a bird were there, he could escape to the outer air. Suddenly, with a wild twitter of delight, a little bird flashed out of the darkness of that pipe, flew across the lawn with a staggering flight, and then swung up into a tree not far away. There had been no hope for him until we had opened the way. He was a prisoner, and there was only one end to that imprisonment. Now he was free!

Many of us can sympathize with that little bird in his predicament. We, too, have been surrounded by black darkness as the temptations of this complex life of ours have pressed in upon us, and we have fallen to depths of imprisonment in the midst of the surrounding darkness of sin that has given us discouragement beyond words. We have tried to find the way out. In vain we may have beat our wings against the besetment of the day.

Some have felt that through the exercise of will power the temptations that come so craftily and so heavily upon us could be met. But after ample experiment and sickening failure we have found that will power is no better than wing power. It has become evident that we need something outside of ourselves—a Power, a Friend who will remove us from the situation into which we have fallen and from which we are unable to remove ourselves.

The Father's Love And Care

When a Christian works for and among boys and girls, he cannot help but realize something of the love and care our Heavenly Father bestows upon us all as His children.

All through the day and night, those who are on duty are thinking of and planning for the children's interests. They listen to their

wants, and supply their needs, giving them all that is deemed wise and good, and withholding all that is unwise or harmful. They dress them, feed them, play with them, and punish them, teaching them how to pray and do the things that will please God and will help them to grow to be noble men and women. When a child is sick, or hurt, or grieved, everything possible is done to comfort, heal and help them. Their's is a self-sacrificing and unending word.

Can we not think of our Heavenly Father like that? Day and night He watches over those who love Him, and in His wisdom, gives them only what is best. He listens to the cry of every heart, and is ready and willing to supply every need, only withholding the things that would hurt us. He feeds us with the Bread of Life, and gives us to drink of the Living Water that satisfies. He corrects when we disobey, and He goes ahead and shows us the right way to go. He shares our every joy and sorrow, cheering, helping, healing and comforting, all along life's way.

Such a love that sacrificed for us "its all on Calvary," can only be repaid by giving our lives and our all in loving service to Him through life.—G. Dean.

PERFECT PEACE

By Rev. David J. Donnan

I do not ask to see the way
My Lord would have me tread
I only know from day to day,
I shall be safely led.

Should sorrows come, or foes increase,

I shall not be afraid;
I shall be kept in perfect peace,
My mind on Him is stayed.

I do not ask to understand
The working of His will;
I only know His guiding hand
In love will guide me still.
His care for me can never cease,
Why should I be afraid?
I shall be kept in perfect peace,
My mind on Him is stayed.

THE INNER CIRCLE

Prayer At Easter

By Richard Knowles Morton

Our Heavenly Father, infinitely dear to us for Thy tenderness and care and all-sufficient for us in the bountiful fullness of Thy purpose for us and Thy many gifts, transform our lives as we kneel beneath the shadow of the Cross.

Who could disparage life in any way, who sees it crowned with the Cross of Christ? Who could stray who knew He pointed the way to God and taught men to build his kingdom upon earth in accordance with divine laws and purposes? O the tenderness of divine love and redeeming sacrifice! O what He would do for man!

The tomb of death and defeat is rent asunder. Christ is risen! Shall we meet Him today as He walks the pathway to our hearts? Shall He who conquered death be given by as the victory over our stubborn wills and ignorant minds?

Christ is risen! May we glory in that truth and be strengthened by its power! Christ is risen! May we grow radiant in that firm hope and spread love and kindness everywhere! May the risen Christ within our hearts give us a blessed inward richness that shall go forth to all service in His name! Amen.

NOTE:—About seventeen or eighteen years ago we met Sister Lillian Trasher at Durant Camp ground in Florida. I have an idea that many who will read this will also remember her at this time. We were very much impressed with her and felt that she was an unusual young woman, and the account of her call to the foreign mission field which we are giving on this page will make you realize that this is true. We feel that she has followed close in the footsteps of George Muller the man of great

faith. In our next issue we will give an account of the beginning of her work in Egypt.

Sister Lillian's Call to The Work

When I was twenty-three years of age I went one evening to hear a missionary from India speak. During her address I felt that I should go as a missionary to Africa.

I had but five dollars in my possession since I had spent all of my money arranging for my wedding which was to have taken place just ten days from that time. But knowing that the young man did not wish to go to Africa, and not daring to disobey the call of God, I determined to go by myself.

At this time I was assisting Miss Mattie Perry in her orphanage in Marion, N. C. After packing my trunk I told my friends I was ready to start. Some of them handed me thirteen dollars to help me on my way. Just then I heard of a missionary conference being held in Pittsburg, Pa. I decided to go there and learn what I could from the different missionaries. In this way I hoped to be able to decide to what part of Africa God was calling me. I handed my money to Miss Perry for safe keeping. She put it in a drawer and her sister, not knowing it was mine, used it to pay a debt. I did not learn of this till I was ready to start for the train. My friends tried to help me out but not one seemed to have enough money to make up the eighteen dollars. Some money was handed me but not enough to pay my way to Pittsburg. As every one was waiting to bid me good-bye (for I was starting for Africa) I did not want to disappoint them by not going so I decided to go as far as my money would take me.

Upon inquiry I found I had enough to get to Washington, D. C.

I had never been to that city and knew no one there, but Miss Perry said she had a friend there to whom she would give me a note of introduction, and with whom she thought I might remain until she could send me the rest of the money for my fare to Pittsburg.

In due time I reached Washington, found Miss Perry's friend and handed her the note of introduction. "Oh! I am so sorry," she said, "but I cannot take you as I am entertaining a missionary and his family from Assiout, Egypt, but come in and have some lunch." The missionary was Rev. Brelsford to whom I was introduced as a missionary to Africa. "To what part of Africa are you going?" asked Mr. Brelsford. "Why, I don't know." "Oh, I see. What board did you say you were going out under?" "I'm not going out under any board." Your family are sending you I suppose. "Oh no. My family are not in favor of my going at all." "Well have you your fare?" "I have one dollar." Perhaps I had better not try to tell you all Mr. Brelsford said or thought, but I can still hear him telling me to go home to my mother. I did not go home, I went to Africa as God called me. "Faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it."

One of the ladies gave her room to me and I remained there a day or two. Before I left Mr. Brelsford asked me to join his work in Assiout, Egypt. I replied, "Well since I had no intention of stopping off in Washington, perhaps the Lord led me here just to meet you." I soon felt that I was to accept his offer and go to Egypt.

I then went to Pittsburg. I had only twenty-five cents when I arrived. My trunk fell off the wagon and was badly smashed, but the conference people entertained the

(Please look on Next Page)

Sister Lillian's Call to The Work

(Continued from page 7)

missionaries, providing them with a tent to sleep in and with table board and I was comfortable and happy. Within a few days I was handed eight dollars with which I bought a new trunk. When the conference came to a close I had received enough money to take me to Philadelphia where I was to remain with Mr. Brelsford's daughter until ready to sail for Egypt.

Quite contrary to expectation God allowed me to go through another very strange test at this time. Mr. Brelsford was leaving a little earlier than I to go west, so I accompanied him to the train. When about to buy his ticket he discovered he did not have quite enough money. I quickly said, "Oh, I can let you have that." So I gave him the needed money and he left. Now I found myself without sufficient money for my own fare and did not know what to do. I remembered some one had given the address of a party in Harrisburg telling me that if I ever happened to be in that city I should visit them. So I counted my money and found I had enough money to get me to Harrisburg and would have one dollar left.

I reached my destination at night and with considerable difficulty finally found the home that had been recommended to me. They took me in though I am not sure they were delighted to see me so soon. Here I was asked to speak in a mission hall night after night, but no one gave me any money. When Friday came I told them that I was going to Philadelphia the following afternoon. The gentleman with whom I was staying took me to the depot, and just as we approached the depot he asked me if I had any money for my fare. I said, "No, but I am going to Africa and must get started." He bought my ticket.

Upon arriving at Philadelphia I was invited to speak in the different missions and churches. After saving up forty dollars I went to Thos. Cook and Son in New York

City and asked them what boats were about to sail for Egypt. They told me that the S. S. Berlin would sail October 8, and that a second class passage would cost about \$100.00. I paid \$40.00 down to secure my berth, and wrote home telling my folks when I should leave.

My sister who is older than I wrote and said she did not like to see me take the trip alone, so she was planning to go with me and see me settled in Egypt. I wrote and told her I would be delighted to have her accompany me, but the letter could not be mailed for some days as I did not have a stamp or the money to buy one.

Upon visiting Mrs. Cox at the 22d St. Mission I saw a stamp on the floor. When I handed it to her, she said, "It is not mine, it must be yours." I replied, "No, it is not mine." But she answered, "Well since it is not mine it must be the Lord's and perhaps He wants you to have it." I said, "Well perhaps so, for I've been trying to mail a letter for several days and did not have a stamp."

The time had nearly come for my sister to arrive in New York. The thought of meeting her without the money for my passage so worried me that I became sick enough to take my bed. But just then a strange lady came to visit me. After a little chat she knelt and thanked God for the way He had provided all my needs. I was puzzled to know what she meant, but soon learned that she had the money in her purse for me. She gave me sixty dollars and immediately I felt better. Then I was asked to speak that evening at the Forty-second Street Mission and I received fifty dollars more. So by the time my sister had arrived I had more than enough for my trip to Egypt. "My God shall supply all your needs."

While having prayer in my cabin, just before sailing, some one asked me to open my Bible and ask God to give me a verse. This I did and noted the first verse that caught my eyes. It was Acts 7:34, a verse that I had never noticed before. It reads as follows: "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt, and

I have heard their groanings, and am come down to deliver them: And now come and I will send thee into Egypt." In this unmistakable way God set His final seal upon my call.

Someone Is Watching You

(Continued from page four)

good as any in that building?"

"I guess it is," replied Johnnie.

"Certainly. But do you think it is doing any good laying there?"

"No," said Johnnie, "Some one might stumble over it."

"Surely they might," said the man, "But did you ever think that some one might stumble over you?"

Then the boy looked puzzled as his friend explained to him the need of going to Sunday School and building up the class which would be a help to him and other boys as well. Johnnie can be a brick in the wall, a brick in the class, helping rather than hindering.

Johnnie realized he was a stumbling block and said to himself, "Next Sunday I'll join that Sunday School class." He became one of its most active members.

Let all the little folks do your best to be an example in doing right, realizing that somebody is watching you and might stumble if you do wrong.

As I stepped into my room one day for secret prayer, I closed the door behind me and knelt to pray. My little sister slipped up to the door and looked thru the keyhole. I thought I was unseen. Later she said, "I saw you praying, and it made me think to pray."

We never know who is watching us here, but we know Jesus sees our deeds whether good or bad. Let each one say now within your heart, "I'll try to live good so my chums can watch me and so Jesus will be pleased."

Jesus saved me when I was a small child, that's why I'm interested in the children.—One of the young people, Vivian Haworth.

Our Exchange ~

Our exchange page is new to our young people and they are slow to the call for suggestions. We are sure many of them have splendid ideas and will come along with them later. We have a splendid idea from Brother Delbert Carder that would be a change from your regular lessons occasionally, and would be very helpful and interesting. As there are no suggestions we will use the page for some of the splendid letters we have been receiving. Here is Brother Delbert's letter and suggestion.

* * *

326 Elm St., Toledo, O.,

Dear Sister Harrison:

I was certainly glad to see the roll; the February number is really wonderful. Every one likes the Lighted Pathway fine here.

Just a suggestion for the Exchange: Occasionally at our Y. P. E. a capable person arranges a list from ten to fifteen questions, intended to help the young people on some subject, and selects Bible answers, himself putting them on individual slips of paper and distributing them among the young people to be memorized or read in answer to the questions when asked by the person arranging them.

May the Lord bless you and the Lighted Pathway and all coworkers.—Sincerely, Delbert Carder.

* * *

Plant City, Fla.,

Dear Sister Harrison:

I surely have been enjoying reading the Lighted Pathway this past year. Every month I get my soul fed by reading your little paper. I am sending in my renewal and two more subscriptions.

May God bless you and your work.—Your sister, Mrs. L. R. Alderman, Box 1095.

* * *

Augusta, Ga.

Rt. 2, Wheeler Rd.,

Dear Sister Harrison:

We are praising and thanking the dear Lord for the Y. P. E. of

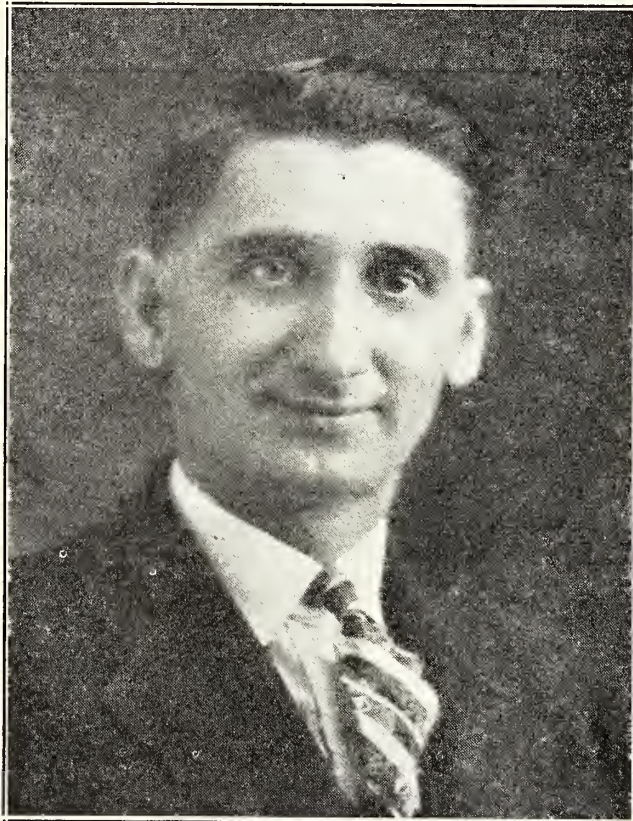
Augusta. I am glad I can recommend the Lighted Pathway as a great help to our Y. P. E. The young People seem to be interested in it very much. Most every member receives a copy each month. We like the little programs and are going by them each week. May the Lord bless and encourage you in your work.

Hazel Inglett.

My dear sisters and brothers in Christ:

Greetings in the name of Him who died that we all might live. Praise His dear name! I praise Jesus for a full and free salvation in my soul. Jesus saved me when I was ten years old and the first of this coming April will be eight years since I received the Holy Ghost. I am now nearly twenty-two and I am not tired of the way but encouraged to press on. There is only sin and sorrow in this world, but joy, peace and happiness in Jesus.

Dear ones, you will never know
(Continued on page 16)



I am sure the young people who have been studying the Bible lessons in the Lighted Pathway will be glad to look into the face of Brother J. C. Jernigan of Ravenna, Ky. who has very kindly consented to be a regular contributor to our Bible lesson department. Brother Jernigan is a successful young minister and we are sure you will enjoy his contributions from time to time.

A Story of Child Faith for Discouraged "Daddies"

"Calling On God"

By "Zalani"

Central Park was, indeed, desolate and cheerless under the ominous, angry clouds. While the naked trees, with their barren branches—swept by the fury of the wind, carried with them a weird and mournful cry, adding a depression and loneliness to the atmosphere of the scene. The sky was gray and lowering, accompanied by flurries of snow and a raw wind, foretelling another storm was on its way. Mother earth had been sleeping quite placidly for some time under a mantle of soft, downy white. The lofty trees so gorgeous in their fresh green leaves of summer, appeared tall and gaunt without their beauteous leaves swaying to and fro with every truant breeze that blew throughout the bright golden days of sunshine. The large spacious park was always crowded with merry-makers, who enjoyed the cool refreshing shade, the clear pond, upon whose smooth surface the white swans gracefully glided in unmolested freedom but a few short months before, now, was almost completely deserted.

In a secluded corner, on one of the iron benches, sat a lone man shivering. His face reflected suffering, want and woe. He was not old, despite the heavy lines about the gentle mouth, the hollow cheeks and the sunken, feverish eyes. His clothes were of the very cheapest kind and much the worse for wear. They were old and shabby. Far too thin for comfort—for the man was blue with cold. As he sat there homeless and hungry, numb with discouragement and despair, many bitter and rebellious thoughts troubled him. His future most of all! And under the present hopeless conditions he felt that he had not the courage to even make another effort to better himself. He sighed heavily after several moments of deep reflection—having made up his mind to end it all, and was about to rise, when a little child coming apparently from nowhere, ran straight into his

arms, shouting playfully, "Hide me, mister! Hide me quick!" He laughed happily as he snuggled close against the stranger, totally unafraid. The man laughed in unison, for the experience was such a delightful one that for the moment he forgot his wretched plight and misery by simply gazing into the child's beautiful, animated face.

"Hide from whom, little one?" the man inquired, smiling down at the tiny figure with its sturdy legs. The child was expensively clothed, and his round face glowed with perfect health and care-free happiness. "From nurse," he replied promptly, laughing once as though enjoying his mischievous prank. "You see," he began confidentially, "nurse takes me out in the park every day for a walk—rain or shine. Well, just now she went in a store and bought me some chocolate cakes what she knows I like—see, here they are in this paper sack," he held up the sack for the man's inspection. "Then after we started out again, we passed a candy store. You see, Nora knows I like gumdrops—and I just love Nora! She's the best nurse I ever had, mother says. So, when Nora went inside the store, I just ran on ahead to hide—just for fun! She'll be coming along pretty soon, after she's had a good scare looking for me," he concluded in a matter-of-fact tone. With those few words he scrambled upon the bench unaided, and sat trustfully by the side of the stranger.

"Are you sure that Nora will find you?" inquired the other, somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, yes, sometime," he returned untroubled. "Nora knows I like to come here and play hide and seek. It's lots of fun. Didn't you ever play that when you was a little boy?" he questioned, looking up in to the face of his new-found friend with his large, wondrous eyes gleaming with a light of mischief.

The man gave a start as he gazed in the large, full brown eyes. There was a something in their

frank, honest expression strangely familiar, he thought. This peculiar, unexpected meeting was most fortunate. It had changed the man's bitter, despairing despondency to joy! Why? He could not have told. And he smiled indulgently as he patted the small shoulder.

"I suppose I did, sonny," he said kindly. "As I look back to the years of my childhood, I realize I enjoyed the same games and pranks that every normal child does, I imagine."

"Have a cake, Mister?" the child asked abruptly. Taking off his furlined gloves, he stuffed them in one of his overcoat pockets. Then digging down into the paper sack, took out one of his favorite cakes and handed it to his strange companion.

"Thank you, little one. You eat," the man returned politely. How well he knew the pangs of hunger. Still he was far too courageous to take advantage of the child's generosity.

"I couldn't eat any, Mister, if you didn't," the child declared firmly. "Besides, mother wouldn't like it if I was selfish." His reply was embellished with a manliness which was most beautiful to behold. And the man was deeply moved as he accepted with tear-wet eyes the proffered dainty.

A telltale bit of chocolate clung stubbornly to the small, chubby fingers, much to the amusement of the stranger, who laughed softly to himself.

"Well, sonny, if you feel that way about it, I'll eat your delicious cake," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the child. "You must have a wonderful mother, teaching you so early in life those qualities of character which alone are great assets, generosity and love." He observed the child with growing interest, as he slowly and delicately bit off small mouthfuls of cake; taking out a fine handkerchief now and again to brush off the crumbs that perchance fell on his coat.

"Oh, yes, Mister, mother is beautiful!" the child spoke up after a

(Continued on page 16)

Young People's Bible Lessons

We want to urge you again to look over your lessons and appoint your leaders for the month in order to have plenty of time for preparation. We will have a special lesson in the May issue for Mother's Day. Please begin now to practice some good Mother's Day songs and be ready for a good program on that day. This is a good time to touch the souls of men and women who have had praying mothers. Perhaps you may have many good things planned for that day.

Topic: The Resurrection

By John C. Jernigan, Ravenna, Ky.

HE AROSE OVER THE POWER OF MAN

Reading Lesson, Matt. 27:62-68.

Memory text, verse 65, "Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch, go your way, make it as sure as ye can."

Pilate was a Gentile and the Roman ruler over Judea. The Sanhedrin council or court was made up of twenty-three priests as a religious chamber, twenty-three scribes a law chamber and twenty-three elders a popular chamber. They were persided over by Caiaphas the high priest. It was this council that took the lead in the arrest and conviction of Christ. These men being learned and acquainted with the teachings of Jesus became fearful and came together unto Pilate, asking that the tomb be made sure. To favor them Pilate gave the command, **MAKE IT AS SURE AS YE CAN.** They went their way, sealed the stone and set a watch, but on the third day about dawn the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and rolled back the stone and sat down on it, and the watchmen quaked and became as dead men. The power of man cannot change the plan of God. He arose at the appointed time against all that man could do.

THE SISTERS AT THE TOMB

Reading Lesson, Luke 24:1-10.

Memory text, verse 4, "And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments."

They (several women, V. 10) were at the tomb on Sunday morning about dawn. Their purpose in being there was to anoint His body with sweet spices. Just why they came, knowing they were unable to roll away the stone, is a mystery unless God directed them. They found the stone rolled away and went into the sepulchre and the body of Jesus was gone. Two heavenly men stood by them declaring that He had risen. The sisters ran in haste and brought word to the apostles.

PROOF OF HIS RESURRECTION

Reading Lesson, Mark 16:5-8.

Memory text, verse 6, "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him."

His resurrection was prophesied long before His birth, Psa. 16:10. Christ Himself declared that He would rise from the dead, which statement is related in all four of the gospels, Matt. 16:21; Mark 8:31; Luke 9:21; John 2:19. Other proofs of His resurrection are, such as, the stone being rolled away, the empty tomb, the statement of angels, His physical appearance, etc. He was on the earth forty days after His resurrection, Acts 1:3. He appeared

unto His disciples eleven or more times, and at one time to over five hundred of the brethren, 1 Cor. 15:6. But the greatest proof of His resurrection is the fact that we are not in our sins, 1 Cor. 15:17; but redeemed by the blood of a living Christ.

A BLASTED HOPE RENEWED

Reading Lesson, Luke 24:36-48.

Memory text, verse 45, "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures."

In time of peace and hope they pledged their lives for His, but the dark, trying hour came and His disciples were scattered in every direction and their minds were filled with doubt. They saw Him arrested. Peter and John followed Him to trial, and they were all privileged to witness His death on the cross. Their expected Redeemer is now dead, and they are hid in a secret room for fear of the Jews. Two of the brethren had slipped away for a walk to Emmaus and as He appeared unto them in a disguised form they showed their doubted hope by saying. We trusted that it had been he which would have redeemed Israel, Luke 24:21. Finally convinced of the realities of His resurrection, insomuch that even the noted doubter exclaimed, My Lord and my God, they appeared with Him on the summits of Mount Olive and received their last commission, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy to await the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, from which time they boldly declared His resurrection and their faith and hope in Him.

RESURRECTION THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHRISTIAN HOPE

Reading Lesson, 1 Cor. 15:12-20.

Memory text, verse 19, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

If hope were only in this life and the future were left altogether to guess at we would be miserable creatures, but we have a hope through the resurrection of Christ of rising to a better day. If Christ had died and not arisen, we could not have risen to walk in newness of life with Him. When Adam died (sinned) he loosed death. When Christ arose He conquered death, hell, and the grave. It takes the resurrection to enter into the fullness of the joys of heaven, otherwise there would be no need of the resurrection.

THE ORDER OF THE RESURRECTION

Reading Lesson, 1 Cor. 15:23-26.

Memory text, verse 23, "But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."

(Continued on next page)

(LESSON ONE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Christ has become the firstfruits of the resurrection. When He arose many others also arose from the dead and were seen on the streets of Jerusalem. Matt. 27:52, 53. Some taught that the resurrection was now over; that is, Christ and the few who arose with Him completed the resurrection. But this was an erroneous teaching and overthrew the faith of some, 2 Tim. 2:17, 18. The next ones that arise will be at His coming. This will complete the first resurrection, all in it will be holy, Rev. 20:6. The end of the resurrection is when Jesus turns the millennial kingdom over to God at the close of His thousand year reign on earth. 1 Cor. 15:24. In this the wicked will arise, Dan. 12:2, and will be the gleanings of all, Rev. 20:12, 13.

THE RESURRECTED BODY

Reading Lesson, 1 Cor. 15:35-44.

Memory text, verse 38, "But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body."

The body will please God, verse 38. It will be a spiritual body, verse 44. It will be incorruptible, verses 53, 54. It will bear the image of Christ's body after He arose, verses 48, 49. In the resurrection "when he appears, we will be like him," 1 John 3:2. The body of Christ could be felt, John 20:27. He had flesh and bones, Luke 24:39. He could eat, Luke 24:42, 43. If in the resurrection we will be like Him, what will hinder us from possessing and doing what He possessed and did?

Topic: Helps For Soul Winners

Scripture: Prov. 11:30.

We are sure that many of our young people who are anxious to be soul winners are many times at a loss what to say when they are endeavoring to lead a soul to Christ. It is a puzzling question to most of us to know what to answer at all times when they begin to make excuses.

I am giving some helps along this line in this lesson so that you may be prepared for service of this kind. Let the leader read the heading and those to whom the parts have been given should be ready to answer the excuse whatever it may be from these scripture references we are giving. It would be fine if the passages of scripture could be memorized. It would make it more interesting and helpful.

THOSE UNDER DEEP CONVICTION

Isa. 53:6, All we like sheep have gone astray.

Isa. 55:1, Ho, every one that thirsteth.

Rom. 5:6, Christ died for the ungodly.

John 3:16, For God so loved the world.

Jno. 1:12, As many as received Him.

"I WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED"

Rom. 5:8, While we were yet sinners.

Isa. 1:18, Though your sins be as scarlet.

Luke 19:10, To seek and to save.

Isa. 43:25, Will not remember thy sins.

I HAVE COMMITTED THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

Jno. 6:37, Him that cometh to me.

Rom. 10:13, Whosoever shall call.

2 Pet. 3:9, Not willing that any should perish.

IT IS TOO LATE

Matt. 20:6-7, The eleventh hour.

MY HEART IS TOO HARD

Ezek. 36:26, 27, A new heart will I give thee.

I CANNOT GIVE UP MY SINS

Gal. 6:7, 8, Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Jno. 8:36, If the son therefore shall make you free, ye are free indeed.

1 Jno. 2:17, The world passeth away.

I AM AFRAID OF PERSECUTION

Matt. 5:10-12, Blessed are they.

Rom. 8:18, The sufferings of this present.

2 Tim. 2:12, If ye suffer with me.

THE BACKSLIDER

Hos. 14:4, I will heal their backsliding.

1 Jno. 1:9, If we confess our sins.

Luke 15:20-24, Prodigal son.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE IS TOO HARD

Matt. 11:30, My yoke is easy.

Prov. 3:17, All her paths are peace.

Prov. 13:15, Way of transgressor is hard.

I SHALL HAVE TO GIVE UP MY COMPANIONS

Prov. 1:10-15, My son if sinners entice thee.

Psa. 1:1-2, The man that walketh.

Jas. 4:4, A friend of the world.

I COULDN'T HOLD OUT

1 Pet. 1:5, Kept by the power of God.

2 Tim. 1:12, He is able to keep.

1 Cor. 10:13, Not suffer you to be tempted.

Ph'l. 4:13, I can do all things through Christ

I AM TOO YOUNG

Luke 18:16, Suffer little children.

Eccl. 12:1, Remember now thy Creator.

We hope you will each memorize these scriptures and be ready to use them when necessary. Each of you should drill on these answers until you could answer any of them if called upon to do so. It would be well to repeat this lesson until these scriptures become a part of every endeavor. Change them around the next time and let someone else memorize them.

Sometimes you send to me for your papers by return mail, hoping to have your paper by next meeting night. The next time your papers do not reach you in time just repeat this lesson. It needs to be gone over and over again and again until you are perfect in dealing with souls.

Please give out your parts in time for those on the program to have plenty of time to memorize their scripture. This is the only way to have an interesting program.

NOTE:—Young people should never go to a meeting without their Bibles. They are often needed. But especially you should bring them to this meeting.

Miss Amy Carmichael tells the story of a waking dream she had. It was a dream of far away India where she had labored. One wakeful night she stood on a grassy sward and at her feet a precipice broke down into almost infinite space. She could see no bottom—only great shadow-shrouded hollows and unfathomable depth. She saw forms of people, moving in single file along the grass. They were making for

(Continued on next page)

the edge of the precipice There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding to her dress. She was on the very verge and she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step, it slid air; she was over and the children with her. And she cried as she went over. Then streams of people came from all quarters. All were blind, stone-blind; all made straight for the edge of the precipice. There were shrieks as they suddenly knew themselves falling and tossing up of helpless arms, reaching, clutching of empty air. But some went over quietly and fell without a sound. Then she wondered with a wonder that was simply agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. She saw that along the edge at intervals sentries were set, but the intervals were far too great; there were wide unguarded gaps between, and over these gaps the people fell in their blindness, unwarned, and the gulf yawned like the gulf of hell.

Then she saw like a little picture of peace, a group of people under some trees with their backs turned toward the gulf. They were making daisy

chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them, it disturbed them and they thought it a rather vulgar noise; and if one of their numbers stared up and wanted to go to do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go. You haven't your daisy chains yet. It would be really selfish of you to leave us to finish the work alone. Once a child caught at a tuft of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf. It clung convulsively, and it called, but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots of the grass gave way, and with a cry the child went over, its two little hands still holding tight to the torn off bunch of grass. Then there came a sound like pain of a million broken hearts rung out in one full sob. Then thundered a voice, the voice of the Lord, and He said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. God forgive us. God arouse us. Shame us out of our lethargy. Shame us out of our sin of indifference.

Dr. Jowett said in his little book, *A Passion for Souls*, "As I look into my own heart, I marvel that I am within reach, but I am constantly praying that my own heart may be more deeply stirred and spiritually passionate." We can never heal the needs we do not feel. Fearless hearts can never be the heralds of the Passion. We must pity if we would redeem, we must bleed if we would be the ministers of the saving blood.

Samuel Rutherford said in his prison days in his dumb Sundays in Aberdeen, "If I could speak to a few herd boys of my Lord, I would

be content to be the meanest and most obscure of the pastors in the land."

Matthew Henry, the commentator, said, "I would think it greater happiness to myself to gain one soul to Christ, than mountains of gold and silver."

George Whitefield said, "I think I should die if God did not give me souls."

Joseph Alleins, (the author of the *Alarm to the Unconverted*), went from house to house seeking to win men to Christ. His biographer said of him that "He was in-

initely and insatiably greedy for souls of men."

David Brainerd when he came to die, left this testimony. "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I passed through, so that I could gain souls for Christ. While I was asleep, I dreamed of such things; and when I worked, the first thing I thought of was this, of winning souls to Christ."

Duncan Matheson, the godly and much used Scottish Evangelist prayed, "O God write eternity on my eyeballs." How little we know of this intensity today. Yet souls need as much saving today.—Sel.

Topic: Praying Clear Through

Scripture lesson, James 5:7-20.

It has been my firm conviction that the crying need of this age is praying Christianity. When the weakest saint falls upon their knees the devil trembles. If the weakest can cause him to fear, what about Daniel? a Paul? One's experience is as rich and as faith as strong as his prayer life. We know the prayer life is the Christian's force, the Christian's power-house, and the more we pray the stronger will we be against evil and for the right.

The saint who has done most for God and his flows has been the one who has prayed most, for it is through this channel that we get the working grace. The man who is winning most souls for God is the one who lingers much and long in the closet of prayer.

"Take time to pray!"
When fears and foes distress you,
And tiresome toils oppress you,

Then the Master waits to bless you,
If you'll take time to pray."—Sel.

"I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting."

1 Tim. 2:8. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5:16. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. 4:16. O, the prayer life! This is an important subject on which to write. Jesus said, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint," and is not this NEGLECT the cause of so many not going on unto perfection?

HOW TO PRAY CLEAR THROUGH

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. 7:7. "If ye shall ask anything in my name, (Jesus), I will do it." John 14:14. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." John 15:7.

For one to pray clear through, necessarily, first, there must be a burden, an object in view; the Spirit must have pressed something upon your mind that needs praying for, or about. Here is one of the family sick. The whole outlook is that the person is most likely going to die. Some Christian member of the

(Continued on next page)

(Lesson 3 continued from page 13)

family, we'll say mother, feels led to pray for the healing of the child's body. She reads some promises, they wait upon God. They pray, and there comes upon them a spirit of prayer, a burden of prayer, and they really get in earnest, get into soul travail. They fast, they cry to God, they agree, the fire falls, the witness comes. They pray clear through. The child gets well. The author has had this experience. Praise the Lord!

WAITING UPON THE LORD

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Isa. 40:31.

"Waiting upon the Lord!" This suggests the beautiful thought of one's having plenty of time, being in no rush or hurry at all. Waiting necessitates one's having plenty of time, no other business to attend to, getting alone with God. It takes patience and forbearance to wait upon God, to wait His time, His way. He says our ways are not His ways. To be in a hurry would spoil the grace, the strength, the courage that comes from waiting upon the Lord.

One of the purposes of the Y. P. E. is to give young people courage to go forward for themselves and not wait upon another. Waiting upon God in secret prayer prepares young people as well as the old for public proclamation of His truth; prepares one to sing with the Spirit; prepares one to pray in the Spirit; prepares one to teach under the inspiration of the Spirit. It makes home duties light, it oils the machinery. There is no burden, no worry. O, why not wait upon God.

NEVER DISCOURAGED

"So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees," etc. 1 Kings 18:42-46.

The one great barrier in the way, the one clog that Satan puts in the wheel, and the one dark cloud he throws upon the skies, is discouragement. He is well aware of the fact that a discouraged soul is easily defeated. Discouragement places us in the fog, covers the lighthouse, and puts us in troubled waters. Discouragement ices the faith, snows the prayer, and drives us out to sea by a frightful gale. A discouraged soul is a weak soul, too weak to stand the strain of a siege. To be discouraged is to be blocked about and hedged in by a force that is akin to the under world. Why should we be discouraged?

Why should we grow faint-hearted? Why not be bold? Why not be the master of the situation? Discouragement comes thru our lookers. Peter looked at the waves instead of keeping his eyes on Jesus, therefore he began to sink.

D'scouragement is to the soul what arsenic is to the body; it destroys, it deadens the sensibilities, puts us on the disadvantage ground, and places us at a guilty distance from God. Why let the devil get our eyes on the waves, or on the dust? Paul says to look unto Jesus Christ, the author and finisher of our faith. If we look heavenward, we will see heavenly things, but to look earthward means discouragement and defeat. Let us look to Jesus and He will carry us through.

JESUS TEACHING ABOUT GOD

Jesus taught us that God is our Father. This is the reason why we pray: because God is our Father, who wants us to commune with Him. By teaching us about the character of God He lays the foundation for all our prayer to God.

HIS UTTERANCES ABOUT PRAYER

At one time Jesus spoke a parable which the disciples interpreted to mean that they ought always to pray and not to faint. Luke 18:1. His parable of the importunate Son was similarly interpreted. "This kind goeth out but by fasting and prayer," said He when His disciples failed to heal a little boy. He urged His disciples to pray for them who despitefully used them (Matt. 5:44), to pray to the Father in secret (Matt. 6:6) and promised that God should give them the desires of their hearts (Mark 11:24). He admonished them to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation.

IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER

"Everything vital to the success of the world's evangelization hinges on prayer. Are thousands of missionaries and Christian workers needed? If so Jesus said, 'Pray ye the Lord of harvest that He will send forth laborers into his harvest.' Is a vast increase in gifts required to adequately prosecute the enterprise? Prayer is the only power that will influence God's people to give with purity of motive and with real sacrifice of self." —John R. Mott, M.A.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Pray Humbly, Luke 18:9-14.

Pray Without Ceasing, Luke 18:1-9.

Pray in Faith, Mark 11:22-24.

Pray Forgivingly, Mark 11:25-26.

Pray in Jesus' Name, John 16:16-23.

Topic: Missions

MISSIONARY DEBATE

This month we are going to give you something different. We want you to have a debate on this question.

"Resolved that home missions is of more importance than foreign." Select about four of your best speakers. Give them plenty of time to study and find all the points on either side. Again I want to insist that you go to your pastor and older friends and get help. Don't be satisfied with just bringing up a few words on the subject. Make your papers interesting and try to win in the debate. If you ever want to be anything as a worker for the Lord or be able to speak in public, you must begin now. Appoint

your judges, three, from the older people.

This debate, if carried out, will create a great interest and could be used for your public meeting if you desire. Select some good special music and after the debate is over let the meeting be thrown open for expressions from the whole audience on the subject, giving their opinion as to which is most important. Other things might be added if you desire to make the meeting interesting. The lesson we are sending you are only supposed to suggest a program and a topic, but you are to add to it as you see the need.

(Continued on next page)

(Lesson four, continued from page 14)

Scripture Lesson, Acts 1.

TEN MISSIONARY BEATITUDES

1. Blessed are those who go forth to preach and teach the gospel, for they have the presence of Christ. Matt. 28:19, 20.

2. Blessed are they that sow the good seed of the word, for they shall reap in joy. Psalms 126:16.

3. Blessed are they who win men and women for righteousness, for they cover a multitude of sins. Galatians 5:20.

4. Blessed are those who give themselves wholly to the King, for they shall not lose their reward. Matthew 25:34.

5. Blessed are they who give themselves to earnest prayer for their fellowmen, for God the Father will hear them. John 14:13, 14.

6. Blessed are those who give generously of money, as the Lord has prospered them, to carry on His work, for they shall receive in like measure.

7. Blessed are they who offer their best, beloved one for the service of the Lord, for they shall be taken into the family of the Lord. Matt. 19:29.

8. Blessed are they who are faithful and obedient servants of God, for they shall be received into the joy of the Lord. Rev. 22:4.

9. Blessed are the suffering converts who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for great is their reward in heaven. Matt. 5:10.

10. Blessed are the faithful for they shall rule many cities. Matt. 25:23.

NOTE: These may be handed out to the different

ones or one person can memorize the beatitudes and another the creed and recite them somewhere on the program.

MY MISSIONARY CREED

I BELIEVE—

In God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

I BELIEVE—

That in Christ alone is there salvation for mankind.

I BELIEVE—

That I must tell of Christ the Savior to all men everywhere if I am to be an honest steward of the Gospel.

I BELIEVE—

That I must send messengers to carry this news of my Savior to all nations.

I BELIEVE—

That I must pray for these messengers and for the power of the Holy Spirit upon them.

I BELIEVE—

That I must give full support with my means to these messengers, that their time may be given wholly to the extending of Christ's Kingdom.

I BELIEVE—

That I have become an unselfish Christian only after thus sharing my Savior with all mankind.

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

NOTICE

Our Snapshot Album is waiting patiently for its first snapshot of "The Lighted Pathway readers."

OUR OLD PEOPLE

God bless "Our Old People." Not long ago I said in the presence of an old lady about eighty years of age, "Our young people are neglected." "Yes," she said, "and our old people are too." I am sure she spoke the truth, and one thing I want to impress upon the young people, is the importance of being kind and attentive to the aged. It may be your own father and mother. It may be your grandparents or it may be a neighbor. Wherever you can find one make an effort to make them happy. Be willing to talk to them of bygone days. They live in the past, and too often we tire of hearing them relate things that happened in their younger days. Soon the dear old man or woman will be called away and you will wonder if you did everything you could to make old age happy.

There is "A Prayer for the Aged" written by Dr. Archibald Alexander, for a long time President of Princeton Seminary, when he was seventy years of age, of which he made use during the rest of his life. It is as follows:

"Oh most merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not if my strength faileth. May my hoary head be ever found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be thy holy will. I humbly ask that my will may be continued till the last; and that I may be so comforted and supported that I may leave my testimony in favor of the reality of religion and of thy faithfulness in fulfilling thy gracious promises. And when my spirit leaves this tenement, Lord Jesus, receive it. Send some of the blessed angels to convey my inexperienced soul to the mansions which thou hast prepared; and oh, may I have an abundant entrance min-

istered unto me into the Kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen."

OUR READING CLUB

Our Reading Club has not made the progress that we hoped it would, but we thank God for one new member, Harold Lintner, Toledo, Ohio.

We are suggesting a few books for you to select from, unless you have something you like better. Be sure it is a good inspirational book that will build you up both mentally and spiritually. We will welcome others into our club.

We are suggesting, "Kept for the Master's Use," by Francis Ridley Havergal, author of "Take my Life and Let It be, Consecrated Lord to Thee." Also we will suggest some of our great missionaries: J. G. Paton, David Livingstone, David Brainard and William Cary. Any of these will do you good.

Twelve spies reported of the land of Canaan. Ten saw nothing but giants. Two saw a land flowing with milk and honey. And thus it has ever been.

I'd Rather Be a Failure

"I'd rather be a failure
Than a man who's never tried;
I'd rather seek the mountain top,
Than always stand aside.
Oh, let me hold some lofty dream
And make my desperate fight,
And tho' I fail, I still shall know
I tried to serve the right.

"The idlers live the ways of life
And they are quick to sneer;
They note the failing strength of man,
And greet it with a jeer;
But there is something deep inside
Which the scoffers fail to view—
They never see the glorious deeds
The failures tried to do.

"Some men there are who never leave
The city's well worn streets,
They never know the dangers grim
The bold adventurer meets.
They never seek a better way,
Nor serve a noble plan;
They never risk with failure,
To advance the cause of man.

Oh it is far better to fail,
And fall in sorrow and despair;
Than stand where all is safe and sure
And never face a care;
Yes, stamped with the failure's brand,
And let men sneer at me,
For though I've failed, my Lord shall know

The man I've tried to be,
(Author Unknown)
Contributed by John A. Sanders,
Pulaski, Va.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR EXCHANGE PAGE)

in this life how much your dear, sweet letters and cards encourage me. It is out of my power to reward you. I am only trying to tell you my appreciation, but just stand true to Jesus and when He comes for His own you will receive your reward for the kindness shown me and that is better than any reward I could ever give. I could not answer every one personally and I am taking this opportunity to answer so you will know how I appreciate your thoughtfulness of me.

May the Lord richly bless and keep you is my prayer.—Your crippled sister, Beulah Osbon.

EASTER IS A HOME FESTIVAL

(Continued from page three)
of which to graduate with honors into the larger service of life. Death then becomes only an incident, much like a graduation from college, marriage or a removal to another state. If heaven is home, the

dread of death is gone.

Of our earth, one has written: "Love is in it, love that is worthy of heaven. Courage is in it, good cheer, thankfulness and sweet content, friendship and sympathy and brotherhood. Heaven that is to exceed the happiness of earth, how happy it must be!"

But earth has also its partings. And for us, from whose earthly homes have gone forth those who made that home, there is and must needs be, if God is Father and Love, as Jesus taught and we believe, a home country, where we find again those we loved better than ourselves. Love that rises hereto spiritual heights, that is wholly of the spirit, this love is "the greatest thing in the world," the most worthy of immortality. Oh yes, Easter is, without question, far more than Thanksgiving, a Home Festival.

—The Advance.

The Power Of "Example"

(Continued from page five)
echo. If you are overworked and your own temper is on edge expect the children to react in likemanner.

"Too many parents spend precious time making rules for their children's conduct when they should study their own. I found filling up my children's leisure with interesting work or play left them no time to idle, fret or get into mischief. I found if I kept myself physically fit so that I could think clearly and advise gently I avoided scoldings and family bickerings. Both my husband and I found that specializing on being good parents made us bigger and finer and gave our children an example to follow which helped much to make their conduct what we desired.

"You can't teach ease of manner when the household in which your children live is continually upset; you can't keep children well if you allow food to be served continually that hurts them; you can't make children morally clean if you condone the white lie, are lax in your own morals and do not fight for clean living and right thinking; and you can't lay down a set of rules for your children to follow

and expect them to live by them unless you show that you are living by them yourself.

"My advice to all young parents is: simplify your household duties in order to give time to yourself and your children; set a rule of conduct for yourself, rather than for your children; provide health-giving foods, insist on enough sleep, show an interest in each child's inclinations; fill the children's time with enjoyable occupations and thus give them a chance to learn good habits which are, fortunately, just as hard to break as bad habits."

"CALLING ON GOD"

(Continued from page 10)

few moments pause. "And she is so good and sweet. Everyone says that!" He gave out the information with flashing eyes.

"How about Daddy?" The man smiled pleasantly as he asked the question. Then he wondered to himself why he had.

The boy was silent for some little time. His unfinished cake clutched tightly in his hand.

"I—I—haven't any daddy," he replied gravely.

The man bit his lips, deeply regretting his thoughtless question.

"Pardon me, little one. That was rude of me. I'm—I'm—sorry. I never dreamed—" he stammered apologetically.

"I never, I never saw my daddy," the child went on sadly. "He went to war to—to—fight."

"He went to war to fight," repeated the man after him, turning instantly pale and alert.

"Yes, sir. Even before I was born. You see, he—Daddy—never came back," the small chin quivered.

"He never came back," echoed the man, gazing into space. "Like many others," he murmured to himself bitterly. "Poor little child. Poor little heartbroken mother," he added with a sad shake of his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mother's day material can be had by sending for catalogue from David C. Cook, Elgin, Ill.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 2.

MAY, 1931.

NO. 9.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

MOTHER

SHE traveled the journey before you,
She has known all the cost of the way;
She paid out the price, to its fullness,
That motherhood only can pay.

She loved when the world was against you,
She hoped when your hope sank and died,
She clung to your hand when the clinging
Left scars in her heart, deep and wide.

She labored, and loved, and was happy,
For down deep in her kind heart, she knew
Your kindness and love would repay her
For all that she did just for you.—Selected.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.”—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

MAY

EDITORIALS

This month we are dedicating the Lighted Pathway to the memory of my own precious mother who went home to be with Jesus about five years ago, together with all the good Christian mothers who have gone in like manner, also to the mothers who are living and are striving to do their best to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Then too, we hope that something within the pages of this issue will open the eyes of the careless and unconcerned mothers and wake them up to their responsibilities of motherhood.

To be a mother is to wonder, to wait and suffer, to be a love slave to a helpless babe, to wash and sew and mend, to sit by the sick bed and pray, to feel the cruel pang of loneliness on the first day of school, to cook wholesome food, to make the bed, to keep the clothing in shape. To be a mother is to be the guardian of another's body. To be a mother is to say, "No, no," to sing the evening lullaby, to feel soft chubby arms around the neck, and feel the loving kiss on the cheek, to play peek-a-boo, to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," to talk about God and Jesus, to get the children ready for Sunday School, to discuss sin and purity, to talk about what it means to have a good name, to plant seeds of righteousness and wait for them to grow. To be a mother means to be the guardian of another's soul.

MY MOTHER

As I glance back over my childhood days, I see hanging on the

walls of memory many beautiful pictures—the playmates of my childhood, the classmates of my school days, the beautiful meadow where I went to bring home the cows at the closing of the day, the brook near the home where we spent many happy hours wading and floating our little steamboats, yes, and dear old Greenwood, the little brick church in the vale, where I was first led by my dear parents to Sunday School. But the most beautiful picture is the picture of my mother as she taught me how to pray, as she tied up my wounded finger and wiped away my tears and kissed the wound and made it well again.

Oh mother dear, I cannot forget you. In imagery, I can see her now with eyes full of love and sympathy, always ready to forgive and forget, to comfort and cheer, always trying to lead the footsteps of her children through pastures green and by the waters still. Tho' thirty years have come and gone since I left the old homestead and went out to build a home of my own still the memory of my mother's embrace and my mother's kiss burns like sweet incense on the altar of my heart and will continue to do so until I join her on the other side, and I fancy on through the ages of eternity.

It is by reason of these fond recollections that we wander back again through the garden of memory, sit again on mother's knee and listen to the crooning of her sweet lullaby.

Rock-a-by, baby in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,

Mother, oh mother, I shall not forget you.

Boys and girls, I wish my mother's ears were open so that she could hear my words of commendation, and how I wish I could send a Lighted Pathway to her and let her read the words I have written about her; but her ears cannot hear and her eyes cannot see. I wonder if your mother is living if you had not better speak the words now, while she can hear. I wonder if mother has been praying for you all these years and you are still careless and unconcerned. Would

not it be a wonderful Mother's Day message to send home to mother to say, "Mother, your prayers are answered. I have given my heart to God. I mean to meet you in heaven"?

O—

When we awoke this morning a wonderful rain was falling and refreshing the earth, making glad the hearts of the people who had been discouraged and sad because of the drouth that was threatening our land. As I looked at the natural rain with delight I could not help but think of the wonderful spiritual rain the Lord has promised to refresh and strengthen His children, and how just now the windows of heaven are ready to pour it down upon us if we will get out from under our umbrellas of pride, of indifference, and worldliness, and let it fall upon us and refresh us and make us grow spiritually just as the natural rain makes the seed sprout and grow and bring forth fruit for our use.

We are living in the time of the latter rain, Joel 2:21-28; Jas. 5:7, 8, and God is only waiting and longing to pour it out upon us and make us useful servants of His. We wish people would get as much alarmed about the spiritual drouth as they have been about the natural.

O—

Can the Church afford to neglect the young people? Our failing to provide for their religious training is the cause of the increasing number of youthful criminals entering reformatories, jails and penitentiaries today.

W. E. Hall recently said, "Not long ago I viewed the line up at police headquarters in New York. I was shocked to see that a very large number of those who had been arrested were boys under twenty-one years of age. The other day I stood within the gray walls of Sing Sing prison and saw one hundred of the most recent arrivals and was struck by the fact that these newly arrived convicts were practically all mere boys.

"Month after month there is a continuous stream of youth into the jails and penitentiaries of our

(Continued on page 15)

GRAY HAIR

By Mary S. Hitchcock

He came to the house at last. His heart throbbed with something like madness for the first time in three years. Not even when the great door closed behind him forever, and he knew that he was free, had he felt the thrill he did at the sight of home.

He sprang up the step almost joyfully. There was a faint light in the hall, although it was late. Probably his mother was out; but he would see her soon, soon, in a short time at the most, and feel her tears and kisses on his face. His dear, darling, beautiful mother. How she must have grieved for him; but she should never have cause for sorrow over him again.

He would rather a thousand times not have written at all, but he could not let her think him dead. That would have been cowardly, and he was never that any day.

How hard he had labored over the lines that he sent her, trying to tell her what he must and only that. He saw the words now instead of the luxurious room into which he stared.

Dearest of all mothers: You will not hear from me for three years. No one knows my real name or where I came from. You must not try to find me or write to me. I will come back to you when I am free. I will never, never hurt you again, that I swear.

Forgive me if you can.

Herbert.

After a little he reached out and unlocked the door. It was locked, as he expected. He wondered, with a little grimace, if the fastener on the dining-room window was still effective. He had gone in that way more than once when he had forgotten or mislaid his latch-key.

Although the longing for her was beyond words, he almost dreaded the first sight of his mother's face. He had always been so lovely, but now she would be old and grief-stricken and weary. And that must always be a part of his punishment. He would knock and go in and wait.

Just then a car turned into the

short street. He did care to be caught peeping, so he stepped hastily under the heavy vines at the corner of the porch.

The car stopped at the steps and a man and woman alighted.

The man in the shadow drew a deep breath and shivered a little. It was his mother, but not as he had pictured her. She was neither grief-stricken or sorrowful. She was wrapped in a fur-lined coat and a shimmering silken scarf was wound around her head. When she stepped forward the light from the car shone full upon her face. It was mature, proud, handsome, with bright eyes and smiling lips. She ran up the steps, after a gay good-night, and the door closed heavily behind her. The man in the car spoke:

"I am always glad to have Grace with us, she is such good company."

"Yes, so am I," returned the lady; "but for the life of me I cannot see how she can be so happy and cheerful when there is such a mystery about Herbert's disappearance. I don't believe she knows where he is, for months at a time, if she does at all."

"There is certainly something strange about it. Why, it must be all of three years since he dropped out of sight so completely."

"It's as much as that. At first we used to ask after him, but she would always put us off, saying she didn't exactly know where he was then, but he might write any day, or come home quite unexpectedly. If it was our Charlie, I'd die. She can't care much as most mothers or she'd show it sometimes."

"Maybe not," said the man, "but I have thought she did when I looked at—"

The motor started and the man in the shadow heard no more.

He was dressed in a cheap, ill-fitting suit and his hat was too big for him. The face beneath it was a very attractive one. The lines might have shown weakness once, but now strength and firmness were its dominating qualities.

He caught at the vines as if for support. A doubt assailed him. Maybe he would have better written her first instead of coming post haste

to relieve her anxiety and receive her welcome. It might be better to leave her in peace and comfort; anyway, until he could have ascertained her wishes in the matter. Maybe she had tired of his wildness and disobedience. Maybe this last had been too much. She was a very proud woman and she may have cast him out of her heart and life. How young and carefree she had appeared. "It is better if she had not grieved, of course, much better," he thought. But he had been so sure, too sure, possibly, of her love. Why, he had been wrung to the very soul, believing that he had made her suffer. On his lonely pallet he had almost sweat drops of blood because of the sorrow that he had brought to her. "Oh, mother," he whispered in anguish, "if you have failed me, will God fail me, too? I thought if mother could forgive and love me, God could."

The light went out in the hall, but he did not notice. Doubt and despair had him fast in their strangling arms.

The clock striking one aroused him. He would go away and wait and see. Maybe she would be happier without him. He would go empty-handed as he had come. But far, far worse than that, he must go empty-hearted. Something he had always clung to, dear and precious and priceless, had drained out of his soul.

He almost staggered down the steps. A light still burned in his mother's room. He crept to a tree that stood beneath her window. When he was a little fellow, before his father died, a bird had builded on a branch that reached close to the house, and father had lifted him to that window to see the nest.

He leaned his head against the tree. Even in his darkest moments he could not imagine his mother's deserting him.

His hat blew away in the bitter wind, but he did not heed.

"It's my own doing; I deserve it all," he muttered. "I will go away and work until I have proved my repentance. Then maybe she will take me back. Oh, mother, mother, mother."

His longing to see her was more

(Please look on page eight)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Old Testament Work

1st Week

How did a little slave girl help a heathen man to find the true God? What did she say? Find out all you can about his disease—the type of sin. Read 1 Kings 5:1-19.

Read examples of helpful children—1 Sam. 2:18; 1 Sam. 20:35-40; 2 Chr. 24:1. In so many ways children can be helpful at home, school and church.

Memory work: Psa. 34:11; Psa. 71:6; Eccl. 12:1; Prov. 10:1; Prov. 20:11; Psa. 37:3; Psa. 103:3.

2nd Week

Who made a brass serpent and put it upon a pole? The people sinned and spake against God and their leader. For their wrong doings God sent fiery serpents to bite them. Read about it in Num. 21:4-9; also read what Jesus said about it and Himself, St. John 3:14-18.

Sin is like the fiery serpents; it stings the soul of every boy and girl. Jesus died for our sins upon the cross. When we look to Him by faith we can be saved.

Memory work: Psa. 32:5; Psa.

51:1; Isa. 45:22; Psa. 34:5; Isa. 8:17; Prov. 3:5; Psa. 86:11.

New Testament Work

3rd Week

In John 11:1-54 you will find a beautiful Bible story about two sisters who lived in the little village of Bethany near Jerusalem. Jesus was a welcome guest in their home. What happened to their brother Lazarus? What are the names of the two sisters?

Memory work: Luke 21:34; Jas. 1:17; James 4:10; Luke 18:18; Rev. 2:26; Jas. 4:8; Eccl. 12:1.

4th Week

In the 9th chapter of John we read of a man who was born blind. Jesus restored his eyesight. Did the people rejoice when they saw this great miracle performed? When the blind man received his sight did he worship Jesus?

Memory Work: After reading the memory verses give us the definition of faith. Heb. 11:1; Jas. 5:15; Gal. 5:22; James 2:20; Rom. 5:1; 1 Pet. 5:6; Heb. 11:6.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MOTHER

Just thoughtless children were Bobbie and Edna—until; Well, that's the Mother's Day Story you will find below

By Grace Neely

Bobbie Gray was hunting around in the hall closet, making considerable racket, and his sister, Edna, was standing before the hall mirror looking at the new cut of her hair, when mother called from the living room:

"Children, it's bedtime. I want you to go right away."

"Mother," called Bobbie, "where's my catching glove? It ought to be in this closet."

"I think it's in the box under the hall tree," replied his mother.

"O, Mother," said Edna, "I forgot to tell you, I'm invited to Hazel Wilson's party tomorrow afternoon;

will you wash out and iron my white georgette in the morning?"

"Why, I suppose I can, but I've so much to do in the morning. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I forgot," said Edna, carelessly.

"Mother, here's my glove, but it's got a big rip in it, will you mend it?"

Mrs. Gray sighed and reached for her work basket.

"And Mother," continued Bob, "we're going on a bike ride to Baxter's Spring tomorrow. We're starting at five o'clock. Will you put me up a lunch tonight and leave it on the kitchen table?"

"O, Bob, I wanted you tomorrow to run errands for me. Why didn't you ask me earlier about it?"

"'Cause I was pretty sure you'd let me go," grinned Bob, knowing how his mother hated to refuse him any fun.

"You'll do up my white dress won't you, Mother?"

"Yes, I'll have it ready." An Mrs. Gray leaned back in her chair wearily, but the children didn't notice.

"Come now, kiss me good night and get to bed. You know Daddy won't like it if he comes in and finds you up."

So after a careless peck at the mother's cheek in place of a real kiss, Bobbie and Edna ran upstairs.

Saturday morning, Mrs. Gray entered the kitchen with a tired step. She hadn't slept well; in fact, she hadn't slept well for a week. It was unusually warm for the middle of April.

"Where are the children?" said Mr. Gray at the breakfast table.

"Bob's gone with the boys to Baxter's Spring and Edna was sleeping so soundly I hated to waken her."

"Well, Edna's getting to be a big girl and she ought to help you more," observed Mr. Gray as he got ready for the 8:15 train to the city.

(Continued on page Ten)

THE BABE SEES MOTHER

* * *

This world is such a strange new place,

But when I look in mother's face,
I know that everything's all right.
Her eyes have such a lovely light.
My mother's voice has little wings,
And so while she just works and sings,

Her songs come flying where I play.
In such a happy sort of way,
I feel so safe when mother sings.
That I am glad her voice has wings
Selected.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

WHEN THE CHILDREN SAY THEIR PRAYERS

By Xisra H. Jewett

Oh, the day is full of worry,
Full of fret and toil and care,
And, I often think, of duties
I have more than just my share.
But there comes a blissful moment,
(Nothing with it quite compares)—
At the hour of early bedtime,
When the children say their prayers.

Tolden curls all rough and tousled,
Sturdy head of darker brown—
Little squabbles all forgotten,
At my knee they're bending down.

Now I lay me," and "Our Father,"
"Thank you, God, for everything."
Can't you see their earnest faces?
Don't you hear their voices ring?

Surely life does have its troubles!
But for that my soul prepares,
And my heart is re-created
When the children say their prayers.

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY

By Lou Pruitt Roberts

We read and hear so much about
the faults and general misconduct
of children, but how many parents
do you know who really measure
up to standard?

A Sunday School worker started
out one morning, trying to get
mothers and their children more
interested in Sunday School. It had
been raining the day before, and
little puddles were standing every-
where.

Her knock at the door of a pretty
little home was answered by a rather
tired, nervous-looking woman.
Before she had finished explaining
her mission, a boy about ten years
of age came in. His clothing, face,
hands and feet showed very plain-
ly he had been enjoying the rain
and mud.

In a moment the mother com-
pletely lost her self-control; her
temper flared, and Jimmy received
a severe scolding. Tears came to

his eyes, and he attempted a meek
apology, but the words were hardly
begun when his mother stormed,
"Hush, go at once to your room.
I'll see you later."

In a sullen, rebellious mood, Jim-
my started away, but before he was
out of hearing, his mother turned
to her caller, and in a high-pitched,
angry voice gave vent to her feel-
ings.

"He is the most careless child I
have. He has no consideration for
me whatever. I slave away from
morning till night and he's forever
making extra work for me, such as
this. I'm sure he will come to some
bad end, he's so reckless and hard
to manage."

As the Sunday School worker lis-
tened to Jimmy's mother, she, too,
was afraid that perhaps some day
Jimmy might come to some bad
end. She made several appeals to
this mother with regard to the Sun-
day School but could not get her
thoughts far enough away from her
home and its immediate troubles
to arouse her interest.

As she walked toward the next
home, she pondered over Jimmy,
his playmates and general environ-
ment. When she knocked at this
door, she heard a general rush and
scurry of bare feet about the room,
mingled with little giggles, but in
a moment everything was quiet.
Then a rather large but pleasant-
looking woman opened the door.
The merry twinkle in her eyes and
her kindly smile radiated good
cheer and sympathy.

In a matter-of-fact way she said,
"Harry and the little boy next door
have been enjoying themselves in
the mud this morning." Then she
seemed to dismiss the whole affair
from her mind and gave her undi-
vided attention to her caller.

We all love an understanding
mother—one who can sympathize,
and will kiss away the tears, or
laugh and enjoy our pleasures with
us! "Harry will surely come to
some good end with such a mother,"

thought the visitor.

Strange, isn't it, that some par-
ents fail to realize the importance
of sympathy and often alienate
their children's affections by being
cross and unreasonable. These peo-
ple seem to forget they once were
children. Yet the end to which
childish behavior leads generally
depends much more upon the par-
ent than upon the child.

Direct Questioning May Lack Wisdom

By Edith Lochridge Reid

The two mothers were discussing
the subject of confidence as an im-
portant phase of discipline. Mrs.
Walton believed it to be easy to
keep in touch with what the child
was doing and thinking. But Mrs.
Barlow was doubtful. She declared
that she had not been successful
when she set out to win the confi-
dence of her son.

Just then Alan Barlow came in
from school. He had left his chums
waiting for him outside.

"Well, dear," began his mother,
"how did you get along today?"

"All right," answered Alan, as
he began to pull off his school
sweater preparatory to getting into
his play clothes.

"But that's what you always say,"
protested Mrs. Barlow, "and this
morning your teacher called me up
and said you had not handed in
your geography maps for two
weeks."

Alan continued to hunt for his
ball and bat and made no further
reply.

"How many words did you miss
in spelling?" His mother seemed
determined to press him to the
limit to test, as she thought, this
matter of gaining his confidence.

But before her question was com-
pleted, Alan had dashed out of the
door and was gone.

"There, you see what I told you
—questioning doesn't get me any-

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: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

The following is one of my mother's favorite poems that she called my attention to during her illness, only a short time before her death. I wish to pass it on that it may encourage others as it did her. — Vivian Haworth, Whitesboro, Tex.

JESUS AND I

"I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
The fog's close chill around;
The light goes out in the sky—
But I know that we two
Shall see it clear through,
Jesus and I.

"Coward and wayward and weak;
I change with the changing sky,
Today so safe and brave,
Tomorrow too weak to fly,
But He never gives in,
So we shall win,
Jesus and I."—Author unknown.

GLAD DISAPPOINTMENTS

By Josephine E. Toal

"They are not what I intended them to be," apologized Mrs. Ingram as she passed the plate of cookies to her neighbor over the tea-table. "I always use vanilla in this recipe, but the delivery boy forgot to bring it and I had to substitute cinnamon. I was so disappointed! These boys are awfully careless." There was vexation in her crisp, energetic tone.

"But it was a glad disappointment, wasn't it?" A whimsical smile lurked in the corners of Mrs. Carleton's mouth as her bright eyes shot a brief questioning glance at her hostess.

"A what?" The other woman's brows lifted wonderingly.

"Your cookies are certainly delicious anyway," evaded the guest.

"Now Mae, do tell me what you mean by a 'glad disappointment,' or whatever it was you said. I'm sure you have something in the back of your head."

Mrs. Carleton laughed pleasantly. After another nibble at the cookie in her hand, she replied: "Your remark, Florence, reminded me of something my little Marion said that set me thinking—'You'll have to be glad this time, mother, won't you, because the boy didn't forget the butter?'"

"It was one of those mornings when the day starts out wrong for us, or rather when we start the day wrong ourselves. I hadn't realized that an hour before the child was listening to my fretful words. To begin with, I had complained to Don that not one of the cucumber seeds I sowed in the garden had come up and I would have to plant over again, which meant no early 'cukes.' And right on the heels of that complaint I had wailed out that mother's letter wasn't in the morning mail, the letter I always received on Tuesday. It was only a few minutes until I again grumbled—that the milkman had forgotten to bring the cream I ordered.

"I think I have had disappointments enough for one morning," I snapped when Don said something about cheering up.

"After Don had gone to his work the grocery boy came. Marion watched my face curiously as I put the things away in the refrigerator. Then she folded her little arms with an air of satisfaction and sagely remarked: 'You will have to be glad this time, mother, won't you, because the boy didn't forget the butter?'"

"Her childish wisdom struck me oddly. In spite of my peevishness I could not help seeing the philosophy of her innocent chatter. I had as good reason to be glad because the grocer's boy did not forget as I had to be disappointed because the milkman did. But was I? Did I ever give it a thought that day after day the delivery wagon drove up to my kitchen door just to accommodate me—just so that I might have something I wanted and when I wanted it? Had I been glad-

dened by his faithful service? That morning the milkman had failed me, but there had been whole weeks of mornings, months of mornings when he filled my orders perfectly. And I hadn't thought of being happy over such faithfulness.

"That weekly letter of mother's—the wonder was not that I should have missed it this time, but that for a long, long string of Tuesday mornings I had received it from the postman's hand.

"The cucumber seeds had proved to be duds but the radish and the lettuce, the peas and beans, carrots and onions, and everything else was growing beautifully. In my disappointment over the one failure I had forgotten to be glad over the many successes.

"The more I turned over in my mind this idea of how we make mountains of our zeros and mole hills of our pluses, the more I got out of it. Why, Florence, it came to me like a revelation that if it were not for occasional disappointment we would be callous to any glad and grateful feeling for the joy of life.

"That morning I made up my mind that hereafter I would let each disappointment as it came make me glad for the ninety-nine times it didn't come. I would just dub my disappointments 'glad-makers.'

"And do you know, since then have been surprised at how much sunshine I have put into the day simply by remembering, as I met the milkman, the washerwoman, the grocer's boy, the postman, the iceman and others who serve my household how well they have done by me."

Mrs. Ingram drew a long breath. "I suppose you are right, Mae. I am going to try your plan anyway. An now," laughing, "I am glad the boy forgot the vanilla, otherwise I might not have heard your helpful little story."—Selected.

THE INNER CIRCLE

HOW FAR WILL YOU FOLLOW?

By Mrs. James F. Vernon

How far will you follow the Master,
How far will you follow His lead?
Do you follow for love of His service,
Or only to follow some creed?
The curious crowds followed Jesus,
But left Him for other things new;
The hungry for loaves, or for fishes,
But for Bread of Life, there were few;
The afflicted followed for healing,
But of ten, there returned only one;
The twelve followed Him to the garden,

Fell asleep, the battle not won
Shall we fully follow the Master—
Accept Him as God's only Son,
Trust firmly His every promise,
And ever by faith follow on!

Beginning of The Work

I arrived in Assiout, October 26th, 1910, and went at once to Mr. Brelsford's Mission, and began to study the language. At first I became very homesick, but now I have come to feel more at home in Egypt than I do in America. After I had been in Egypt a little over three months I was asked to visit a dying woman. She had a tiny babe about three months old, and it was being fed from a tin bottle. The milk had become caked and green and stringy, yet the baby was trying to drink it. Soon the mother died and the baby was given to me. I took it home. The child had never had a bath, and its clothes were sewed on its little body. You cannot imagine the odors that came from it. The little thing would cry and cry, making it hard for the missionaries to rest at night. They begged me to take her back, but I could not do that. So I went out and rented a house for twelve dollars and a half per month, then spent my little all for a bit of furniture; and thus February 10th., 1911, marked the opening of Assiout Orphanage.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ORPHANAGE

The first donation to our Orphanage was 35 cents given by a tele-

graph boy—a small beginning, but we are told to "despise not the day of small things." At first it was very difficult to get orphans as the people had never heard of such a thing as anyone wishing to take poor children, feed, clothe, educate, and care for them free of charge. They thought that there must be some mysterious motive behind it all—Perhaps I was going to take them to America! Accordingly our work grew very slowly, and in the first two years, I was only able to get eight children; but this gave me time to learn some Arabic, also to train my first children well, so that they were able to help me with the new ones who came in later. I had many discouragements, but God helped me through them all. One day I heard of a little brother and sister who had been left with no one to care for them, so I went with some friends on donkeys and got these two children. About four months later, someone told me of a little orphan boy, about five years old, and I took him. We now had four children, and I was quite happy for I felt that all was going well. Then the second day after his arrival, the little new boy was taken desperately ill. We went for a doctor, and learned to our horror that he had bubonic plague. It was a terrible time—The Health Inspector sent men to fumigate the house, and disinfect everything. All our clothes, curtains, in fact everything we had, were ruthlessly put into large tanks of disinfectants; many of our possessions were completely spoiled. The other two children were taken very ill with measles. (We thought it was the plague.) Then under the strain of it all, I too was taken very ill with fever, with a temperature of 105 degrees. My poor sister naturally thought that I had the plague also! They carried me in a chair to a carriage, and took me to the American Hos-

pital. However, I was soon well again and all the children recovered. I was very weak though and needed both rest and change, so the Assiout Egyptians gave me \$75.00 to go to Alexandria. We took our first baby with us, and the other three children were boarded out with some Egyptian families. While in Alexandria I became very homesick and discouraged, so one day I took my Bible, and went and prayed. I opened the Bible at Zech. 9:12. "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: even today do I declare that I will render double unto you." This verse gave me strength and hope, and I felt that God had not forsaken me. I returned to Assiout and started my Orphanage again.

In 1916, when we had fifty children, I bought half an acre of land and began building our present building. We moved into our new home before the floors and windows were complete, but oh! what a joy it was to feel that we really had a home. From 1916 to 1919, were perhaps the happiest years we ever had in the Orphanage. None of the children had yet left us. We were not rushed with work as we are now, and we had time to enjoy each other's society. Those happy days will never be forgotten by any of us, but we were not allowed to remain thus.—There were hundreds of new children who needed a home, so we had to enlarge our borders. The advent of new children meant more work to be done.—Our older boys and girls began to leave us. (About sixty have been married). The spell was broken. New orphans now began to come in so rapidly that we were hardly able to build fast enough to accommodate them. Today, there are nearly six hundred who know the Orphanage as their home, and our numbers keep growing. We have more conveniences in every way,

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GRAY HAIR

(Continued From Page Three)

than he could staid. Almost mechanically he began to climb the tree. Soon his head was on a level with the window, and the upper part of the room visible. A golden frame high on the wall held the picture of a young man scarcely more than a boy, with a handsome, merry face, the way he had looked when he went away. The man groaned. Strange that she should put that there where her eyes could rest on it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

Maybe it was only a momento of one who was gone forever. He climbed hurriedly a couple of feet more. A woman was kneeling by the bed, but it wasn't his mother. This woman was thinner and slighter, but, more than that, his mother had dark, very dark hair, and this woman's was snowy white. It fell around her like a silver veil. Someone was occupying his mother's room.

He turned to go down. He had no wish to spy on anyone. "I may not even look upon her face," he thought bitterly.

The kneeling figure arose and turned toward the window. The movement attracted him and he raised his eyes and stared straight into his mother's face; for it was his mother with tear-stained eyes and quivering lips. He gazed a moment in unbelieving bewilderment. It came back to him what the man in the car had said, "I sometimes think she cares when I look at—her hair." But he had not heard the last two words and had not understood.

"Oh, mother, mother," he breathed. He slipped hastily down from the tree and ran around the house, his one desire to reach her and comfort her some way. He sped across the porch and put his finger on the loose screw in the dining-room window. Even as he slipped into the warm, scented dusk it came to him that the fastener had been left all this time, so that if he ever came and found the door locked he could still get in.

"I must not frighten her," he whispered.

He opened the front door and shut it with a little slam that echoed loudly through the quiet house. Years ago his mother had said, "When you come in at night slam the door a little; then I'll know it is you. Burglars don't slam doors."

He put up the chain and ran lightly up the stairs. Would she hear? Would she know?

Her door was ajar. He pushed it open gently. She was sitting straight up in bed, her dark eyes full of agonizing uncertainty, her face the color of snow, and her hands clasped across her breast.

"Herbert, Herbert, Herbert," she was repeating over and over in a strangled voice, scarcely above a whisper. Then clearly, passionately, as her eyes confirmed her hope, "My son, my son, my son," and her arms stretched hungrily out to him.

He drew a deep breath, as though life and hope were coming back. Then he was kneeling at her side, holding her close, sobbing out his grief and repentance and love on her breast.

"I was speeding, mother, and hurt a man, and was so thankful that I had not killed him I was glad to pay the penalty."

Later, much later, after many things had been explained and his forehead was wet with her forgiving tears, he said, "Mother, one of the things that brought me on my knees to God was when the prison chaplain said, 'Your Father in heaven can love you and forgive you even more than your mother can.'"

"For me, mother?" he whispered, lifting a strand of the silver hair.

"Yes, sonny," she answered softly. "I could hide from others my grief and fear and longing, but not from myself."

"Oh, mother," he said, brokenly, "I will never cause you another sorrow, but I cannot make up to you for this."

She clasped his head closer to her breast and made that little crooning sound that only mothers can make. "Oh, my son, my beloved one, what care I for gray hair? Why, it shall be a crown of glory to me now that you have come back to me like this." —The Advance.

"CALLING ON GOD"

(Continued from last issue)

"Oh, but we pray for him every night, mother and me," the child cut in with a beautiful smile, suggesting so much of hope. "Mother says she knows Daddy'll come back to us some time—'cause no one ever called on God in vain! So we just keep calling on God. Mother says, 'He takes his own time doing things, 'cause he has a reason! And all we have to do is to stand still—believing!'" The glorious, beautiful smile sank deeply into the man's heart, filling it with something new and strangely sweet. He was thinking what reply to make, when the child turned to him and said, "Did you ever call on God, Mister?"

"Why—why—" the question coming so unexpectedly startled the man quite a little. "I—I—used to, Sonny. But I'll admit I haven't for some time now," he hung his head in confusion and shame. The child's simple faith had humbled him.

"Why, what made you quit?" asked the child with wide, open eyes.

The man grinned in spite of himself.

"That's just the trouble, Kiddie. I was a quitter, I guess. Well," he began in an explanatory tone, "I—I—went through so much sorrow, grief, and—and—despair. I lost all hope in God and man! In fact, in everything! I did call on God, oh, how I did pray! But it seemed to me I called to ears that were deaf. God didn't hear!" He turned his head aside to blink away the coming tears. He felt a small, firm hand pulling upon his arm.

"Oh, yes, God hears, Mister," he urged patiently. "Mother says. We mustn't outline one single thing. Or ask him when and how our prayers are to be answered. You see, Mister, we are all God's children. And he loves us. And no matter how terrible troubles seem to be, they are our own crosses—just like our Savior carried. And we must carry them just like he did, with love! Believing, then they all

(Please look on Next Page)

"CALLING ON GOD"

(Continued from page eight)

drop away from us—leaving us better."

"You precious child!" cried the man tearfully. His voice was shaking with gratitude; grateful that his eyes were opened, and opened through a little child's faith and trust! "You little know what you have done for me. You are too small to understand. But you have given me comfort, hope, and confidence in God and myself! And faith once more in Him! I just felt when you ran up to me awhile ago, that I was forsaken by God and the whole world."

"Haven't you any little boy? Or any one to love?" the child inquired, giving him a glance of pity, intuitively sensing the man's loneliness.

"No, dear. Once I had every hope of having a darling little boy just like you. That—that—was before I went away to war. I married such a sweet, loving girl, and we were so happy, because, because, the angels whispered to us one day that in our little garden of love, a beautiful flower was going to bloom. Then my country called and I left my whole world behind and crossed the seas—he stopped suddenly. In a flash he saw before him the terrible conflict. The battlefields, the awful booming of cannons! The din. The dreadful, deafening noises—the shrieks and the groaning of the wounded and dying—then oblivion! The long, weary months passing by on a cot of pain. The frightful suspense of agony. The torture of mind and body. He shuddered at the recollection. Facing the small bit of humanity, he continued slowly in a low trembling voice, "when I returned the house was all dark and closed up. And—and—'she' was gone! No one knew where," covering his face with his hands, he wept bitterly.

"Well, didn't you call on God, then, Mister?" came the quick report.

The man looked up with the ears still hanging heavily on his ashes, and replied sadly:

"Yes, boy, I called. Oh, how I called. But of no avail," he deplored dejectedly.

"Yes, I know, Mister. But you quit, you said so," came the mild rebuke. "That's the time when you must call all the louder, keeping it up. Don't stop!" he advised strongly, looking the man straight in the face.

"I guess you are right about that," the man agreed thoughtfully. Leaning forward, he crossed his hands before him.

"Mother never quits. She says, The Bible teaches us to knock and it will be opened unto us. Call, and I will answer! She says my daddy will come back. She knows he will in God's own time," he affirmed with that marvelous faith which removes mountains of sorrow and fear.

Once more the man gave a start. Fixing his steady gaze upon the child's exquisite features he studied them closely.

"We had lots to call on God for, mother says," the child confessed in a lower tone. "You see, we were awfully poor for ever so long," he whispered quite confidentially in the stranger's ear. "We were hungry lots of times."

The man groaned and muttered to himself, "Hungry. Hungry. Oh, how well I know what that means. Yes, yes, boy, go on," he commanded unconsciously harsh.

"Well, after awhile mother found out through some paper, money, or some estates or something like that belonged to us. And all at once we got dreadfully rich! You see how God answered that call? Funny how he does things, past all finding out, isn't it?"

The man had a strong desire to laugh. But the child's innocence was a holy armor and a mild rebuke. He felt abashed, and remained silent before this monument of marvelous faith!

"I wish now Nora would come," exclaimed the small one all at once. "I'm getting tired and lonesome for mother. Seems an awful long time since she kissed me." A lone tear made its way down a soft velvety cheek.

"Tell me your name, dear," en-

treated the man. "Perhaps I can find your address in the telephone directory, and take you home," he offered, taking hold of the child's warm hand. Warm with the pure blood that comes with a healthy, normal mind and body.

"My name? My name's same as my soldier daddy's."

The man was leaning toward him eagerly. While his heart was beating like triphammers. He felt as though he was suffocating.

"Yes, yes," he returned almost fiercely. He was breathing heavily, and a something like a ray of hope pierced his very soul.

"Rodney Bradley," came the piping voice.

"Rodney Bradley!" shouted the man wildly. "Rodney Bradley! My child! My boy! Do you understand? I'm your daddy!" Grabbing the bewildered child in his arms, he smothered the tiny face with hot, burning kisses of joy.

After some little time when both of them had recovered from their emotion and new-found happiness, the child was the first to break the harmonious spell by exclaiming happily:

"Didn't I tell you, Mister, I mean, Daddy, just call on God and everything comes out all right? And here comes Nora, running, scared to death," he observed as he spied his faithful nurse madly rushing in the direction where he and his father were standing. He placed both small hands on his knees and laughed gaily, as though Nora's fright was some huge joke. "Come on, Mister, she'll take us both home to mother. Gee! It feels good to have a daddy somehow!" Grabbing his father's hand and giving it a tight squeeze, he went on, "Won't mother be glad?"

The man's heart was too full of mysterious happiness and gratitude to utter a single sound. He only knew God had answered the call!

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Getting Acquainted With Mother

(Continued from page four)

"I know, dear," rejoined Mrs. Gray, "but when she's so busy all the week, I like to let her sleep on Saturday."

After her husband's departure, Mrs. Gray got out the white dress, washed it, then started her baking with her mind on the hundred and one things that a busy housewife finds to do on Saturday morning.

About 9:30 Edna came down stairs and mother stopped to fix her some breakfast.

"As soon as you've finished, dear, I want you to wash all the breakfast dishes and then dust the living room."

Before Edna could reply, in came Dorothy, Marion, and Betty. "Come on, Edna," said Dorothy, "we're going along the railroad track for wild flowers. We'll have to be back by noon, though, on account of the party."

"May I go, mother?" said Edna, pladingly.

"I don't see how I can spare you this morning," returned her mother, "there's so much to do and Bob's gone."

"O, let her go, Mrs. Gray," coaxed Dorothy, "we'll bring back some lovely flowers too."

Mrs. Gray could not withstand the imploring faces of the little girls. "Well, I suppose you may go then, Edna, but girls you must be sure not to pick any of the flowers in the Forest Preserve. We want to keep our wild flowers for years and years and it can't be done if they are picked by everyone who goes to the woods."

"No, mother, we won't pick any in the Preserve," smiled Edna, and in a moment the girls were gone.

Mrs. Gray, looking rather white, went about ironing the many ruffles on the white georgette.

That evening when Bob pedaled down his home block about five o'clock, he saw Edna in her white frock just turning into the yard. Then he saw his father come out on the veranda with a gesture of quiet to Edna, while he beckoned to him.

"Children," said Mr. Gray, and

his face was very grave, "Mother is very, very ill. She fainted away today, and the Doctor says she has been over-doing and it's a sort of a nervous breakdown. We have a nurse, and a maid is coming in the morning. Edna, I've got to depend on you to be a little woman and help all you can and, Bob, you must take care of things while I am away. Both of you must be as quiet as possible."

The children tiptoed into the house—but such a different house. The awful stillness; the comings and goings of the strange nurse, and the next day a new face in the kitchen. Then began a long siege of waiting that tried them all to the utmost. Father seldom smiled, and Bob and Edna felt utterly forlorn.

One night when Edna went to bed, it seemed to her she had never wanted her mother so much. She got into bed and looked out of her window at the stars. How cold and far away they looked! She felt so small and so alone. She missed her mother's good-night kiss.

"Suppose mother should die? Then she could never tell her how sorry she was for not helping her more. How much mother had always done for her. O, she'd been so careless—she hadn't thought about it before. It wasn't possible that mother shouldn't live?" She shivered and big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Across the hall, Bob was getting ready for bed with a mighty sober face. He wanted his mother as he'd never wanted her before. Gee, what a brick mother had always been, fixing every little thing for him and putting up his lunches. Why, there wasn't a fellow's mother anywhere he'd trade with. And as he crept into bed, he wished with all his heart that mother was there to tuck him in, as she always used to do. He liked her to baby him when no one was around. "A fellow's mother is about the best thing, ever," thought Bob, as he drowsed off to sleep.

Next morning father smiled. He gathered both children to him and told them that last night mother had passed the crisis and that meant that she was going to get

well. Bob and Edna were so choked up they couldn't speak, but it was a lovely choke.

Later on, daddy said, "The doctor says if mother continues as fine as she is now, she may sit up awhile Sunday morning."

Edna was so happy, she went singing about her tasks and Bob jumped on his bike and flew down the street in sheer joy. Folding up the newspapers and putting them away, Edna suddenly saw a Florist's ad in which "Mother's Day" stood out in big type.

"Why," thought Edna, "why that's next Sunday, when mother is to sit up." She flew out of the house to look for Bob, who at that moment came coasting down the street.

"Bobbie, come here quick," called Edna. After which there was a whispered consultation and a quiet trip upstairs.

That evening when daddy had settled into his easy chair, Bob and Edna came and perched themselves on either side of him. "Daddy," said Edna, "what day do you think next Sunday is?"

"It's the day mother is to sit up," smiled daddy.

"It's something else," broke in Bob, "It's Mother's Day!"

"Why, so it is," said Mr. Gray.

"And, daddy," urged Edna, "between us Bobbie and I have \$4.79 can we get mother some carnation—a lot of them?"

"Sure, dad, we've got to get mother some flowers," added Bob.

"I should say we have," agreed daddy.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful.

"Now, children," said Mr. Gray, "Mother's going to sit up awhile this morning, but not too early. So you go to Sunday School, as usual, and she'll be waiting when you get home."

You may be sure that Bob and Edna simply flew home the minute Sunday School was out. They opened the front door softly—and there in daddy's easy chair, with daddy near, sat mother in a pretty negligee, looking thin and pale—but their MOTHER! And on the table at her side was a large bowl of fr.

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Young People's Bible Lessons

Topic: Jesus The Good Shepherd

Starling Smith

Reading lesson, St. John 10:1-21

Political rulers in the state, and captains in the army are called shepherds or pastors. Their office requires them to gather, lead, protect, and provide for the welfare of their subjects and armies, which are their flocks (Isa. 44:28; Jer. 12:10). Joshua, Gideon, and other rulers of Israel, descended from the tribes of Ephraim, or Manasseh, who were SHEPHERDS, ruled, and established the Hebrew nation (Gen. 49:24).

The Chaldean princes and their armies were the shepherds and flocks that ruined Judah (Jer. 6:3, and 12:10).

Christ is God's SHEPHERD, because His Father has given Him His flock of chosen people and appointed Him to die for, call, and feed them (Zech. 13:7). He is called the one Shepherd because He alone owns the sheep (people) and can in every respect answer and supply all their wants (Ezek. 34:23; John 10:16). He is the Good Shepherd that laid down His life for the sheep (John 10:11). Also in Acts 20:27, 28 Paul says, "For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood."

HE IS THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN KINDNESS

He redeemed His sheep from ruin by the price of His blood; kindly He sympathizes with them and provides spiritual food for the upkeep of the inner man, and nothing good will He withhold from them (John 10:14). In Jesus' everyday life we find Him going about to bless humanity, to heal their sick, and deliver them out of the power of the devil. He does the same today for all who will believe on His name, for His Word says, "I am the same yesterday, today and forever."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD THAT WAS BROUGHT AGAIN FROM THE DEAD

Now in Hebrews 13:20 we read, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant." (The best time in life for people to learn and realize that Jesus gave His life for them is when they are young. As they get older and their life gets filled with other things the less one thinks of their need of a Savior until many times it is too late and they find themselves in despair, and they look back over their life with regret that they never realized that Jesus died for them. They could have been a happy Christian had not their life been blighted with neglect. Jesus died for you. The writer was called to the bedside of a dying aged man who had one day been a preacher of righteousness. He backslid and died, saying, "Take that black thing away from me." Young people, please don't neglect salvation. Heb. 2:3.

Jesus the Chief Shepherd who shall appear again is mentioned by St. Peter in his first epistle the 5th chapter and the fourth verse, which reads thus, "And when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." We remember as Jesus gave His life and died on the cross of Golgotha's brow, and was taken down and buried in Joseph's new tomb, and the third morning He arose as He told them He would do; filled His mission with His disciples, and then led them out to the hill of Bethany, lifted up His hands and blessed them (sanctified) then, departed and went up into heaven, two angels stood by and assured them that this same Jesus whom they saw going into heaven, would in like manner come again. Then, as He is coming again, He is not coming without a purpose. He will appear to reward all that are found worthy, with crowns of glory.) And the beautiful thing about it is, they will never fade away. Now we are glad to bring the young people into this subject right in this thought, that St. Peter didn't forget them, and said, "Likewise ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. And be clothed with humility; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you (1 Pet. 5:5).

THE SHEPHERD AND BISHOP OF SOULS

It is people's souls He leads, restores and satisfies, and their spiritual and eternal interests are the great objects of His care (1 Pet. 2:25). He says, "For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and bishop of your souls." He is the shepherd of the sheep who gathers the lambs with His arm, and carries them in His bosom (Isa. 40:11). "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." The Psalmist said, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." (Psa. 23). Thank the Lord, that after we have all gone astray He finds us and cares for us, takes us into His loving fold and at the end will take us to the home that He is preparing for them that are looking for Him.

MINISTERS ARE SHEPHERDS

It is the work of the ministers to gather, lead, watch over, feed with sound doctrine, and in every way endeavor to promote the spiritual life, safety, growth, health, and comfort of their people who are in their care. Since St. Peter exhorted that the elders "feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof willingly," he well remembered the call of Jesus too while he was yet with him that he should feed the lambs, and feed my sheep, and this call is yet going on with the ministry and will until Jesus returns in glory and takes them all into His own care. As a minister I want to do my part

(Continued on next page)

and be found so doing when He comes or calls, for He says, "Blessed is that servant whom he shall find so doing when he cometh." Every one should be at his best to rescue some soul, as it is such a needy time and surely the harvest is truly ripe. The Y.P.E. is a great factor in saturating the souls of the young people with the Word of God. We don't know until we do know, and some people expect too much from people who haven't had the chance that they have, so let's be a lifter.

JESUS LEADS, DOESN'T DRIVE

Why doth he not drive the sheep before him, especially seeing it was lively enough to lose itself?

First, because, though it had wildness more than enough to go astray, it had not wisdom enough to go right. Secondly, because probably the silly sheep had tired itself with wandering. "The people shall weary themselves for very vanity" (Heb. 2:13). Therefore, the kind shepherd brings it home on his own shoulder.—Thomas Filler.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Shepherd, good	Jno. 10:14
Shepherds, hated by people	Gen. 46:34
Shepherds, unprofitable	Jer. 50:6
Shepherds, woe to idle	Zech. 11:17
Shepherd, the Lord	Psa. 23:1

Mother's Day Program

A SERVICE FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Song service. (Use appropriate songs if you have them.)

Scripture Lesson: Prov. 31.

Prayer by some young person.

Reading: "History and observance of Mother's Day," found in lesson.

Special music, Mother's Day song.

We are giving you some thoughts for the meeting on this page. Hand them out and use them anywhere on the program. This is a short outline only, to be changed and rearranged as you like.

HISTORY AND OBSERVANCE OF MOTHER'S DAY

The second Sunday in May has been set apart for special observance in honor of the home and motherhood. The object of the day is to recall memories of the mothers who have gone; to brighten the lives of those who remain; and to encourage men, women, and children to honor home and parents. It is to be observed by some act of kindness to mother and father; by services in churches of all creeds, in Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and other organizations; and by wearing a white carnation if the mother has passed on (emblem of the purity, beauty, fidelity, and peace of mother love) or a red carnation to honor the mother if living, as the badge of the day. Public schools observe the Friday and business houses the Saturday preceding.

The idea of Mother's Day originated with Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, and it was celebrated by a number of cities in the United States in 1910. On May 10, 1913, a resolution passed both houses of Congress commending the observance of the day by Congress and the executive departments of the Government; and in the same year Nebraska made it a state flag day in honor of the patriotism of Nebraska's homes. In 1914, Congress authorized the president of the United States to designate, by annual proclamation, the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, and to request the display of the American flag on Government buildings and private homes. The first national proclamation was issued by President Wilson on May 9, 1914.

PARTS FOR DISTRIBUTION

The loving Creator has given to all of us a mother; and in her life we find rich treasures. Her love and understanding is the inspiration we have to move us toward better things of life. Her sacrificing, unselfish spirit is an example to us, showing us that the noblest lives are those spent in service for others.

A mother's understanding is one of the dearest treasures she has to offer. To understand is to know by experience. Experience is a great teacher and mother has learned from her lessons of life, therefore, she can understand the thoughts and actions of her girls and boys. — — — — —

Another treasure which mother gives to us is her spirit of unselfishness. Most of us think first of ourselves, our own desires, our own pleasures and happiness. But this cannot be said of mothers. We are always first in their thoughts, hopes and prayers. Mother hopes not for her own glory, but for that of her child. Her whole life is bound up in dreams of his or her future success. — — — — —

Let us not take all and give nothing, but repay her sacrifice with a loyal appreciation shown by daily thought of Mother. A visit, a little gift, or a letter from an absent child, and a mother forgets everything except her joy and pride in that child. If mother is living, don't forget today, if you are near enough, to go to her, put your arms around her and tell her that you love her and that she is a good mother. Watch her grow young again. Oh how the mothers of our land need encouraging words and love to help them over the rough and trying places through which they must pass. I have often said that if I had money I would build a place of rest where the little tired mothers could go occasionally and have nothing to do but rest and pray, leaving the dear little brood behind in other hands until they had rested their tired nerves. How much better they would be equipped for their tasks when they returned. Many of our mothers would live to rear their children if such a provision could be made occasionally. — — — — —

A mother who is a friend to her children is offering them a treasure indeed. A friend is one who shares alike our joys and sorrows, one in whom we may confide the deepest secrets of our hearts without fear of reproach. I have seen children who would run and hide if they got some dirt on their dress for fear mother would spank them. A mother like that need not expect in after years to have the confidence of her child for if they begin to hide their little trials so young in life they will do it in after years.

Mothers who are real friends to their children keep their own hearts filled with the dreams of youth. Their hair may grow gray but their hearts stay young as long as they are real friends to their boys and girls. Home is a happy and cheerful place when mothers and children are friends. A place

which rings with gay young laughter, a place where cheerfulness abounds, and misunderstandings and unhappiness find no room. Through her friendship a mother wins the confidence of her children. Wise is the mother who can listen to her children without getting angry, but rather talk things over like a real friend.

TRIBUTES TO MOTHERS AND FATHERS

Here throw the meeting open for all to speak words of praise for their mothers and fathers. Don't leave father out if you've a good father. Even if father and mother are not Christians, surely they have something worth commending in their lives. Say a good word for them. Have a special prayer for the unsaved fathers and mothers of our land.

There are many other things in this issue of the

paper that can be used for the program if needed. And you may have many good things stored away for Mother's Day. Have plenty of good special music.

Here is a suggestion for your meeting.

To give a little friendly touch to your meeting have two young girls dressed in white with baskets of roses or any kind of flowers available, one white and one red, and as the people come into the service see that they get a flower, either red or white as they desire. Supply them with pins also. This may seem useless but it's these little courtesies that attract people to your church.

If possible, send special invitations to your friends and make an effort to have a good attendance. You may use your telephone freely in inviting folks to church.

Topic: Faith

By John C. Jernigan, Ravenna, Ky.

WHAT IS FAITH?

Faith is a gift from God, Eph. 2:8; Phil. 1:29, and is a very precious valuable one. Faith is one of the nine fruits of the Spirit, Gal. 5:22. Faith serves as a breastplate of righteousness, 1 Thess. 5:8. It is a protection against snares and pitfalls of sin, false doctrines, false teachers, spiritual wickedness, leanness of the soul, etc. Jesus is the author and finisher of faith, Heb. 12:2. If you have no faith, get it from the author. If your faith is unfinished, let Jesus finish it for you.

BEWARE OF VAIN FAITH

All faith is not of God, and we are living in a time that it is easy for people to be deceived. Try out your faith by the Word of God. If it measures well to the teachings of the Word of God and your life is holy, your faith is good. The devil had faith to believe some things, but he trembled. Jas. 2:19.

When Simon the sorcerer saw the manifestation of God's power in saving the lost, healing the sick and baptizing with the Holy Ghost he believed but his faith was vain, Acts 8:13, 20, 21. Faith without works is dead, James 2:14. If there were no such thing as dead faith, James would not have warned against it. Beware lest your faith die for the lack of works in your Christian experience. The devil confessed Jesus to be the Son of God but he was not saved. Mark 5:7.

THE ABSENCE OF FAITH

Cannot please God without faith, Heb. 11:6. All that is not of faith is sin, Rom. 14:23. Without faith healing for the body is impossible, and we would be lost. Faith can be obtained by reading, under-

standing and practicing the Word of God. Rom. 10:17.

SAVED BY FAITH

We are saved by grace through faith, Eph. 2:8. We stand justified in the sight of God by faith, Rom. 5:1. By faith we enter into God's grace, Rom. 5:2.

HEALING FAITH

The sick are healed through the prayer of faith, James, 5:16.

The centurion's faith, Luke 7:9.

The lame man's faith, Acts 14:9.

Healing is no more a miracle with God than saving a soul from sin. If we have faith to be saved, why not have faith to be healed? We often hear people say, I have not faith to trust God. I want you to pray for me that I will be able to trust Him. It is not so much a matter of us trusting God, but it is getting sufficient faith until God can trust us. I can trust God in everything if He can trust me with sufficient faith.

RESULTS OF FAITH

Faith reveals the righteousness of God, Rom. 1:17. Faith purifies the hearts of men, Acts 15:9. Faith overcomes the world, 1 John 5:4. If we have faith as of a grain of mustard seed we can move mountains of discouragements, mountains of blues, mountains of trials, mountains of persecutions, mountains of worry, and every other mountain can be cast into the sea. It is not so much the amount of faith we have, but it is the absence of unbelief, Matt. 17:20. Mustard seed will not mix with other seeds, and though we have but a small amount of faith, if it is not mixed with the seed of doubt and unbelief great and mighty things can be done.

Topic: The Morning Is Dawning

By Mrs. E. Jackson, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture lesson, Rom. 13:11-14.

THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT

The comparison of night is used by the Apostle Paul, of Christ's absence from His church, and of the brooding darkness which has for long overcast the world. The night is the emblem of indolence and lethargy; and are not the majority of humanity sluggish toward God, however keen and alert they are toward the concerns of life? Night is also the time of illusion, a time in which it is easy to mistake the

false for the true, the fake for the real. Darkness is danger. "He that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth, (because darkness has blinded his eyes)." St. John 12:35.

The night of Satan's reign, and the absence of Jesus from His church—it is far spent.

THE DAY IS AT HAND

What a great joy to the righteous to know the day is at hand.

In connection with the temple ritual we are
(Continued on next page)

told that the morning sacrifice had to be offered at a point between the first signs of dawn and actual sunrise; and during the last hours of night a party of Levites known as watchers for the morning (Psa. 130:6) used to take their stand on one of the higher pinnacles of the temple, watching for the first indications of the rising of the approaching sun. Meanwhile at the altar of burnt offering everything was ready and the priests stood waiting. At last the signal was given in the words "The sky is lit as far as Hebron," and immediately that cry was raised, the morning sacrifice was slain and the daily routine of worship began.

Now, an increasing number of God's people in these last days are joining the band of watchers, looking for the glorious appearing of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ back to this earth. Certainly the light has been getting brighter and clearer with every year. The signs of His coming are many. The regathering of the Jews back to Palestine, the agitation of the world over great problems, pestilences, earthquakes—all these things suggest the hope that the sky is beginning to light up. The ringing bugle note is announcing the herald streaks of dawn, surely as a warning to those who are not ready to hastily put off the works of darkness.

CAST OFF THE WORKS OF DARKNESS

"Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly (becomingly) as in the day * * *." Rom. 13:12-13.

Do any perplexing habits cling to us? Is there any strife or envyings that bother us? Have we pride of our positions, our talents? Do we have harboring thoughts which corrode and corrupt the soul? Are we quick to take offence? These things are condemned by the love of God and must be put away. If we have these traits of evil clinging to us, what a contrast to the Spirit of Jesus, who spent His time in simplicity and poverty, always ready to love and help the suffering and downcast and at last gave His life for fallen humanity.

PUT ON THE ARMOR OF LIGHT

As we may put off the works of darkness once

and forever, just so we may don the armor of light. In one epistle the apostle suggests the thought: "Let us since we are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love and for a helmet, the hope of salvation. And in a later epistle, he carefully named the successive pieces. But here he gathers all up into one phrase, "the armor of light." It is just the Lord Jesus Christ. Put Him on—His gentleness, meekness and humility. His purity and truth; His obedience to God, and sensitiveness to every cry of weakness and suffering. What seems soft to the flesh will prove itself to be armor of proof in the day of battle. None are so invincible and stalwart as those who are arrayed in the meekness and gentleness of Jesus. In Jesus, there is supply for every need, armor against every attack, fullness for every deficiency.

We should never rest till we have, by faith, put on this armor of light, then when the day breaks and the shadows flee, we shall meet the day without shame or misgivings, and rise to life immortal.

LET US WALK HONESTLY (BECOMINGLY) AS IN THE DAY

To us who have donned the robe of righteousness and "armor of light" at least the day is broken, for the day-star has arisen in our hearts, and we are called upon to live as children of the light and of the day. Only let us day by day allow our light to shine. Let us walk as in the day as we shall do when the restitution of all things has taken place and we walk the streets of the New Jerusalem in the glory and light of the perfect day.

MAKE NO PROVISIONS FOR THE FLESH

Do not give way to fears. Do not give way to doubts. Do not give way to neglect. Do not be content with a half-hearted religion; be positive. Not only forbid wrath, anger, malice, but assume Christ's heart of compassion. We that are of the day have His Spirit to guide, to teach just how and what to do.

To cultivate meekness, kindness, humility, long-suffering and forbearance will destroy the provisions for the flesh, the work of evil.

and laudable.

MOTHER: HER DAY AND HER PLACE

By Rev. A. O. Hjerpe

Tribute to mother is as old as the human race. As long as three thousand years ago the Writer of wisdom gave one of the most noble of all words of maternal praise: "Her children arise up and call her blessed." Further back, among the biographies of the kings of Judah, we read following the glowing descriptions of some of those righteous lives, "and his mother's name was —," as though attributing to her due commendation.

So Mother's Day is a modern institution merely in name. Mother has always been praised. Yet it is with intensified ardor that we laud her upon the day fittingly called

her's. And we are not a scant few who spontaneously carry on the ancient practice of paying tribute to mother. Thinking statesmen, hard-headed business men, courageous warriors, revellers in frivolity, all melt under the tenderness of that one beautiful term, mother. For concentrated in that word is all the sympathy, love, self-sacrifice, service, example, and devotion in the world. No other term in our vocabulary is invested with such charm and pathos as this — MOTHER! Manifold are the praiseworthy qualities of mother which summon from us all the voluntary response of the wise scribe, "Her children arise up and call her blessed." Three are especially inclusive

An honored official at the head of some great firm may in consequence possess much influence and considerable renown. But the home is the grandest of all corporations, "the most natural, the most ancient, and the most vital of all social units." "A family is a society; it is an educational institution of the first significance." And herein is mother, the maker and perfecter of the grandest of all institutions, with the most glorious of all vocations. Here she gives to others the joy of living, mingling in it her soul, life, her all. Here she rears the world's children, through the trials of youth, through her own sacrifices for their schooling, thru

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Mother: Her Day And Her Place

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ains of her hidden disappointments in them at times, through her counting their weaknesses and ailments as naught, through her pressing their hidden best of which hers never dreamed, through her understanding when others misunderstood, through her following with her serene pride all they did, through her steadfast belief in them, until she should, another man or woman takes a place in the world, a living tribute to mother. And all the time, with Mary's unassuming spirit, she keeps these things to herself and ponders them in her heart. What business can equal the caring of the future presidents, preachers, teachers, business men, laborers, and "just folk," in the grandest of all corporations, the mothers? The mothers' is the noblest vocation in life, carrying with it the largest number of vocations.

HER AFFECTION

The most typical of God's love in the human realm is mother's. The tender affection centered in her has no bounds. No mountain is too high, no ocean too broad, no plain too wide but it spans them all. The story is told of a son who was deeply concerned in a colossal conspiracy within a kingdom. The king sought the son, but the mother's love offered protection, and she secretly hid her boy. So she was brought into the court for torture and effort to obtain from her the hiding place of her son. Willingly nothing in her indescribable pain, she soon gasped, "I'll tell—where I hid him." Upon release for a moment from her torture she cried as she fell, "I hid m-my boy—here—up in—m-my—heart!" Worthy or not, isn't that just where she always keeps us? Irving tells the whole story of a mother's boundless love in these immortal words: "O, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother for a child that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, not weakened by ruthlessness, nor stifled by inattitude. She will sacrifice every

comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame; and exult in his prosperity;—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her for misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him."

Second only to God's is a mother's love.

From an humble bedside in Ohio tonight a Christian mother will study the Word of God, and beseech his blessings upon her son in Illinois. New truths which he learned about the Bible in seminary he later learned were not new to her at all. God always receives the benefit of all doubts in her mind. In that Ohio community, to which she is a God-send, lives today the Word Incarnate. Her devotion, and your mother's, to her God, her religion, her faith, is real. From her originally we obtained our spiritual knowledge, as at her knee we learned about God, prayed our first prayer, and heard her tell us the beautiful fact of Jesus' love. We sing of the faith of our fathers, but O, for a little of the faith of our mothers. How sad is the cry of the Alien, whom Gillilan depicts as having departed from the precepts learned at mother's knee:

"When the great world came and called me, I deserted all to follow;

Never knowing in my dazedness I had slipped my hand from His;

Never noting in my blindness, that the bauble fame was hollow,

That the gold of wealth was tinsel, as I since have learned it is;—

I have spent a life-time seeking things I've spurned when I have found them;

I have fought and been rewarded in full many a petty cause;

But I'd take them all—fame, fortune and the pleasures that surround them

And exchange them for the faith that made my mother what she was."

How laudable is the spiritual de-

votion, the constant affection, the enviable vocation of the mothers of men. Because of these, thousands of years ago, and today, "her children rise up and call her blessed."

Editorials

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country. The average age of the criminal is getting younger and younger. Official records prove that criminals are not made over night, but evolve from juvenile delinquents."

Note: They are being made right around us, some of them in the homes of church members. Hadn't we better get close to them some way and help them, by inviting them into our homes and to our church and give them the help that will encourage them to live better lives? Organization of your young people and the study of the Word and much prayer and loads of love will solve the problem. God's hand is not shortened that He cannot save neither His ear heavy that He cannot hear.

NOTICE

Our Inner Circle, Reading Club, and Helpers' Club, are willing to take a back seat this month in order to give space to our mothers. Our picture album is being filled very slowly. Brother Wiley Wright of Maud, Okla., was the first to contribute to the album. He is always on the job and has been a great inspiration to me in my work. He was the first to join the Inner Circle and second to join the Reading Club and has also been a great worker in the Helpers' Club. I wish we had many more like him.

I've about come to the conclusion that the readers of the Lighted Pathway are not very good looking or you would send me your picture for my album.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED

We want to make special mention of some of our friends who have truly been friends in need in the last few months. Sisters: Fred Chambers and H. L. Trim of Cleveland, and Grace McLain of Knoxville, have come to our rescue many times and in many ways. We

EDITORIALS

want you to know they have a part to this good work.

NOTICE

Young people who have sent in papers on "The Life of Jacob," we do not want you to get discouraged because you have not seen your article in print. We have sent them on to Cleveland to a committee to decide which is best. We will not have room in our Mother's Day paper to publish this article, but will do so in the June issue. We are proud of you for your efforts along this line.

Also the ones on "How can stay at homes help the cause of foreign missions" are being donated to the mission department of the Evangel.

I feel that you will be pleased with this as your article will reach more people. Brother Tharp is delighted to get them.

If you send in something for the paper and do not see it in print right away, do not be disappointed. We are trying to put out a paper that will inspire the young people to greater things and we must try each time to use what will be needed most. Then, too, we are using the departments and some things suit these departments better than others. I am always glad to have any thing that you have if you send it in with a prayer like this, "Dear Lord, I am sending this in to be used if needed, but if something else will do more good, then that is what I want."

DIRECT QUESTIONING MAY
LACK WISDOM

(Continued from page five)
where," Mrs. Barlow challenged her friend.

With a most courteous apology for being frank Mrs. Walton explained that Mrs. Barlow's method was at fault.

"Alan was tired after a day at school. He may also have been worried about his lapses in his studies. And besides, his companions were waiting for him. You could scarcely have caught him in a more unfavorable mood, if you are trying to gain his confidence."

"But how should I go about getting this problem of his school studies solved?"

"Speak to him about it in some quiet hour when there is no possibility of interruption—never in the presence of anyone else, and only when Alan seems in a chatty mood."

Mrs. Walton had a number of suggestions to improve Mrs. Barlow's idea of creating confidence. And they were all good and all practical.

One thing is certain: if a mother must ask questions to settle a problem of conduct, those questions must never have a tone of challenge or of censure. Mrs. Barlow should not have suggested that Alan did miss spelling words, although she was reasonably sure that he did because spelling was his greatest trial in school work.

Furthermore, it is not necessary to ask a child how he got along in school the minute he gets inside the door, nor is it at all feasible to propound this question every day. There is something wrong with the method of training when asking questions in the main way of finding out what is in the child's heart.

Confidence is not a quality that can be obtained by demanding. Confidence is of the soul and must be inspired by love and sympathy. Children can be made willing and even glad to talk over problems that are personal and to welcome any help that may be given them, but this can be brought about only by the most delicate tact.

In the crude, direct questioning such as Mrs. Barlow employed in dealing with Alan, the child is at the mercy of the questioner rather than in a position of equality. Confidences are exchanged only on the level.

One of the many fine articles on child welfare prepared by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE
ORPHANAGE

(Continued from page seven)
electric light has been put in, and the buildings are large, airy, and comfortable, and we are looking forward, trusting that God will enable

us to always have an open door to the poor and needy of Egypt. May we faithfully fulfill His purpose. "The Lord of hosts hath sworn saying, Surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed so shall it stand. Isa. 14:24.

Address all letters:

LILLIAN TRASHER,
Supt. Assiout Orphanage,
Assiout, Egypt.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH
MOTHER

(Continued from page 10)

grant carnations, and in the window a pot of lilies of the valley and in a beautiful basket a great cluster of pink roses.

And then mother smiled and held out both hands. With a little rustle the children were at her feet, and it seemed to Bob and Edna that there was nothing quite so lovely as "Mother's Day."

YOUNG PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY

Our State Convention convened in Ravenna June 4th-7th, and the entire Sunday P. M. will be given to the C. of G. Y. P. E. Sister Harrison, Editor of the Lighted Pathway, will be in charge. I trust that each Endeavor will cooperate with Sister Harrison in making this program a success.—J. C. Jernigan, State Overseer of Kentucky.

A little girl who was having her first railway journey was rather afraid. She saw a great gulf, looked down into its depths and wondered if she would fall in. There was a great river to be crossed and she could see the bank even before she came to it, stretching far on the other side. But the gulf was crossed in safety, and the bridge over the river took them without hurt, up by and by, with a little contentment she sat back in a corner of her seat and said, "Somebody seems to have gone before, and made the way." He who is the Way and the Truth and the Life has indeed gone along the way of the Cross and of the Resurrection, in order that He might make the way for all the way.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

OL. 2.

JUNE, 1931.

NO. 10.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

GET SOMEBODY ELSE

The Lord had a job for me,
But I had so much to do
I said, "You get somebody else,
Or wait till I get through."

One day I needed the Lord,
Needed Him right away,
But He never answered me at all
And I could hear Him say,

Now when the Lord has a job
For me, I never try to shirk;
I drop what I have on hand
And do the Lord's good work.

I don't know how the Lord came out,
No doubt He got along,
But I felt kind o' sneaking like,
I knew I'd done God wrong.

Down in my accusing heart,
"Child, I've got too much to do,
You get somebody else,
Or wait till I get through."

And my affairs can run along
Or wait till I get through;
Nobody else can do the work
That God has marked out for you.—

Sel. Sent in by Christine Rice.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Young People Everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor

504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

JUNE

EDITORIALS

Dear "Lighted Pathway" readers: We trust that the June number will find each of you enjoying the blessings of the Lord, and striving to do His will. In my little study the first thing that greets you is a motto hanging on the wall, "Teach me to do Thy will." That is what we want most of all isn't it? Nothing else short of this brings happiness and contentment. The sweetest place in the world is in the will of God and the most miserable and the most dangerous thing is to be outside of the will of God.

Some how I feel very happy because I believe that I am in God's will in publishing this little paper. I believe it because I get such joy out of it, and also because of the blessing it is bringing to others.

July is the birthday of the "Lighted Pathway," and I am going to ask every subscriber and friend of the paper to send at least one subscriber as a birthday present. Now don't you say, well I guess everybody else will send one and I will not be missed much, so I'll not send one, as it will take some effort and I just haven't the time to spend looking for this subscriber, but jump right in and do your part and help to lighten my load.

Listen! This month we have enlarged the paper four pages and it has cost us considerably to do this. This may not be permanent, but if we can continue with this 20-page paper we intend to do so, as we want to make it as great a blessing as possible. This will depend upon you. If you like it this way, please work a little harder, either by sending subscriptions or by sending for

larger rolls and selling a few more papers among your friends.

OUR HELPERS' CLUB

More than forty responded to our call for help this month, and sent for rolls of papers and sold them for us. We want to thank each one for all they have done. If it were not for our faithful Helpers' Club, we could not go on with our work. God bless every one of them. We truly feel that if there are any rewards for the influence, the paper is having on the lives of its readers, that a large share of them will be handed out to the "Helpers' Club," for their excellent work.

We are omitting the names this week, but occasionally we want to publish them and let you see who is helping to carry the load. We wish more faithful ones would join our ranks.

We want to say to our helpers, that we are sending each month as soon as the paper comes off the press, your roll of papers, with the same number that you ordered the month previous. If you do not want them or if you want to change the number, please write us before the 2nd of the month.

We hope you will sell the papers as soon as possible after you receive them as it is easier to sell them the first of the month. We will give you all the time necessary, only it will be a great accommodation to us if all the money for the month could be in by the 25th of each month. Again we say, "God bless you."

It is a great thing to be a leader really called of God and no one thing is needed as much today as real God called leaders, but there is no calling in all the world that is so misunderstood. If God has placed a leader in your community or your church you should thank God from the depth of your heart for him or her. The church or community that has no leader is handicapped and can never accomplish very much in a progressive way. But your leader must be willing to have people say he is pushing himself forward and just go on pushing till he puts the thing over that he is trying to do. But oh how

much it would mean to that leader if everybody would take hold of the thing in hand and push with him. But because they don't is no reason to lay down on the job and give up. If God is back of you and you know it, nothing can defeat you if you hold on. When I was a girl I remember we had one horse on our farm that balked sometimes and just wouldn't pull one bit. After he had balked awhile my father would take him out and get another horse and put in the wagon and they would pull the load right along. So it will be with these balky people—God will try them out and if they act up too much He will mark their names off His book and get somebody who will pull. God is looking for people who will fill the place He has appointed for them and if they fail He will find somebody else.

OUR PICTURE ALBUM

Our picture album is becoming very interesting. Send your pictures and make it more interesting, because you have a part in it.

Young people who have not done their best and students who feel that they are laboring under serious handicaps should be inspired to greater efforts by the fact that last month, blind C. W. Witcher, an Atlanta Freshman at Georgia School of Technology, led all the 2355 students in scholastic standing. Living in total darkness, Witcher has to be led about the campus from one class room to another. Despite his handicap his teachers say Witcher is almost a ways first to finish a quiz.

Young people, be inspired by those who have conquered defects. Demosthenes, by persistently struggling against his handicap, became the greatest orator of his day. So rates, laboring under the misfortune of an ugly body for which he could find no physical compensation developed a wonderful mind. Charles Lamb stammered; Bryan was clubfooted, Epictetus was a slave, lame and weakly, yet contributed to wisdom of the ages. Edison defective in his hearing, Book

(Continued on page twenty)

JACOB

Bonnie Asbury, Lawton, Okla.

Once there were two brothers, Esau and Jacob. Esau was a skillful hunter, but Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents. Isaac, their father, loved Esau best because he killed venison of which he ate, but Rebekah loved Jacob.

One day Esau came in from the field where he had been hunting. Being very tired and hungry he begged Jacob to give him some of the pottage which he had made. Now Esau was oldest of the two and according to the custom of the law would fall heir to all the possessions at his father's death. So Jacob seeing where he might gain this possession, answered Esau to the effect that if he would sell him his birthright, he would give him of the pottage. Esau thinking that he was at the point to die and that his birthright would not do him any good, he agreed to sell Jacob his birthright. After eating he was much better and was angry at Jacob for cheating him out of his birthright. But as he had already sold it, he could do nothing. He went on his way with hatred in his heart against Jacob.

It came to pass that when Isaac was very old and blind he called Esau unto him and told him that his life was at an end and he wanted to eat again of his venison before he died and to pronounce a blessing on him. Esau went to kill venison that his father might eat it. Now Rebekah, who loved Jacob best, overheard the conversation between Esau and his father. She wished Jacob to receive the blessing instead of Esau so she sent him to bring two of the choicest goats that she might fix them the way their father liked them best. She took the hair of the animals and placed them on Jacob's arms so he would be hairy like his brother Esau. Jacob took the dish from his mother and went unto his father and gave it to him. Isaac ate it and thinking Jacob was Esau, pronounced a very great blessing upon him. Afterward Esau returned and when he found what Jacob

had done he was very angry and threatened Jacob's life. Jacob hearing of the threat his brother had made against him, fled, thus cheating Esau out of his birthright and blessing also.

While on his journey Jacob slept one night with a stone for his pillow and saw a vision of a ladder that reached from earth to heaven and angels ascending and descending thereon. At the top of the ladder stood the Lord. He sent a message and a great blessing unto him, promising him great things and that at last he would bring him again unto his own land and kindred.

Jacob worked seven years for his wife but being cheated out of the one he wanted he worked seven years longer to win her. He then worked six years for some possessions. Finally after much trouble the Lord told him to return to his own people. He started on his journey but one day word was sent him that Esau was very near. Jacob being afraid of his brother Esau, decided he would send him presents to try and appease his wrath. He sent his servants forth with the presents. When Jacob was left alone there wrestled with him a man until the breaking of the day and when he saw he could not overcome him he touched his thigh and Jacob's thigh was out of joint. He said unto Jacob, "Let me go for the day breaketh," but Jacob, knowing that it was the Lord, answered, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." After he was blessed he was assured within himself that he would have no trouble with his brother Esau, and thus it turned out to be that when the two brothers met they kissed each other and wept.

Jacob lived to be a very old man and raised twelve sons who were the twelve tribes of Israel. Of course all of his life was not ease, but instead he had great sorrows. Losing the son he loved best was one of his greatest sorrows, but after many years he found him again. And his son Joseph whom we read

so much about, brought great prosperity to his father's house. Then when Jacob had blessed his twelve sons he died and was buried with his fathers in the field of Ephron the Hittite.

Note: The above article has been decided on as the best sent in by the young people in a recent contest. We sent them to Cleveland and had a committee to decide which was best. Several others ran a pretty close race and all were good and we are proud of the young people for their efforts. If I had decided it myself, you might have thought I was partial because Bonnie is a very dear friend of mine, but I had nothing to do with the decision. Bonnie was in our Y. P. E. at Lawton, Okla. while I was there some time ago, and we had some good times together. Bonnie is a fine girl and we congratulate her on winning in this contest.—Ed.

Face It Together

There is a story told of a number of school boys who, one day, were bathing, and some of them had been conveyed by a boatman to a diving-raft a little distance from the shore. Among the number there was one boy who had just learned to swim, and to him the distance between the raft and the shore seemed a long way.

Another boy, an expert swimmer, watched the novice keenly. Two courses were open to him. He could call attention to his companion's hesitation, and say, "Oh, look, he's afraid to try it!" Or he could go up to him quietly, and say, "Let's swim it together; it is not very far, and you'll soon get your confidence."

Don't scoff at one who is in difficulties, or feels afraid to face the perils of life's way. Say a word of encouragement, lend a helping hand. Say, "Let's face it together comrade," and so bring new courage to the faint heart.

What we do for ourselves dies with us. What we do for the community lives after us.

* * *

When men learn to love their enemies peace will be here,

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Good-Night Prayer

Father, now I go to rest
In my safe and quiet nest;
Keep my little heart tonight
Close to thine, till morning light.
Bless my friends, and in thy love
Watch and keep them from above
Till the sunshine comes again,
For our Savior's sake. Amen.

Elizabeth Atwood.

It's Different When It's One's Own

By May Evelyn Skiles

The little girl's hand was clenched and she was breathing heavily. Her mouth was slightly open as though the pinched, undeveloped nose was inadequate for inhalation. "Mother, she has my dime! I saw her pick it up from the sidewalk." Myra's golden curls fluttered in the breeze.

"Open your hand, child. Let me see," said Myra's mother not unkindly.

Nellie put her hand behind her. "I found it," looking at Myra, indignantly.

"You have the money in your hand—little Myra's money?" asked the lady.

Nellie looked steadily in front. She was backed against a wall on the pavement. Not a muscle of her little face moved. "It's mine," she said after a while. "I picked it up myself," stubbornly refusing to resign the coin.

"Did you see Myra drop it?" The lady tried to look into Nellie's eyes, now downcast.

"She—she went away. She left it there."

"You mustn't keep what is not yours," Myra's mother said very firmly, but gently.

Myra began to cry. Her little kid-gloved hand laid hold of the larger girl's arm.

Nellie looked down at the child's

silk dress. Then she looked at her own little homespun dress. An expression of bitterness that comes to those old in experience flashed across the childish face. "I ain't got nothin'. She's got everything. I ain't never had any money of my own before," she said wistfully.

"But this isn't really yours," Myra's mother said, trying to make the child distinguish between ownership and possession. Nellie's lips trembled. Gently the lady took Nellie's hand in hers. The little fingers relaxed, broken-heartedly. Tears welled in the large dark eyes. "What are you doing on the street alone, little girl? Why aren't you at home?"

"There isn't any one there—now," she said, wiping the tears away.

"Are you lost?"

"No ma'am," edging away, as she saw a policeman in the distance. The lady's eyes followed Nellie's frightened eyes.

"Is your home near?"

"I walked a long time—to get away."

"To get away, dear? Not from your mother?"

(Continued on page Ten)

Old Testament Work

1st Week

Dear children, who made this beautiful world we live in? What do we call the light that shines by day? The one by night? Read 1st chapter of Genesis; St. John 1:1-5; Psalms 19:1-6; Psalm 104:1-16.

How we should appreciate all these wonderful things. God created us for His glory. Let us thank Him for all His gifts and blessings, and love and serve Him.

Memory work: Ex. 15:2; Deut. 10:12, 13, 14; Psalm 24:1; Psalm 27:1; Psalm 75:1.

2nd Week

This lesson is about a buried sin.

The Israelites were very happy over the victory won at Jericho, but suffered defeat at Ai. Why? Who disobeyed God? How was the offender discovered? What awful punishment was necessary? Read 7th and 8th chapters of Joshua, especially Joshua 7:19-26.

Sin brings sorrow and eternal death. Obedience to God brings joy and everlasting life.

Memory work: Psalm 139:1, 2, 3; Proverbs 28:13; Proverbs 26:26; Psalm 32:5; Isaiah 65:24.

New Testament Work

3rd Week

Mothers brought little children to Jesus. What did He do for them? What did He say about them? Matthew and Mark tell us. Matthew 19:13-30; Mark 10:13-31.

Jesus knew the little children would gladly believe Him and that their little hearts were tender and quick to respond to His love.

Why did the young man go away sad?

"Riches never satisfy. Hearts that long for God and heaven;

Jesus can their needs supply. When their all to Him is given;

But if they will not obey His commands whatever they be, Sadly then they turn away, Beggars through eternity."

Memory work: Acts 2:39; Matthew 11:28, 29, 30; Revelation 22:17; Mark 10:14; Matthew 6:33.

4th Week

Who walked on the water and became afraid? Why? What did he pray? Who saved him from a watery grave? See Matthew 14:23-33; Mark 4:35-41.

Jesus can help us over the stormy trials and temptations on the sea of life. Fully trust Him.

Memory work: Matthew 14:27; Matthew 17:7; Matthew 6:30; Matthew 8:26; Mark 11:22; Luke 17:5; Hebrew 13:6.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

Dear Sister, I am sending a piece for fathers and mothers page. When I read it, I said, "that is just what every father and mother has to encounter." I am sending it with a prayer that it will be a blessing to every father and mother who reads it.—Your sister, Mrs. W. G. Rankin, Temple, Okla.

THE FOLLY OF COMPROMISE

She was a tired-faced, pale little woman who had once been a very sweet and lovely girl. Her own two daughters and her son were now nearly grown. Kathie, the oldest, was nearly ready to go away to college, Marian was in high school, and Warren in Junior high.

It was Sunday morning, and yet there was no evidence of any preparation for church. The young people had been out late the evening before, and came down to a belated breakfast.

"Some of the bunch are coming in this afternoon, Mother," announced Kathie. "They wanted me to go to a moving picture with them, but I knew you wouldn't stand for that. Really, Mother, I can't see why you make such a fuss about it! Everybody nowadays goes unless it's a few who are too stiff-necked to like it themselves.

"But I told the crowd they could come here and have a game of cards, and a couple of the boys said they'd come if we could dance. You know we've rolled the rugs back once or twice and had a little fun. And if I must stay in most of the time, I feel that we ought to have some liberty."

Mrs. Gray's face was troubled and she sighed a long, quivering sigh.

"I am glad," she said gently, "that you refused to go to the movie on Sunday, and, as long as your friends are coming, I'll not object to any reasonable amusement if you are only quiet so the neighbors will not hear and make remarks."

"Who cares about the neighbors?" scoffed Warren. "They can run

their business to suit themselves, and we'll do the same."

Mr. Gray looked up from his newspaper.

"I suppose the youngsters have got to do something," he remarked. "Of course we don't want them to dread Sunday, but I wonder what my father and grandfather would have said about passing Sunday afternoon and evening the way these young people plan?"

"O Father, don't object to our having a good time," pleaded Marian. "One of these days we'll be gone away from home, and then you can have things as quiet as you like. Remember, Kathie is to go this Fall, and when she gets through college she'll be teaching or married, and I'll be in college."

"That's so," nodded Mrs. Gray, but still there was a troubled look on her face.

Kathie soon became a member of the raciest group of college students of the institution where she went, and, although she remained in college until she was graduated, she never made a high record, nor was she highly regarded by the faculty. An early marriage to a sporty young chap took place, and after a couple of children had been born to them the union went on the rocks in the divorce court.

Marian followed in her sister's footsteps, attending another college where she was the leader of the High Steppers, a club of young people of rather daring tendencies. She did not finish her college course, for a motor accident, following a rather wild party, laid her aside for several months, and her father decided that the remaining funds in the educational budget

must now be saved for Warren who was calling for a good many things. Besides, Marian had grown rather hard and bitter that she had been obliged to lose step with her class.

When able, she accepted a position, but she was not happy in it, and was often described as the girl who had gone sour on the world. Her health failed, and one day Marian was laid to rest. Her parents tried to take comfort in the thought that their daughter had meant well, but the memory of her life was not a comforting one.

Warren made his friends from groups accustomed to desecrate the Sabbath, and, although he was a bright young chap, he formed tastes and habits which undermined his moral integrity. He went to college two years, and then went into business life, but drifted from position to position, always ready to go a little farther on in hopes of finding something more to his liking.

His married life proved a disappointment. His flapper girl wife had little comprehension of or desire for the better things of life. Her idea was to have a good time, and to her a good time was dressing up and idling away the hours in some form of foolish amusement.

One child came to them, and this naturally bright little fellow was made entirely secondary to his parents' desires. At the age of twelve years he found himself suddenly orphaned—or at least fatherless—and was obliged to go to work to help support a selfish, unreasonable and complaining mother.

The last days of Mrs. Gray were embittered by the failures of her children.

"Just think," she said to her aged husband, "how we used to look forward to when our family would be grown and we could rest and enjoy seeing them make good in the world! But, instead of that, we have had to work harder and spend our substance to piece out their

(Continued on page fifteen)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

The Wild White Rose

It was peeping through the brambles,
that little wild white rose,
Where the hawthorn hedge was planted,
my garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern and heather, on
the breezy, open moor;
All within was sun and shelter and the
wealth of beauty's store.
But I did not heed the fragrance of
flow'ret or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rosebud and
it grew too high for me.
In vain I strove to reach it thru the
tangled mass of green,
It only smiled and nodded behind its
thorny screen.
Yet through that summer morning I
lingered near the spot:
Oh, why do things seem sweeter if we
possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming, but
all that I could see
Was that little mocking wild rose
hanging just too high for me.

So in life's wider garden there are
buds of promise, too,
Beyond our reach to gather, but not
beyond our view;
And like the little charmer that tempt-
ed me astray,
They steal out half the brightness of
many a summer's day.
Oh, hearts that fail with longing for
some forbidden tree,
Look up and learn a lesson from my
white rose and me.
'Tis wiser for to number the blessings
at my feet,
Than ever to be sighing for just one
bud more sweet.
My sunbeams and my shadows fall
from a pierced Hand,
I can surely trust His wisdom since
His heart I understand,
And maybe in the morning, when His
blessed face I see,
He will tell me why my white rose
grew just too high for me.
Sent in by Hettie Ellen Payne

To The Shut-Ins

By E. J. Blades

We may be "Shut-Ins" perhaps,
but let us always remember: We
are never "shut out" from God! nor
from the abiding presence of his
Holy Spirit! What a blessing it is
to feel, and to know that while he
has laid us by, for the time being,
for a few days, maybe weeks, or
months, and perhaps, in some
cases, years! we can still realize
and know that HE is with us, guid-
ing and directing in all our
thoughts, ways and feelings, and
helping us to bear up bravely, and
to keep fighting for victory over
self, suffering, pain, and anguish,
both of mind and body! And that

we are able, through the grace
given us, to overcome, no matter
how long we have been Shut-In, the
things that seem to try so hard to
draw us away from God, and to
kill our faith in the presence and
power of his most Holy Spirit.

And how often our old enemy,
Satan, comes along, and whispers,
in our hearts and ears that God
was heartless and cruel to place us
in such a position as he has when
he "Shut us in," and made us feel
perhaps all alone, neglected and
solitary. But listen, Shut-Ins:

"There is a mystery in human
hearts,
And though we be encircled by a
host
Of those who love us well, and are
beloved,
To every one of us, from time to
time,
There comes a sense of utter lone-
liness.
Our dearest friend is "stranger"
to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

"And would you know the reason
why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our
love,
In every heart He wishes to be
first.
He therefore keeps the secret key
Himself,
To open all its chambers and to
bless
With perfect sympathy, and holy
peace,
Each solitary soul which comes to
Him."

Then let us seek to know him, and
understand him better, especially
when he says to you and to me, "I
am the way, the truth and the life,
and no man cometh to the Father,
but by me," and let us listen to him
when he says, "Let not your heart
be troubled, ye believe in God, be-
lieve also in me. For in my Fa-
ther's house are many mansions, if
it were not so, I would have told
you. I go to prepare a place for you.
And if I go and prepare a place for

you, I will come again and receive
you unto myself, that where I am
there ye may be also." A wonderful
promise, is it not? And so full of
gracious consolation for all, and
especially for those who are for the
time being Shut-Ins! Just why, we
cannot understand, but we know
that he knows best, and let us re-
member that

"Twill not be long! Be patient Shut-
Ins, knowing

That God knows what is best
His will decrees our coming and
our going,

Let us trust Him for the rest.
Be sure of this, He never is mis-
taken

His plans are wise and just,
And never yet has He a soul for-
saken,

That puts in Him its trust.
'Twill not be long! A little while
of waiting.

For God to whisper—Come!
Then Heaven for all earth trials
compensating

And Home! Eternal Home!"
That's it friends. Shut-Ins though
we may be now, let us remember it
will soon be ours to be Home at
last eternally with God our Father
and Savior Christ, and to realize
the wonderful truth of that prom-
ise, "Beloved now are we the sons
of God, and it doth not yet appear,
what we shall be. But we know
that when he shall appear,
we shall be like him, for we shall
see him as he is!"

LAID ASIDE

Laid Aside!

Why, oh God, hast thou made this
decree?

With all my soul I long so, just to
be

Out in the harvest fields

For they are white,

And ready.

Precious souls are dying. Soon the
night

Is coming.

Soon the little space that we call
life is past.

(Continued on page fifteen)

THE INNER CIRCLE

FOR HIS GLORY

Louanna's head was bent industriously over her ancient history, but she was not studying. Her thoughts were far away from the schoolroom.

Outside, the yellow heaven, touched by frost, swayed and murmured, as the wind moved gently thru the branches of the huge cottonwood tree that stood by the schoolroom window.

Louanna disliked fifth-hour study—she was tired and hungry by then. Moreover, Amy Allen sat in front of her. It took all the kindness of Louanna's heart to be nice to Amy, who just now was industriously rouging her already red cheeks and touching with scarlet her pink lips.

Louanna's fair skin and red lips, untouched by rouge, seemed fairer by contrast with Amy's gilded face. Her brown hair, which she had never bobbed, was coiled in smooth bands across her head. She gazed around the room. She was the only long-haired girl in it. There were a few others in school, but none in the fifth-hour study. She stood out among the others as a lily would stand out in a bouquet of scarlet cannas.

Usually she did not care—but today! Even though she ranked among the first in her class, Amy always made her feel that she was an outsider—a stranger, a bit of a freak! Only that morning she had overheard her say to Delbert Ross, as she passed them loitering in the hall,

"Oh, Louanna! She is a little Polly Prim. Needs to be given a poke and brought to life." She did not hear Delbert's reply. If she had but heard it, she would not have minded Amy's sly thrust.

"Louanna is the prettiest girl in our class," he had responded loyal-

ly, "the prettiest and the smartest, too. She doesn't need all that calamine some of you girls spread on."

"Does it really pay," Louanna wondered, "to dress and act womanly?" Maybe the boys liked girls of Amy's style better. Amy not only rouged, and rolled her hose, but even boasted that she took a puff of her boy friend's cigarette occasionally.

Louanna liked Delbert Ross. It had been a real ordeal to come from a tiny school like the one at Clearwater into a large school like this one at Wade, and he had been friendly and helpful while she was "learning the ropes." She recalled how glad she had been when Friday night came, to see his friendly face at young people's meeting. She was thinking now of how he had said after the service,

"Miss Lewis, I am so glad to know that you are coming with us. I surely like to hear you sing."

"But girls like Amy always seem to get anything they want," she thought. "Maybe I am too prim, too careful, too old-fashioned."

It was no wonder that Louanna failed in her history recitation that day. All she could see was Delbert's brown head leaning over Amy's fair one, and all she could hear was "Polly Prim, Polly Prim." Miss Lane, her history teacher, looked at her closely and decided the girl must be ill. Her cheeks were flushed crimson and her eyes were stormy. Miss Lane appreciated Louanna. She was so dainty and sweet, a real relief to any one's eyes. Few of the senior girls were so natural and unspoiled.

Louanna had her life all planned. She had confided to Miss Lane that she intended to become a singing evangelist. Her voice, a real gift, was to be given to her Master in song. It had not seemed a difficult

thing back in the little church at home to promise God to use her talent for Him. But here in the big city school and church Louanna was fighting her first real battle. There was a sincere desire in her heart to serve and please her Lord, but the influence all about her was adverse. Her schoolmates, nearly all of them, were frivolous and worldly. Deep down in her heart she never wavered, but at times the temptation to be, to do, and to say things not consistent with her stand for Christ almost overwhelmed her. What could it matter? Were not many of the girls who seemed to enjoy these questionable things Christians?

She walked home that afternoon, her mind in a turmoil. Up to her pretty room she went, and at her desk she faced the question. Resolutely she marshaled the facts. If she held to her resolve to be a real Christian, she foresaw that she would always be a little lonely. But a voice whispered to her, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." She knew she would be compelled to forego many things that the young people all about her called pleasures. She would always be a little "different" and be thought "queer," the tempter warned her.

Then came the thought that she would at least have peace and rest, her conscience would not flay her as it had done all day. She would not be constantly defending herself and her actions to herself. She visioned the joy she would experience as she saw others swayed by her messages in song and pointed to her Savior. Her eyes stung as tears gathered behind the lids.

For a long time she battled with her conscience. She knew that the class party next week would be a crucial test for her. It was to be a dance. Louanna could hear the strains of jazz as she sat in her

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FATHER'S PAGE

This page is dedicated to the memory of our own dear father who so recently went away to be with Jesus, and all other good fathers of our land. God bless the fathers who work day in and day out for the support of their family, to see them have the best possible comforts and who make it possible for mother to be the good mother that she is.

ORIGIN OF FATHER'S DAY

It cannot be said that we are indebted to any one person bringing about the observance of Father's Day, but rather in answer to a popular demand. Ever since Mother's Day has been placed on the calendar, the question has been raised "Why should we not likewise remember our fathers?" and since then churches and Sunday-schools, here and there, have held Father's Day Services. And now, by popular assent, it is fast becoming the custom to do this. With the same significance that is given to the white carnation as the emblem of Mother's Day, the red rose has been chosen to be worn on Father's Day.

MY FATHER

Gentle, courteous in his ways,
Gladly giving God all praise
For the beauty of each hour,
Singing bird, and fragrant flower.
Children running down the street,
How he loved their smiles to greet;
"Let there never be a tear
On their cheeks," he would aver.
And if youth had gone awry,
To bring them back to God he'd try.
Joys and sorrows he did share,
Lightened many a weary care;
Mad, us feel that God is Love.
(Now he's with his Lord above.)
A heart so filled with perfect grace,
As he prayed 'twould light his face.
His the very best of creeds—
Just to serve another's needs.—Sel.

FACE TO FACE

I had walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led;
And then one day in a quiet place
I met the Master, face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for a goal,
Much thought for the body, but none for the soul;
I had thought to win in life's mad race,
When I met the Master, face to face.

I had built my castles and reared them high,
Till their towers pierced the blue of the sky.
I had vowed to rule with an iron mace,
When I met my Master, face to face.

I met Him and knew Him, and blushed to see
That eyes full of sorrow were turned on me.
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While all my castles melted away—
Melted and vanished, and in their place
I saw not else but my Master's face;
And I cried aloud: "Oh, make me meet
To follow the path of Thy tired feet!"

And now my thoughts are for the

souls of men;
I've lost my life, to find it again!
E'er since that day in a quiet place,
I met my Master, face to face.—Sel.
Sent in by Father for Lighted Pathway a short time before his death.

STORY

Story: There comes from some unknown source this story—A boy, the son and namesake of John Martin, a devout Quaker, ran away from home and enlisted in the army. One day, after a terrible battle, word came that the lad was missing. In a few hours the father had reached the battle field. All day, he went among the wounded, seeking for his son. Night came on, and still he sought, now with a lighted lantern. It began to rain, and a gust of wind extinguished the light. Still the father pressed on, groping his way through the darkness, calling, "John Martin, thy father is seeking thee," and at last there came a feeble answer, "Here, father." Out in the night and the storm, the young man had heard his father's voice. Out in the darkened, stormy battle fields of sin many a boy is being sought by the Father whose name he bears. May the ears of such be opened to the pleadings of a father's love.

HAVE YOU A FATHER SOMEWHERE TODAY?

May be sung to old tune, "Blessed Assurance: Jesus Is Mine."
Have you a father somewhere today,
Still on the earth, tho' aged and grey?
When did you see him? When have you sought
To lighten his path with cheer as you ought?

CHORUS

Cheer him today with tongue or with pen;
Bring to his face the sunlight again;
Tell him you love him and care for him yet;
Tell him his love you will never forget.

Have you a father somewhere alone,

Sadly bereft of friends he has known?
Go to him now, tho' many your cares,
Lighten the load he silently bears.

Have you a father? O, do not wait,
Go to him now before it's too late;
Thank him again for all of his care;
Tell him the Lord has answered his prayer.

Where The Old Man Used To Pray

I heard a story of two young men that were very wicked, yet their father was a very earnest, consecrated Christian. He held family prayers every night, kneeling down by a little table that stood in a corner by the hearthstone; but the two young men did not care to bow with their father at the little old table. Finally the father died and left the two wicked sons. He had prayed for them many a time and sometimes with tears in his eyes he had talked with them about their Savior, but they did not care to hear him.

Time went on, and in after years they decided, as they had gained in property, to remove the old house, and build a larger one. They were both carpenters, and undertook the job themselves. They took off the roof, and then the sides of the house, and then they took up the floor, plank by plank, and finally they got near the old hearthstone, and one of them stopped and looked at his brother. He said:

"Here's where father used to kneel and pray, there's where the little table stood, and the Bible was always on it." The other said:

"Yes, it seems to me I can see the print of father's knees on that old plank now!" He continued, "I

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:-= MISSIONARY PAGE =:-

A BLACK DIAMOND

Influential Native Becomes Missionary of Power in Africa

J. O. Lehman, Missionary on Furlough

Way to Redemption: The Bible points the way to redemption, the way of relief from sin, the way of escape from its power, the way of salvation from selfishness and animalism, to holiness, spirituality and love. That's why people, who for the first time hear the story of Christ say, with the Congo chief, "Why didn't you tell us sooner? Why didn't you let us know?"

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?"

The words came sad and low, "O ye who knew the gospel truths, Why didn't you let us know?"

The Savior died for all the world,

He died to save from woe;

But we never heard the story;

Why didn't you let us know?

"We appeal to you, O Christians, In lands across the sea.

Why didn't you tell us sooner,

Christ died for you and me?

Nineteen hundred years have passed

ed

Since disciples were told to go To the uttermost parts of the earth and teach:

Why didn't you let us know?"

John Bila, the son of a chief, was a youth of about twenty summers of the Shangaan tribe, who naturally had a very promising future before him. He was one among the many thousands who left his home to come to Johannesburg to work in the gold mines to earn enough money to pay his hut tax and to buy wives. Being a youth and of strong robust physique, he enjoyed himself in the heathen customs, superstitions and sins of his tribe. He was always in the lead in the organization of the heathen customs. When there was a war dance he was always there, and at a beer drink he was never behind. In all the superstitions and practices of

ancestral worship, witchcraft and the low, degraded fetishes, he was a first partaker. John was one of those open-faced, whole-hearted and whole-souled young men who always went in to enjoy things with all his power. There were 10 half measures with him. He was a good workman in the mines and he was no less faithful in serving the devil.

He had not come to the mines to listen to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but when he first heard the message in one of those open air services held in the compounds, it laid claim upon his soul, and he was gripped as in a vice, with the mighty convincing power of the Holy Ghost to live a different life. The struggles with him from death unto life characterized the mighty combat of two great powers for mastery one over the other. As the light of the glorious Gospel shone around him and into his benighted soul, he could resist no longer, but Christ, the Conqueror, won the day and he was found prostrate at the mercy seat confessing his sins. He made a clean sweep and came right through on the resurrection and glory side. His was a birth; John knew that a radical change had taken place. He knew that old things had passed away and all things had become new. He knew that whereas he was blind now he could see. He knew that he was a child of God—a new man in Christ Jesus.

This definite experience made John to know that he could not live as he did before. Nor did he wish to, for all his desires were changed. No more desire for intoxicants, nor war dances; nor for making provisions for the flesh in plurality of wives. John took another bold step in consecrating his life wholly unto the Lord. His consecration included the forsaking of all that was of gain to him. When he was called for, at the death of his father, to come home to take the chieftainship to which he felt heir, he refused. He knew full well that

such a move would mean for him a step backward. His face was set like Christ's toward Jerusalem for the Cross. To him it was, "No Cross, no Crown." Therefore, he counted his father's legacy of wives and cattle and all other possessions as loss, that he might win Christ.

Nor did John stop here, but after he had spent several years in the joyful service of evangelism, winning his fellows to Christ, as one of our evangelists, he took a stand for Christ against all the other evangelists who clamored for a greater monthly allowance. He came to me, saying that he had no desire for an increase in allowance, knowing that his stand would invoke upon his head the displeasure of his fellow workers. So we joined in prayer that God would strengthen him in the test, and bring him out more than conqueror. The increase was granted, but, true to his convictions, when the increase was sent to him as well as the rest, John came to me saying, "What does this mean? Did I not say that I did not want an increase and here you have sent it?" I said, "If you do not want it, all you need to do is to return it." In this he was as firm as Gibraltar, returning the money with the request that the former allowance be sent to him always. John rejoiced to sacrifice for his Master, and when, afterward, his fellow workers would complain of being short in finances, it was a pleasure for him to testify that he got along better with his old allowance than those who had been increased. And truly it was so, for he always seemed to be better off than the others. God alone knows how to pronounce His blessings. It was a red-letter day for John to be baptized in water, for this was the day when he was to be named John. It has become a very precious custom among our converts to choose Bible names at the time of their baptism in water. So John chose for himself the name which he bears, and his after life makes him worthy indeed to be called "the beloved disciple." For him to stand before his own people as a witness for Christ was not a cross, but it was a glorious pleasure to embrace this opportunity

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It's Different When It's One's Own

(Continued from page four)

"There isn't any one there. They took him away today."

"Who, dear?"

"Daddy," she gulped.

"They took your father away?" not understanding.

"Yes—they told me to stay until they got back. It was so quiet — without Daddy—I couldn't stay — alone."

"Keep the dime—it's yours now," little Myra said.

The policeman was coming nearer. Nellie shook her head, as Myra's mother handed the dime to her. She probably felt that it was a trap to test her honesty. "It's yours now. Myra has given it to you. This is our house. Let's all go inside."

In the cheerful living-room, the lady talked to Nellie.

"Tell us about your father, dear."

"When they took him away he was so still. I heard them say I was just as well off—but—but he was my daddy. He was always kind — when he didn't take something from a bottle. He was kind—they were not."

"They!—Who?"

"The people from the in—institution, ma'am. The place where they put little girls who haven't any daddy or mother. I—I—didn't want to go there. —I—I don't want to go where they say bad things about my daddy. I—I—wouldn't have picked up the money—if I had remembered what he always told me."

"There wasn't any harm in picking the dime up. When you know it belongs to some one else, you wouldn't want it, would you?"

Nellie's eyes wandered to Myra's flaxen curls and to the warm little coat she had removed. Then she looked about the room; at the comfortable chairs, almost too large for little girls; the pictures, with their beautiful colorings; lastly, at the bowl of fruit on the center table. Her lips became fixed, almost a straight line. The lady rang a bell. A maid entered.

"Maybe our little guest would like to freshen up. Dinner will be

ready in five minutes. You go too, Myra, and see that she has what she wants. Did you eat early, dear?"

"I—I—didn't eat today. Daddy and I ate—all there was—yesterday," choking and following Myra and the maid from the room.

Nothing to eat all day—nowhere to go—and her father had died. Nellie was loyal to the father who had been kind—sometimes. Who was she to judge? The lady sat thinking. Suppose Myra, her own little girl, had been hungry and had picked up a dime. Suppose the dime had helped to fill her little daughter's hungry stomach. Oh, it was easy enough to be good to one's own children—"one's own" she murmured. She and others on the board sat in judgment on cases such as this. She had the means to gratify her own desires and little Myra's. It would be no denial to give up for the sake of little Myra, even if there had not been enough for both. Giving up for one's own meant no real sacrifice. What of those, who, like Nellie, had no own—?

At the dinner table, she looked over at Nellie's happy little face. "Would you like to stay on with us? Myra has no playmate." Yes maybe Myra was getting a little selfish—too self-willed. This was what she needed—a playmate.

"To stay on? You mean—to—have a home—not to go to the in—institution?" her little face radiant.

"Yes—just that," said the lady, watching little Nellie eat.

"Oh, I'd like that. I didn't want to go where they talked about Daddy."

Myra, who was sitting next to Nellie, slipped her soft little hand in the visitor's. "You—you can have half my things. Mother, can't I give Nellie more than half—'cause—I've always had them—and you, Mother—"

"I'd like to stay—to have some one like a mother—of course, you're Myra's mother—but—but—"

"Myra's mother has enough love in her heart for two little girls."

"And I may look at the beautiful things all I want?" unbelieving.

"Yes, dear; they are going to be your's and Myra's and mine—always."

Myra ran around the table to her mother's chair. She whispered something in her mother's ear. The lady smiled and Nellie thought she had never seen so sweet a smile. She could not remember her own mother. Myra's mother nodded. Myra returned with a box. She placed it in front of Nellie's plate.

"For me? What is it?" Wondering, she opened the box.

"They are all yours," Myra said. "Lots and lots of dimes. I've saved them. I want you to have them—'cause—'cause—I was mean about the dime you found."

"I never had—any money before—of my own."

"Myra," said the lady, "can't you think up some games for Nellie's first evening?" She was blinking.

Happily the two children played—the dark head touching the blond.

At bedtime Myra said, "Mother, I've divided all my games with Nellie—you don't mind?"

"I'm glad you did, dear."

"Seems like you enjoy things more when some one has the other half—"

"I think so too, dear."

Long after the children slept, Myra's mother sat thinking. Little Nellie had had so little. Her little Myra had wanted for nothing. "One's own," she said, very softly to herself. Then she went over to the little bed where Nellie lay sleeping and kissed her.

THE PLACE WHERE THE OLD MAN USED TO PRAY

(Continued from page eight)

can't take up the plank; you take it up." The other one said:

"No, I can't; I wish you would," and as they looked into each other's eyes, the voice of their old father spoke to them, and the Spirit of God vitalized the voice; and where the old man had prayed a thousand times, the boys prayed that day, and asked the old, old question, "What shall I do to be saved?" And the Spirit of God came down and revealed Jesus to their hearts, and before that plank was ever taken up, they gave their hearts to God.

Young People's Bible Lessons

Topic: What Does Our Church Ask Of Us?

Scripture Lesson: Rom. 12:1-8.

The first thing our Church asks of us is that we obey our scripture lesson. When we do this we will be all our Church asks of us.

The Church asks that we act as members of a body, not as self-willed individuals. We must learn to act "in Christ," that is, under His influence, act as He would act if He were here. It would be good to always ask ourselves the question, "What would Jesus do?" The Church wants to use whatever gift we have; speaking, praying, writing, drawing or even washing dishes or clothes. Somebody must do these things. And they are just as great and as honorable as the work of the greatest evangelist in the world, if that is what God has called you to do. God may have called you to wash and cook for the evangelist while he or she studies to be able to give out the Word. What would become of that evangelist if there were no one to provide these things? But you who do these things will get the same reward if you do it cheerfully as unto the Lord and for your Church.

THE CHURCH ASKS CHEERFULNESS, GOOD WILL AND KINDNESS

Yes, this is perhaps the greatest need of the Church. God is looking for cheerful souls who will drive away discouragement from the Church. One discouraged soul can discourage everybody else in a church in a very short time. If we are to be what our Church expects of us we must keep cheery and happy and hopeful, remembering every cloud has a silver lining. The Church would be better off without the man or woman who can never see the bright side to anything.

KINDNESS AND FRIENDLINESS

Kindness and friendliness is another thing the Church needs. This is the only way to let your light shine. The world can almost look at your face and tell whether the light of Jesus is there. People can look at you and tell whether or not you have the victory. We are living epistles read and known of all men. Our Church asks of us to be worthy to be read.

THE CHURCH ASKS FOR OUR ATTENDANCE

Yes the Church asks for our attendance. Empty pews are poor witnesses for Christ. There is nothing so discouraging as an empty house for the pastor, and you may not be able to preach or sing in a great way but just a filled pew will have its reward. Let me tell you a story of an old woman who had been a faithful attendant at her church services for years, never missing a service only in sickness and she had been sick very little. There was an infidel in that community and this old lady passed by his house each Sabbath on her way to church. A revival began in that church with a great evangelist in charge. The infidel attended. One night after a great sermon the infidel walked down the aisle and gave his heart to God. Everybody was so happy that he had made the step. After the service they rushed up and shook hands with the new convert and the preacher asked

him, "What did I say in my sermon that convicted you?" Nothing in your sermon convicted me, it was the faithfulness of that old woman who has been passing my house all these years. I thought there must be something in this religion to make any one so faithful." So dear ones, if you feel that God missed you when He distributed the talents remember it is a great thing to just be faithful and fill your pew in the church.

THE CHURCH ASKS FOR OUR FINANCIAL SUPPORT

The Church must close without our financial support. The cattle on a thousand hills belong to God, but these cattle must be sold and the money pass through our hands before it can do the Church any good. God could turn the whole world into gold and tell us to help ourselves but that is not His plan. God's plan for us is for us to sacrifice and give as He prospers us for the support of the Church. God never did say He would just hand over to us all that we need without our working for it. He could do it but it isn't His plan. So let's study hard how we can work a little to support our Church. There are many legitimate ways of earning money for God. You have read about our penny a day plan I presume. We want you to begin now to think about raising a penny a day from the first of April until the first of October. It is said that money talks, but as a usual thing in church life it only whispers. Let us make it talk for the next few months. Directly we will get in such a habit of working and giving that it will really talk, and this is what it will say, Debts paid, many new home mission stations established and foreign missionaries on the field, our own local church full and running over with souls that have given their hearts to God, for He said, Bring all your tithes into the storehouse and I will pour you out a blessing that there will not be room enough to contain. This means a tithe of time, and every other gift God has given us. Some people only use this in a financial way but it means all we have.

THE CHURCH NEEDS OUR LABOR

A church with a lot of lazy Christians who always have an excuse when asked to do something or who say, "I can't," is in a deplorable condition. It is a sin to take the vows of a church and pretend to be a member in good standing and not put your shoulder to the wheel and help to roll the church on to victory. If all the Church would take hold and roll at the same time and in the same direction, soon the darkness of this old world would be dispelled and the light of Jesus would shine forth to the uttermost parts of the earth. The pastor is your leader. And the only way to do this is to say, Pastor, which way are you going? and go along with him and pull in the same direction. A hundred young people could lighten the burden of the pastor in this way. In other words, whatever the pastor suggests for you to do

join in with him and help pull the load.

A CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS TO BE USED AS A FOUNDATION FOR YOUR TALKS

The Church demands reverence in its worship service. Whispering and gossip distract and spoil the service. Learn to be quiet.—A. W. Moore.

A deeper consecration of officers and members is needed, more daily prayer, more intimate contact with the living Christ, and more religion in the home.

Evangelism should be organized in the church. It is quite possible to organize in groups of three or

four for visitation evangelism. This brings new workers into the field and gives a fine training.—Wallace.

The church needs a generation of trained workers. We are inefficient because Sunday School teachers and practically all other workers are untrained. We need more study and preparation.—Archibald.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Attendance	Heb. 10:24-25
Faithfulness	3 John 5
Support	Gal. 6:6
Voluntary Service	Rom. 12:6-13
A Christian Life	Col. 3:1-3
Evangelistic Zeal	2 Tim. 4:1-2

Topic: Influence of a Single Life

By Vivian Haworth, Whitesboro, Texas

NOTE: Divide the lesson into as many parts as there are headings. Each Y. P. E. member should not only study the part assigned you, but should study the entire lesson so you will understand it more fully and be able to bring out new points.

Scripture Lesson, 2 Kings 5:1-14

Leader: Read the above scripture, and take the first part "Your Influence."

YOUR INFLUENCE

In this scripture lesson we notice the influence of a single life, just a girl, who had been captured from the land of Israel and taken to a strange land. What an influence you and I ought to wield in our day, a free soul in a free country surrounded by friends and acquaintances. We have so many advantages to learn how to wield a good influence. We have the way b'll (Bible) from earth to heaven taught in our services, Sunday School and Y. P. E. The best way to have a good influence is to obey His word and live a pure Christian life.

As you look into your own heart and life, has it been such that would wield an influence for good? Have you been so straight with your employer, or your associates, with your daily vocation in life at stenographic work, bookkeeping, printing, school work, or farming that your word to them means "truthfulness?"

Do you live such a life among your associates that when you speak of Christ and His work it is regarded as sincere and coming from the heart? Can they say of you, "You can depend on him telling the truth and doing his best?" If so when the opportunity comes for you to witness for Christ they will believe in you and your sincerity; and you will no doubt cause them to desire to live a Christian life. This is an influence each of us may wield in our own community.

HER HOME

We do not know this girl's name, but we judge from the words she spoke to her mistress, that she was a Samaritan, raised in the fear of God. She knew the prophet Elisha, he had probably been in her home; as it was his custom to visit in the homes. Perhaps she or some of her family had been healed in answer to his prayers. At any rate she knew enough about God and the prophet Elisha to know that even the dreaded disease of leprosy could be cured.

Isn't it a great blessing to be reared in a godly home, to have the seeds of truth and righteousness planted in our hearts from childhood? To instill in to the heart of a child the fact of God, His power,

love and mercy is sowing seed on good ground which will surely spring up and bring forth good fruit.

Do you have a Christian home? If so, give thanks to God for you have one of the greatest assets that can come to a young man and woman of this generation.

"To have a home by God endowed,
Where hate and strife are not allowed,
Is to the youth a stepping stone,
That brings him nearer to the throne."

A CAPTIVE

The town in which this girl lived was raided by a band of Assyrian soldiers, and she was taken captive into the land of Assyria to be a maid for the captain's wife.

They separated her from her parents, her loved ones, and her country, but they could not separate her from God and the knowledge she had of Him in her heart. Far away in a strange land, but not alone for God was there.

What a wonderful thought—even tho' they separate us from loved ones, and from home they cannot separate us from Him. Christ said to His followers "Lo I am with you always." We can always depend on Him; many things may happen but He will not forsake us.

SHE WAS SMALL

She was not a grown person with years of experience, but just a little girl probably entering her teens. Yet she was large enough to carry a message from God to the heart of her master that caused a great deliverance.

We are only young people and feel our inability but let us not discount the small things for God said "Despise them not." Many of us look so much to the big things, big men, big salaries, big business and big enterprises that we get the big head. God does not count the heads. He counts the hearts. He looks at the small things. He takes the foolish to confound the wise, and the weak things to confound the mighty.

GOD SEEKS THE HUMBLE

It was not the great law-giver Moses that God picked to deliver Israel; it was the little babe floating yonder in the bulrushes. He did not call the great prophet to carry His message, but the boy Samuel. It was not the great king that killed Goliath but the youth David. It was not the head of the tribe who conquered Midian, but the farmer boy Gideon. And it was not the wise old priest or the grey-haired prophet who carried the message of healing into Assyria, but a little captive child.

Do you feel your limitations? God wants you

Do you realize your inability? God can use you. Do you realize your littleness? God has a place for you. Remember, God may choose you and make you great, as He did Moses, Samuel, David and Gideon, but he will never choose you because you are great. Those who intend to go to the top by making big steps only will find their associates who are willing to take the small steps outstripping them.

HER MESSAGE

In a simple, childlike way she delivered a great message. "Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." She did not know much, but what she did know she told. This is a great lesson for the young Christian. You may not know much about God, but when opportunity comes tell what you do know. She could not explain it, but she could state the fact. We may not be able to explain all about the plan of salvation; and to answer all the whys and wherefores, but we can tell that which we know.

"Though we cannot sing like Silas,
Though we cannot preach like Paul,
We can tell the love of Jesus,
We can say He died for all."

Her message was simple, but it was convincing. Simplicity in telling the gospel story is one of the greatest assets a child of God can have. One man said of a great evangelist, "I like him because he is simple, I knew the meaning of every word he used." One teacher said, "Strive for simplicity."

HER INFLUENCE

The influence of this girl is remarkable. Her life of purity and truthfulness wielded this influence. The people in this home had confidence in her and they could depend on what she said. Naaman would never have started off on such an errand unless he felt sure there was something in it. But they had

never caught her in a falsehood, therefore believed what she told them. Here we see the power of influence. Had she been a girl who was deceitful and flighty about the home, even when she told the truth they would have doubted her. But in her case they reasoned, "We have always found her truthful, there is no reason why she should try to deceive us now, and we are going to try it."

How far do you suppose her influence spread. It spread beyond the home of the captain, it reached the palace of the king; he had no doubt heard of the noble character of this captive girl and how dependable she was. Therefore he said to Naaman, "You go, and I will write a letter to the king of Israel myself about your coming." What an influence she had, her mistress believed in her, her master believed in her and the king himself had confidence in her.

SHE WAS REWARDED

We do not always see the fruit of our labors, or the power of our influence, and it is not best that we should, but God does allow us to see enough to encourage our hearts. We do not know the fullness of her reward but she was paid by seeing her master return a well man, recovered of his leprosy. Such a reward is far better than dollars and cents. She had a satisfaction that she had done a good deed.

We may labor faithfully for Jesus in the Y. P. E., have our discouraging times as well as times when everything is going fine, we may pull through some difficult problems and yet see little results for our labors at the present. But remember, we have His promise, "Whatsoever he doeth (for God) shall prosper." and "My word shall not return unto me void." Leave the results with God.

SUGGESTION:—It might be good to have your pastor give a five minute talk on the above subject at the close of the program.

Topic: Our Reward

By Mrs. E. Jackson—Scrip. Lesson, Matt. 7:24-27

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

It is natural to desire a reward, which is good. We like to win a prize or recompense. The plan of life is so ordered that at the end of the way there is a reward for everyone. The reward for the wicked is punishment. The reward for the righteous is joyous everlasting life.

We get our eternal reward, according to the condition we are found in at the end of the way. When the righteous turneth from his righteousness and committeth iniquity, he shall even die thereby. But if the wicked turn from his wickedness and do that which is lawful and right, he shall live thereby. Ezek. 33:18-19. And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. Rev. 22:12.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—Gal. 6:7, 8.

SOWING AND REAPING ALONG THE WAY

We do not have to wait till the final day, to reap the reward altogether of what we sow in life.

Character is built in youth. Our life is effected by many influences, either for good or bad. Just what we give heed to, determines what we receive in

building us up for good or for bad.

If an intellectual education is desired, the right kind of attention and effort to study and instruction will accomplish the desired reward.

If the days of youth are spent in carelessness and opportunities not heeded that would make for culture, it's usually regretted in adult life.

Amid all the influences that mold our lives there are none so profitable and strong as the grace of God. To follow its influence means a safe reward.

"Doth not wisdom cry,
And understanding put forth her voice?

In the top of high places by the way,
Where the paths meet she standeth;
Besides the gates, at the entry of the city,
At the coming in at the doors, she crieth aloud,
Receive my instruction and not silver;
And knowledge rather than choice gold."—Prov. 8.

SOWING IN SIN

"If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption." The young man or woman, who goes into sin will begin to speedily reap ill results. It is said energy spent in dissipation of youth can never be regained in this life. The longer one goes in sin, the more they will reap of a seared conscience and hardened heart.

God's Word is sure and steadfast; there is no way getting around the sentence, "As you sow shall

you reap." There are many ways to sow in sin and many ways to reap. There is a probability of sowing in youth that will bring forth sorrow throughout life. Some young people neglecting to take advice of parents, place themselves for the reaping of an undesired reward. They think they know when they don't. Oh! It pays to heed the Word of God, "Honor thy father and mother." Don't risk any thing to go against the Word of God. If you do you are sure to reap sorrow.

If we live for worldly pleasures, will it pay? Worldly pleasures are fleeting. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. 27:1. It may bring the final reckoning, and if we are not clothed with righteousness, we lose eternal life.

SOWING IN RIGHTEOUSNESS

This world with all it has to offer, will soon pass away; but he that doeth the will of God "abideth forever." In our Christian life, God promises to maintain us. "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you: that ye always, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." 2 Cor. 9:8. We will abound more and more in the Christian life as we work, meditate and pray in the Spirit.

What rich rewards for young people who will consecrate themselves to the Lord and His service, early enough in life.

Their reaping will be highly profitable for soul, mind and body. Cultivating the graces of the Spirit, powers of the mind and health of body, thus forming an all round Christian character, that surely

pays and pays well.

REWARDS PROMISED TO FAITHFUL WORKERS

God has chosen us and sent us forth in His service for the saving of souls. "Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are ripe already to harvest." John 4:35.

"Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Jas. 5:20. "And He saith unto them follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4:19. "And the Lord said unto the servant, go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in that my house may be filled." Luke 14:23. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccl. 11:1. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

OUR HEAVENLY REWARD

If we live for God to the end of our way our reward will be our heavenly home throughout eternity. There the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary be at rest. No sickness, no pain, no sorrow and no death shall mar our happiness in the eternal paradise—with time behind us, eternity before us and angels and the redeemed of all ages around us. My soul press on.

"O what joy it will be when His face I behold,

Living gems at His feet to lay down.

It will sweeten my bliss in the city of gold,

Should there be any stars in my crown."

Topic: Christ's Ascension

Starling Smith, 139 Cotter Ave., Somerset, Ky.

Scripture Lesson, Luke 24, 46-53.

The event spoken of under this title is one among those which Christians of every age have given much thought and study with great satisfaction. It was in His ascension that Christ exhibited the perfect triumph of humanity over every antagonist. Jesus having spoiled the grave, and sanctified the earth, now purified the air as He passed through it on His way to heaven. He arose to heaven in a manner worthy of special note. The time He sojourned on earth after His resurrection, namely forty days, sufficed to prove His identity, to remove doubts, to instruct His disciples, and give them their commission.

The place from which He rose was a mountain, a mount where He aforetime had communed with them. This mount looked down on Bethany, His dearest earthly rest; and was near to Gethsemane, the place of His supreme agony. The scene itself was very remarkable. Our Savior having repeatedly conversed with His apostles after His resurrection, and afforded them many infallible proofs of its reality, led them from Jerusalem to Bethany, and was raised up to heaven in their sight: there to continue till He shall descend at the last day to judge the quick and the dead.

THE EVIDENCE OF HIS ASCENSION

The evidences of this fact were numerous. The disciples saw Him ascend (Acts 1:9, 10). "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold two men stood by them in white

apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." In the above statement two angels testified that He did ascend. Stephen, Paul and John saw Him in His ascended state (Acts 7:55, 56; Rev. 1). The ascension was demonstrated by the descent of the Holy Ghost. (John 14:7-14). Acts 2:33, says, "Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear." The terrible overthrow and dispersion of the Jewish nation is still a standing proof of it (John 8:21; Matt. 26:64).

THE TIME OF THE ASCENSION

The time of Christ's ascension was forty days after the resurrection, and ten days before Pentecost fiftieth day, the name given in the New Testament to the Feast of Weeks, or of ingathering, which was celebrated on the *fiftieth* day from the festival of unleavened bread, or the Passover; or seven weeks from the 16th day of Nisan. He continued so many days upon earth that He might give repeated proofs of His resurrection (Acts 1:3) and might open to them the Scriptures concerning Himself, and renew their commission to preach the Gospel. Acts 1:5, 6; "For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" also Mark 16:15.

(Continued on page seventeen)

The Folly of Compromise

(Continued from page five)
faulty patterns."

"Mother," said Father Gray one evening, as he gazed sadly into the dying flames of the fireplace, "I've been thinking that we made a serious mistake in the days of long ago—and that mistake has borne bitter fruit, of which our children and we have eaten to our own distress." "I don't understand, Father," quavered the voice of the little old lady who was once a lovely and eager bride. "What do you mean, Father?"

"I mean," he returned, "that we tried to compromise with our conscience and our children. We knew what was right, for we had been brought up in the way of rectitude, but the pressure around us was great, and we yielded a point here and a point there, permitting first this Sunday pleasure, and then that one, and then going a little farther and excusing many courses of procedure on the part of our children, on the ground that young people couldn't be tied down too closely, and that times had changed.

"If I were to live my life over again, I should do very differently. I should hold fast to my own faith and my own principles. I should not be jostled one way or the other, and as long as my children were beneath my roof and dependent upon me I should try to have them think and see as I did; but if I was unsuccessful in that, I should require respect for my wishes and manner of living.

"Wife, we gave the children too much rope. We let them take the reins in their own hands. It wasn't fair to the children, for in their inexperience and youth they went too fast and too far. We failed, and so they failed.

"If I had it all to do over again, I should try my best to cultivate a happy, Christian home atmosphere, and to have our children understand that the only road to happiness lies along the highway of obedience to God and the keeping of His commandments."

"I have realized that for a long

time, James," returned Mrs. Gray, "but it is too late now."

"Yes," her husband said regretfully.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these: It might have been!"

The last flame in the fireplace flared up, flickered, and went out, leaving behind a smoldering branch which the last storm had blown from the old tree at the corner of the house.—Sel.

"LAID ASIDE"

(Continued from page six)
The harvest time is waning fast.

Workers now are bringing in their sheaves,

And I am idle here.

Since I may not go out

And help them bring the harvest home—

Perhaps a little melody I sing

May cheer them on.

Perhaps a little prayer I say

Will easier make their way.

Grace E. Foss.

OUR READING CLUB

Below is a letter written by a member of "Our Reading Club." We are glad to know our young brother is spending his spare time this way. We would be glad to hear from any other member who is enjoying good books and who have been benefited by reading. If you have especially been blessed by reading a certain book tell us about it and inspire others to read.

April 24, 1931,
Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Sister:

I am writing you a few lines to let you know how much I love your paper. I think it is one of the best published for people both young and old. It gives spiritual helps and encouragement along the way. I still love the Lord and am trying to do more for Him each day. The young people in Toledo are getting in the homes and trying to do their part.

I am still reading a little at spare time. I work 12 hours a day and go to church nights so most of my time is taken up.

However, I have read the follow-

ing books: Myrtars and Wittness, Demonology, Dying Testimony, Second Coming of Christ, Bible Questions and Answers and the Bible. This is the book I like best. It is the light of the world. We can read it over and over and never get tired of it and always find something new. It is a marvelous book to let us know of all things past, present, and future. Well pray for me and the young people at Toledo.

A brother in Christ, Harold Lintner, 326 Elen St., Toledo, Ohio.

DON'T WAIT

Vivian Haworth

Why are you waiting? You have laying in the back of your head the idea that some day you are going to do something that will make you, as well as your friends, happy over your success. In your imagination you can hear them say they never supposed you had it in you. How great you feel as you think of these honors. If you receive these great honors, you feel sure you will be able to rise to the opportunity when it comes, but why are you waiting?

A year ago you were waiting for this year; a week ago you were waiting for this week; yesterday you were waiting for today. Time is up. Do you realize the great things will never be accomplished if you keep putting it off? Get busy now, at least make a beginning. Each day you put it off is a day less of satisfaction and honor for you.

Don't wait. Indeed this adage is true, "Procrastination is the thief of time." We think of a discouraged friend and say, "Oh I must encourage that sad heart." We see one in need and suddenly some deed of kindness flashes into our mind; we see some poor sinner with the scars of sin stamped on his face for whom we would pray; then there are young men and young women we should invite to the Y. P. E. but still we wait and say, "I will tomorrow." But, sad to say, tomorrow for many of us never comes. Again I say—Don't wait!

For His Glory

(Continued from page 7)

quiet room. She knew the kind of music they would have. She felt that her Lord would never have gone to such a place.

But she wanted to go—her dress was ready. She looked at it as it hung on the hanger. Flimsy, dainty, and pink as an apple blossom's heart it was, and she knew it would bring out the tint of her cheeks and make her brown eyes deeper.

She had felt sure that Delbert Ross would ask to take her to the party. She felt sure she could not say she was not going. She did not want to dance. She had not cared to dance since she had consecrated her life and talent to God. But she did want to go if Delbert asked her.

Suddenly she dropped to her knees by her bed. When she arose, her eyes were wet, but a smile of victory was on her lips. Her decision was made. She was going to be true to Christ, to her best ideals, and to the vow she had made.

"Louanna," called her mother, "telephone for you." She ran lightly downstairs, took the receiver off the hook, and instantly Delbert's voice came to her.

"Hello, Delbert," she answered. And then came the invitation she had been expecting.

Louanna hesitated, and as she did so, the longing to go came back, like a flood. Forgotten was the vow she had made, forgotten her recent decision. She only remembered that she wanted most awfully the good will of this boy, and the approval of her mates.

"Yes, Delbert, I shall be glad to go."

"Click," went his receiver, and instantly to Louanna came a heavy feeling of doubt. If she only had not hesitated!

"Who called you?" Mother wanted to know.

"It was Delbert Ross; he wants to come by and take me to the class party," Louanna returned slowly.

"Will there be dancing, dear?" her mother asked.

"Ye-es," returned Louanna.

Mother just said, "O Louanna!" and went on about her work. The

week sped by. The big night came. Louanna, flushed and radiant in her new dress, met Delbert at the door. He came in to greet her mother, promising to get Louanna home at a reasonable hour. Then they were off. Louanna, although she could not rid herself of the unhappy memory of mother's eyes, was radiant. To her the hall was a fairyland.

But when the music struck up, and Delbert dutifully came to ask her for the first dance, she found herself saying, "O Delbert, let's not dance! Let's watch and sit out on the stairs."

"Suits me," Delbert responded. "I didn't think you would dance. In fact, I was almost afraid you wouldn't come," he added with a close look into her eyes.

Again that guilty twinge struck Louanna.

"I wanted to, so dreadfully bad, because you asked me," she confided. He smiled appreciatively, as he piloted her across the long room. They found a group of other young people who were not dancing, and soon such a merry, laughing crowd surrounded them that several couples left the dance floor and joined their group. They started some old-time games, and before long they were having a jolly time.

In a pause in the music some one called out, "Let's have a song! Where is Louanna? Come on, Louanna, and sing for us!"

As she turned toward the piano, Amy passed her. In a low, mocking tone she said, "Sing us a hymn, Louanna: that's all you know."

Suddenly Louanna knew what she would do. She felt much as she imagined Peter felt in the hall of judgment after he had denied his Lord. She, too, had denied Him by her acts and her rebellious thoughts. She seemed to see His eyes upon her, and across the room Delbert's gaze met hers. There was a fixed look in his eyes as though he said, "Now what will you do?" He, too, had heard Amy's rude remark.

"Sing, sing," the cry went on.

Louanna sat at the piano, ran her fingers over the keys, then suddenly turned and said, "Some of you know that after I have finished

school I am going into Christian work, and I can't tell you how glad I am. Amy has suggested that I sing a hymn, and really I think I shall do just that." In a moment her voice rang out, clear and strong:

"Leaving all to follow Jesus,
Turning from the world away;
Stepping out upon the promise:
All I have is His today.

"Taking up the cross for Jesus,
Glad for Him to suffer shame;
All my gain I count but losses
For the glory of His name."

A hush fell on the room as she sang. When she finished, there was a long, quiet moment, then after a few remarks of "Lovely, Louanna," "Your voice is beautiful," the music struck up and the fun went on, but in a distinctly quieter vein.

Louanna felt the drop in spirits that comes to one who has faced temptation, won, and felt that he has needlessly made himself a trifle ridiculous.

She ate her supper with Delbert and a laughing crowd, but she felt detached, and was glad to be on the way home.

Suddenly she realized that Delbert was speaking and her thoughts came back with a jerk.

"O Louanna, you'll never know what your stand meant to me to night. I've been fighting such a battle. I've always wanted to be a minister. Mother says she gave me to God and the ministry before I was born. But lately I've felt as if I couldn't go through with it. It has seemed sometimes that I was the only boy in school who was trying to keep clean and to live right. I've felt as if every one looked down on me and thought me queer."

"I know," interjected Louanna softly as she remembered her own struggle.

"Then," went on Delbert, "you came to our school; you always seemed happy, seemed to be having such a good time, yet you were different, and some way made me see that the doubtful things so many of the others do are not necessary to happiness."

(Continued on page twenty)

A BLACK DIAMOND

(Continued from page nine)

ity to testify for his Master. Christ became his all consuming passion. To please Him was his only desire, and therefore he was always ready to push the battle to the gates.

He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. Our hearts would catch aflame as we would spend times together in prayer. You could hear him praying by himself, and then with others who would call on him. He was indeed a very humble servant of the Lord, and of a very tender and contrite spirit.

During the time he was with us, my brother-in-law, with his three children, stayed with us for a few months, and while there, his eldest son took sick with typhoid pneumonia, and was sick for a number of weeks. John was as much concerned for the boy as any of us, and it seemed at times that he was

rather more concerned. He used to pray with us for his healing, and we knew that God would answer. It developed that John had permitted the boy to eat sugar in excess and that caused his deep concern. After he confessed his fault in this he got hold of God in a wonderful way and it was not long until the boy was on his feet. The boy took no medicine whatever.

John Bila's consecration was of the absolute kind, which went bed-rock. Not a single instance can I remember when he drew back from any hardship for Christ's sake. It is indeed blessed to remember how John volunteered to leave his own people in the mines and go two thousand miles, or more, north to British East Africa. The call had come that there was a need for a native worker to go to this far-off land, to accompany a missionary friend of mine. No one volunteered but John. Here was now a decision

for John to make: whether he would stop on his way to visit among his people for a few weeks or go right on. He reasoned that if he stopped on his way with his mother and brethren, they might prevail upon him to stay with them. So he decided not to stop. It was a great day of rejoicing when he left for that far-off land, for he was the first foreign native missionary to carry the Gospel to distant tribes. Upon his arrival he soon endeared himself to the people of that land, acquired the language and became a great soul-winner. After several years of most faithful service in winning souls, it pleased the Father to call him up higher. His name is revered by all who learned to love him, and one of these days we expect to meet dear John Bila in the air when Christ comes for His saints. Oh hallelujah! what a gathering it will be!—From the Overcomer.

(Lesson four, continued from page 14)

The earthly work of the Redeemer is now over; the work which that sojourn on earth was designed to inaugurate is now to begin. We are in the presence of One who said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

THE MANNER OF CHRIST'S ASCENSION

The manner of Christ's ascension into heaven was an instance of divine simplicity. Paul admonished the church to not forget the simplicity of Christ. His ascension was from Mount Olivet to heaven, not an appearance only, but in reality, and that visibly and locally. It was a real motive of his human nature; sudden, swift, glorious and in a triumphant manner. While in the act of blessing His disciples, He was parted from them, and was carried up, and disappeared behind a cloud. There was no pomp; nothing could have been more simple. When things of note are left to men, the most of the time it is carried out on pomp and ceremony. But the ascension of our Lord was just simple, and our religion is just simple trusting in Jesus. I believe the ascension of Jesus was accompanied with a multitude of angels, after He went into the cloud; for in Psalms we read: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place. Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men: yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." Psalms 68:17, 18.

THE AFFECTS OF CHRIST'S ASCENSION

The affects or ends of His ascension were: First, to fulfill the types and prophecies concerning it, second to "appear as a priest in the presence of God for us." (Heb. 7:3). Third, to take upon himself openly the exercise of his kingly office; and fourth Paul said in his letter to the Ephesians that He ascended, what is it but that he also descended

first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things." He also ascended to open the way to heaven for His people, (Heb. 10:19, 20) and to assure the saints of their ascension to heaven after their resurrection from the dead. Of which statement is made in John 14:1, 2, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

OUR LORD'S ATTITUDE IN ASCENSION

Jesus' attitude in ascension was that "He lifted up his hands and blessed them." Luke 24:50. He scattered benediction upon them all, and not only them, but to us that believe on Him. Those hands had been pierced with the nails that hung Him to the Calvary cross; and they knew that they were Christ's hands. Thomas, the doubter, said he would not believe until he saw the nail pierced hands and thrust his hand in the Savior's side, and after seeing and believing he said, "My Lord and my God." Then Jesus pronounced a blessing upon all who had not seen Him and yet believed, and millions have been blessed under those pierced hands through faith in His name. When we see the pierced hands, it is then that we can realize the price of our blessings. A sight of those hands is in itself a blessing. By that sight we see pardon and eternal life. Those hands which blessed His disciples, now hold, on their behalf, the sceptre—of the kingdom: the Church of God and all its work, and of the future judgment, and the eternal reign, therefore let us worship Him, for He has ascended on high. Let us continue looking for Him until He descends and we rise to meet Him in the air.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Ascension, the, Luke 24:49-53
Ascension, scene, Acts 1:6-11
Supreme, victory, 1 Cor. 15:50-58



PRAYER PAGE



Not long ago we were driving along the highway and looking across the way we saw a sign which read as follows: "Stop awhile and refresh yourself and do better work." In an instant the voice of the Spirit said to me, "This is what I want you to do." And I realized that I needed to heed that voice. I had been working like thousands of others, day and night, hardly able to sleep nights for the busy rush of things, all important, and for the Lord, and yet how little time I had been taking to stop at the secret closet to refresh myself. How it pays us to stop and refresh ourselves. How much better we can work, and how much more our work counts if we are filled to overflowing with the refreshing Spirit of the Master. It is like going to the oil station and getting a fresh supply of oil and gas for our car. It is in this secret place that we get the proper repairing done so that our bodies are kept fit for the Master's service. I am giving you a page on this subject this month hoping to stimulate in you a desire to wait upon the Lord and let Him renew your strength.—Ed

Power of Prayer

* * *

"Lord, what a change within one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower,
What heavy burdens from our spirits take.
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distance and the near
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!
Why therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, while with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?"

* * *

"Everything vital to the success of the world's evangelization hinges on prayer. Are thousands of missionaries and tens of thousands of native workers needed? 'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.' Is a vast increase in gifts required to adequately prosecute the enterprise? Prayer is the only power that will influence God's people to give with purity of motive and with real sacrifice of self."—John R. Mott, M. A.

The Morning Watch

"And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning."

Has God ever called you gently out of sleep just at dawn that you might enjoy a quiet holy hour with him, reading his Word and talking to him? Go to an east window and see the first rays of light chase away the shadows of night and the cares of yesterday. Read his Word as you sit facing the dawn. You feel a holy presence, a silence o'er all the world that seems to be listening to him. Then hear the bird as it bursts into a song of praise and gladness that starts a vibration on the slow, sluggish strings of your own heart. Talk with God at dawn before the world wakes up.

"Not when I lay me down to sleep
Too weary longer watch to keep,
Tho' night enfolds and dangers nigh—

Not then, not then, it is that I
Need to pray thee, Lord,
'My soul to keep.'

"But when night flees before the Sun,
And I arise to overcome my foes,
My love embrace, my task to do,
My way to choose—'tis then I ask,
And need thee most, my soul to keep
'Till day is done."

What Good Does It Do To Pray?

That question, familiar to most of us who have thought at all about religion, was answered by a prominent business man in a very practical way. A friend of his who had been visiting him for awhile, said

to him rather abruptly, "What's your secret? I never saw a man of your age who is less worried or who takes things quite as easily as you do. What's the answer?" He replied "Did you ever leave the office some night all fagged out? Everything had gone wrong * * * and on your way home you run across a friend. He insists on keeping you downtown with him for dinner. * * * Somehow as the dinner progresses you find yourself forgetting that you are tired. You seem to be absorbing energy from his energy; to be renewing your store of ambition and faith from his overflowing reservoir. And when you leave him you walk home rested, and sleep soundly, awakening in the morning a new and different man. Haven't you sometime in your life had that happen to you?" His friend answered, "Yes, I have. There are two or three men in the world who seem to have a kind of magic power for putting a fellow right at a time like that. The worst of it is we don't run across them often enough." Whereupon the business man said "In that respect I am very fortunate. There is such a friend right in this establishment whose companionship has meant everything in the world to me. When things are crowding me pretty hard, simply stop short and shut my door, and talk to Him for a few minutes. He's a very wonderful friend; I couldn't get through the business day without Him." "He must be," said his friend. "I'd like to meet him. What's his name?" "He's the Senior Partner in this business, and His name is God!" was the answer.

After relating this incident to
(Continued on page twenty)

Our Exchange ~

THE VERY IDEA!

Send it in that bright idea;
We've lots of uses for it here.
And then we too, for value due,
Have some fine ideas to give to you.

—Vivian Haworth

GOOD CHEER COMMITTEE

Vivian Haworth of Whitesboro, Texas, suggests the following:

Do you have a Good Cheer Committee in your Y. P. E.? If not, you should at once appoint this committee. Select those young people who are live wires, cheerful, and have the interest of the Endeavor at heart. A good song leader, a pianist, two or three with stringed instruments, about two more good singers (try to work in parts for a quartet if possible) and the chairman who should take the lead, introducing the committee where the visits are made. They should learn several songs that would be cheerful to the sick, aged, discouraged, bereaved, etc. Many people can be reached by this "Good Cheer Committee" and it may be the means of building up your Y. P. E. and even the church. Don't be selfish and visit only the members of your church. Visit other people as well if you have opportunity. The chairman should investigate the circumstances of each place and make arrangements for the visit, and then prepare songs suitable for the visit. Don't forget the jails and the hospitals. Be sure and don't have too many in the committee. Sometimes it may not be necessary for all to go. If possible prepare a good quartet, duet, etc., occasionally. It would be good for the Y. P. E. to donate a basket of fruit sometime, which the "Good Cheer Committee" can deliver to some invalid or shut-in, with a card thus: "From the Church of God Y. P. E., by "Good Cheer Committee" or a little surprise gift from each member. None of these are expensive, but oh the sunshine

it would bring to someone and the lasting good it will accomplish! Let us "scatter sunshine."

NOTE: If you do not already possess one, send 10 cents to Church of God Publishing House or to my address and get the little booklet on "How to organize and conduct a Y. P. E." It has some good suggestions for committee work.—Ed.



VIVIAN HAWORTH

We are sure most of the readers of The Lighted Pathway would recognize this picture if we had withheld the name. Vivian is a niece of the editor and is to be a contributing editor to the Lighted Pathway. We are sure you will enjoy the contributions she will give you from time to time.

Vivian is one of the young people and is very much interested in their work. She has been living a Christian life since she was eight years of age, and knows something about the temptations of youth and how to meet them.

A HALF DOZEN CONTEST

Vivian Haworth

I think the following poem would be fine to be used in a Y. P. E. contest for new members. Of course there are different ways to have a contest but I believe the following suggestion might help some:

See that each member of the Y. P. E. has a copy of the following poem to hang on the wall at his home or somewhere in safekeeping. Have a limited time for the contest, not over three months, and not less than one month. As you gain a new member place their

name on the blank lines in the poem and also turn the name in to the secretary. When you have gained six new members, and have all their names in the poem, give the poem to the president to keep until the contest is ended. The secretary should record the names of each winner also. At the end of the contest all those who have handed in the poem containing names of six new members are the winners.

As you gain new members, give them a neat copy also and ask them to enter the contest. See how much this will build up the Y. P. E.

It should be considered that the

losers will treat the winners with some good eats for their successful efforts. Of course the losers would be expected to get a part also, for surely they at least tried. At any rate the losers should be willing to furnish the eats. Yes, work hard for ice cream, but most of all for NEW MEMBERS!

The poem follows:

"Six new members?

That will mean some drive!

Well is joining;

Cuts me down to five.

(Please look on Next Page)

EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 19)

'Five new members!

But where'll I look for more?

Jolly! is coming;

Down I come to four.

"Four new members!

They'll be hard to see!

If here isn't ,

Landing me at three.

"Three new members!

Whatever shall I do?

Will you really, ?

Then that leaves but two.

"Two new members!

Finding them's no fun!

Great! is in

the bunch,

And now I've only one.

"One new member!

What if I have to stop?

Hurrah! will
put me

Clean "over the top."—Sel.

FOR HIS GLORY

(Continued from page 16)

"And how near I came to falling!" she thought.

"But the bait seemed too hard; I had decided today to give it all up and to drift with the crowd. Then you sat down there, Louanna, and sang that song, and I knew I could not go back on my Lord."

He paused, and Louanna felt a glad rush of joy. It paid to be true, oh, how it paid! That night she sat long in her window, gazing up at the stars. The moon shone down with a yellow glow, and in its beam she saw many things—happy college days, joyous visits home, and then the years of giving of her talent to help win others for Christ.

"Oh, it pays," she whispered happily, "to be true—"

Months later the principal of the Wade High School was talking to Miss Lane about the class that was graduated that spring.

"I was surprised," he said, "at the results of our 'poll' as to what the members of the graduating class intend to do. They had seemed as careless and frivolous as any class, more so than some, but out of the one hundred fifty members three boys are preparing for the

ministry, several girls are going into Christian work, and that lovely Louanna is training for evangelistic work as a singer. Even Amy Allen, that frivolous piece of thistle-down, has entered the Children's Hospital as a probationer. It all goes to show," he added, "that the rising generation is not so bad after all.—Georgia Moore Eberling.

WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO
TO PRAY

(Continued from page 18)

illustrate what prayer means to him this same business man proceeded to tell of two other incidents showing what prayer meant to others. A man had been a defaulter. He was kept from prison only because his employer pitied his wife and children. He lost his job as a result, and worse still, lost confidence in himself. Consequently he could not find work. After many weeks of unavailing effort to find work he came home one afternoon, discouraged and despondent, to find his wife on her knees in prayer. She did not hear him enter and he listened to her plea to the God of helpless, hopeless human beings to show the way out. He found himself by her side and together they poured out their hearts. Said he, "Somehow there was born into my heart the firm conviction that God had heard. * * * I stood up after that a changed man." The next day they took their little bit of money that was left, went to a distant city, and found work. But the fight was not over. There was the dread of losing his job. So, as he said, "Every morning after breakfast, she and I dropped to our knees; every evening we knelt together and thanked God that He had carried me through one more day. It was the faith that He poured into me night and morning that pulled me through. I tell you that prayer is no matter of speculation with me."

The other story was of a woman who was left a widow with three small children. Finding it necessary to make her living she decided to go back to teaching school. Caring for her children while she prepared for the examination for her teaching certificate was an exceedingly

difficult job. The night before she was to take the examination she was kept up all night long by the illness of one of her children. When she looked at the set of questions her mind was a blank: she could not answer a single question. She threw her arms across the desk, buried her face, and cried out to God for help. Said she, "He heard me. As plainly as I hear your voice, I heard His speaking to me. As I sat there, my face hidden in my arm, it was as if a cool hand had been placed on my forehead. A great sense of peace and confidence took possession of me. I gathered courage to look at the questions again. They were hard—but not all of them were impossible. I set to work to do the best I could, and somehow, by His help, I came thru. He carried me thru that day; and He has helped me through every day since." These stories speak for themselves: they answer our question by telling us what prayer actually has meant to others.

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

Washington was born a slave and never knew his father.

Young people, you who are anxious to be and do something worthwhile, if men can do such great things as some of these we have mentioned who did not know or trust in God, how much more can you who have the power of God in your lives to guide and direct you accomplish? It may not be that God will use you to such a great way that your name will be handed down as great but you need not go into the presence of God empty handed. And to win a soul for Christ and lay some sheaves at His feet is worth a thousand times more than to have your names heralded throughout the world as great in their eyes.

Take courage and remember that God will help you to make the preparation you need if you'll consecrate your life to Him, and trust Him to do it. Of course He cannot do it alone. You must have will power and determination and as Nehemiah said, "For all the people had a mind to work."

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 3.

AUGUST, 1931.

NO. 2.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

MY HIGH RESOLVE—A MINISTRY OF PERSONALITY

I am resolved to live a life so sincere in purpose, so earnest in endeavor, so lofty in ideals, so deep in experience and so persistent in effort that my personal presence shall count as a real force for everything that is constructive and inspiring.

I am resolved to live a life so strong and towering that those about me will have utter confidence in me.

It shall be my purpose to think those thoughts and make those plans that the atmosphere of my life shall be assuring and telling. I shall spurn every low thought or aim. I shall banish every suggestion of discouragement or fear so that all who are near me will find a refreshing, cheery attitude of mind and heart, toward life and folks.

I shall be so uncomplaining in my struggles, so brave in my battles, so unswerving in my convictions and so dauntless in my adventures of service that a wealth of experience shall daily accumulate.

This is my high endeavor. I am to bless the world thru what I am.—Heart Throbs of Truth.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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Young People Everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

AUGUST, 1931

EDITORIALS

It is a common thing to hear people say, "If I were in such and such a position, or if I were in the religious atmosphere that so-and-so is, I could live a Christian life, but I am constantly thrown with those who care nothing for God or His cause and I just can't rise above my surroundings." We want to give you a few thoughts from "Possibilities" by J. G. K. McClure which has impressed us very much and we want to recommend this book to our Reading Club. We hope it can soon be obtained from the Church of God Publishing House.

Here is what Mr. McClure says, "Christ evidently believed that a man could be a Christian anywhere. Not to be conquered by circumstances, Christianity was to conquer circumstances."

Yes, Christ knew the world, knew every phase of human nature and every phase of temptation, and still He held that a man could and should carry His Christianity triumphantly everywhere. Boys go off to school and college, and they never are the same afterwards. They are careless or unbelieving or low. And youth by the scores pour into the cities and their early piety disappears as dew before the sun, and fathers and mothers know, as the years pass, that their sons have lost the elements of soul life that to them were beyond value. Then goes up the cry: "It was the city, the college, the school, the business that ruined the life. The temptations were too great." No, they were not too great. They never can be too great. The fault is not in the place but in the person. Joseph is far away from home in a most

luxurious and debased court, where acquiescence in evil seems to open the only course to success, but he remains as pure as the day his mother last kissed him.

Daniel is in the very center of political influence tending to the lowering of his religious standards, but he is just the same praying man at the ending as at the beginning. Let Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego be sent away to school and college in wicked Babylon and let everybody around them do wrong if you please, but they will hold fast to their ideas of integrity and they can no more be moved than Gibraltar can be uprooted by a dash of spray.

Oh for some more Daniels and Josephs, boys and girls with the determination like Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego, willing to suffer even the fiery furnace rather than compromise. Oh for some boys and girls who would march out into the high schools and colleges and come out without the smell of fire upon them, to show people that it can be done. We believe that we talk too much about failures instead of holding up the other side and inspiring our young people to be brave in the midst of temptation.

Are we giving our boys and girls the training that will stand the test? What are you doing for the boys in your community who have no religious training at home. Are you sitting idly by, saying, Oh, what a pity that poor boy has no training and is going to the bad so fast? Perhaps God is holding you and your church responsible for that boy or girl who has no training at home.

I once asked a woman to take charge of a children's band and train them. She immediately said, "Oh I've no children there." This is the attitude that so many take. They think they are only responsible for their own children when the Word plainly tells us that we are to love our neighbor as ourselves. Are we doing it?

We pick up the newspaper from time to time and exclaim, Oh what is going to become of our country, so much crime and bloodshed? Our youths are going wrong. What of

the next generation?

I'm afraid when the day comes the sheep are to be separated from the goats we will find many over among the goats that will surprise us. They will be there not for some awful crime they have committed but because of the neglect of duty and the boys and girls who are on that side will ask you why you did not help them more.

Please remember our bridge:

Foundation—Jesus Christ.

Pillars—Faith.

Floor—Love, patience, wisdom.

Railing—Encouragement and service.

—O—

Here is a letter from a young man out in New Mexico. We will not use his name for fear he would not want me to.

"Dear Sister in Christ:

I am a young man living here on the plains—26 years of age. I am writing to you in hopes that you will take heed to my plea. I haven't the money to subscribe for "The Lighted Pathway" and I am praying that you will speak to some one and tell them to send me their paper when they are thru with it. I have read March, April, and May numbers. I have been baptized with the Holy Ghost and in water and am trying to learn the Bible more and more. Will you please pray for me that God will answer my prayer?"

This is only a part of the letter but will give you an idea of the hunger in this boy's heart. We do not know but I have an idea he does not have the advantages that some do. Listen! Of course we sent this young man the subscription to the paper. We were delighted to do so. God bless him and the thousands who just like him are hungry for the food that we are trying to put in this little paper. But it would be impossible for us to send very many of these free subscriptions. I wonder if you do not have some of God's money that we can use this way. This will help them and you also.

—O—

The work among the young people is the greatest work one can possibly engage in. Soon you and I

(Please look on page eight)

THE CROSS FAMILY

"Dear me! I think we are rightly named; for we are certainly the crossiest family on record!" exclaimed Margaret Cross, as she threw herself on a stool and leaned her head on the windowsill. "There's another grumbling at Tom because he whistles in the house, and father just snapped at me because I asked in favor of him. And it's just so all the time; sharp, harsh answers and uttering sarcasm are the most of our conversation with each other."

"Why don't you set the example by acting the Miss Amiable yourself, then?" retorted her sister Clara, who stood before the mirror arranging her hair.

"I should have a pleasant time of it in the way of snubs and sneers if I did," replied Margaret. "But, really, Clara, it has troubled me very much of late; in fact, ever since I visited Aunt Alice and saw such a contrast. They were all so polite to one another, and so careful of one another's feelings, that it was a comfort to be with them." "I hope you took a few lessons," remarked Clara, sneeringly, "and an instruct in the art."

"I should have a large field to labor in; but I very much fear most of it would prove to be stony soil," replied Margaret. The conversation here ended, Clara soon left the room, and Margaret was alone with her thoughts.

"It is the truth," she said bitterly to herself. "It's the truth. We are so wrapped up in our mantles of selfishness that natural love between us is being frozen to death. Even father and mother seem to have lost all love for each other,—they ever had any, and I suppose they had once,—and as for us girls and Tom, why, we would as soon think of flying as of waiting upon one another; and I verily believe if one of us kissed another, they would think that one insane. I am tired of this endless snapping and snarling. I mean to try to do something to make our family a more united one; and if they laugh at me, they may. I'll begin this very moment. Mary has one of her hard headaches. I will go and sit by her, I do no more."

With a firm desire to do, and a resolution to try to bring about a more perfect state of harmony, Margaret arose and went to her sister's room. She opened the door softly and walked in. Mary was lying with closed eyes, and moaning as if in great pain. She opened her eyes languidly at the sound of Margaret's footsteps, but closed them immediately.

Margaret softly approached the bed, and laying her hand on her sister's head, said: "Poor girl! Does your head ache so? Let me bathe or rub it for you."

Mary, all unused to sympathy or assistance, replied: "No; nothing will help it. Just let me alone, and it will get well itself."

"But can't I do something for you?"

"No, I don't want anything done. I've stood it so long, I guess I can stand it a little longer," replied Mary, fretfully.

If Margaret had expected to have her sympathy appreciated, this repulse might have disheartened her; but she had expected just such a greeting, and had made up her mind how to act. Without noticing her sister's words, she hastened to the kitchen, procured a basin of water, and returning to her sister's side, she bound up the aching head, bathed the throbbing temples, and moistened the feverish hands. Mary made no resistance, but lay with her eyes closed, while Margaret performed these acts of kindness. Then she shut the blinds and sat down by the bedside and very soon had the satisfaction of knowing, by the quiet breathing, that Mary was asleep. After that Margaret stole softly out of the room, and a feeling of joy stole into her own heart that had never been there before. This was her first lesson in the book of sympathy, and she found it sweet as the breath of morning.

Perhaps Margaret Cross would not have been experimenting, as it were, in this new field, had the circumstances of her life been other than they were. But the Cross children had been born and bred in the school of self-reliance. Their mother believed that children could be very

easily spoiled by too much manifested love. Hence she had disciplined them to a rigid denial of caresses, and drove the wedge of selfishness in their hearts which was to make the family one scene of discord. They easily learned how much sympathy to expect from the fountainhead; for if they came with a bruised body, she might bind up the wounds with soft cloths, at the same time taking particular pains to impress upon their minds the fact that their own carelessness was the prime cause of the disaster; but if they came with a bruised heart, sympathy cost more than bandages, so was withheld.

Thus it was that the Cross children had grown up, "wrapped in their mantles of selfishness," as Margaret had said, until, as far as regards the inner life, they were as far apart as if a continent divided them.

"What are you doing, Margaret? Why don't you come to your dinner?" said Mrs. Cross, as the family, except Mary and Margaret, were seated at the table. "I'm coming soon, mother; but do not wait." Presently Margaret entered with a tray, on which was some nicely browned toast.

"Heigho!" exclaimed her brother Tom. "Queen Margaret feels dainty tonight; so do I, and reaching over, he took the brown slice. All now expected an outburst. None more than Tom himself. But Margaret only looked at him with a queer expression about the mouth—a half laugh, and half-serious pucker—and said: "Well, I can make more; take it, Tom, if you wish." But Tom did not want it. He had taken it for the sole purpose of teasing her, and failed. So he passed it back to her, saying: "I don't want your baby feed, I only wanted to see your eyes snap."

"Was that your game? Then you deserve a box;" and she good-naturedly slapped his ear and started for the stairway.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother, calling sharply after her.

"To Mary's room. I thought maybe she could eat something if I took it to her," answered Margaret.

(Continued on page 8)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

* * *

First Week

JESUS THE PHYSICIAN

Lesson material: Matt. 8:14-17.

Memory verse: "Bless Jehovah, O my soul, * * * who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Psa. 103:2, 3.

Purpose: To show that God wants us to have health, and to enjoy the use of our physical powers, and that he has power to heal us.

God wants us to be well and strong and happy. One way we know He cares when we are sick is because Jesus, God's Son, healed so many sick people when he was living on the earth. He is able and willing to heal us today if we trust Him.

Memory Work: Matt. 4:23; 9:35; 12:22; 15:30; 17:18; 19:2; 21:14.

* * *

Second Week

JESUS OUR HELPER

Lesson material: Mark 4:35-40.

Memory verse: "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear."—Heb. 13:6.

Purpose: To show that in our living and working in this world Jesus is with us to help us amid our discouragements and difficulties.

We all have times when we have hard work of some kind to do, and get discouraged about it. We shall always find Jesus ready to help us.

Memory work: Psa. 28:7; Psa. 40:17; Isa. 41:10; Isa. 50:9; Matt. 21:21; Psa. 54:4; Psa. 27:9.

* * *

Third Week

OUR UNSEEN LEADER, OUR SAVIOR

Lesson material: Matt. 28:16-20.

Memory Verse: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28:20.

Purpose: To point the way to Jesus as our Savior from sin, our perfect Example, and our Leader into

a life of security, power and happiness.

Jesus is the mightiest Hero that ever could live; greater than Satan, greater than sin or death; no power in all the earth can conquer Jesus.

If we follow Jesus He will lead us into safety, happiness and power. He will not lead us into any sort of harm or wrong, but will be a perfect Pattern of what to do and be. He will be our Savior from sin. Who will purpose in your heart to follow Him all the days of your life, that you may live with Him in Heaven forever?

Memory work: Isa. 9:6; 1 Chron. 29:11-13; Eph. 6:14-17.

* * *

Fourth Week

THE CHURCH, OUR MINISTER AND HIS HELPERS

Lesson material: 1 Cor. 12:12-28; Acts 6:1-6.

Memory verse: "Know them that * * * are over you in the Lord, and * * * esteem them very highly."

1 Thess. 5:12, 13.

Purpose: To win appreciation of the work of pastors, and all other officers in church and Sunday School, and to suggest means of helping them.

Jesus has appointed pastors, deacons, teachers and many other kinds of men and women helpers in the church and Sunday School. Every one of you can be a helper; also. Think of some of the things you can do to be helpers, then help every day and in every way you possibly can.

Memory work: Psa. 89:7; Acts 28:10; Ph. 2:29; 1 Tim. 4:12; Matt. 13:7; John 6:9; 2 Tim. 3:15.

BOBBY'S TRUST

"Mother, there's to be a meeting tomorrow night for the boys and girls, and Johnnie Black has been giving away tickets at the school today, inviting everybody to come.

Will you let me go? Johnnie Black says it will be out in good time for us to do our lessons after we get home, and I would like to go."

Bobby was greatly excited and dead earnest about going to the meeting; and when his mother gave her consent for him to go, his joy knew no bounds. The thing was new, no doubt thereabout. There was only one sermon on Sunday and it was a pretty dry affair for lads like Bobby, who believed something stirring.

But there was another reason for Bobby being so anxious to get to the meeting. Johnnie Black, his school companion, was a converted boy and had several times spoken to Bobby about getting ready to die and prepared for eternity, and these things had troubled Bobby not a little. In fact, he was in real soul trouble, dreading to meet God.

(Continued on page nine)

The Boy Who Helped His Mother

As I went down the street today,
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad;
I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as a blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate;
"The boys are waiting for us now
So hurry up," he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come, why not, I'd like to know
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see," came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother;
She's lots to do, and I so like
To help her all I can,
So I've no time for fun just now
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can and me
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mother
—Sel.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

CAN LITTLE CHILDREN BE REALLY SAVED?

"Then there were brought unto Him little children, that He should put His hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto Me."

Matt. 19:13, 14.

"And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child."—1 Sam. 3:8.

"How poor you are, my baby boy." I thought to myself as I looked upon our first-born child. I was not thinking of my own poverty or consequent inability to endow him with riches, but of his essential poverty, shared equally by every baby, whether born in a manger or in Caesar's palace; in the igloo of an Eskimo, or the home of a multimillionaire. Born without clothes, without strength, without knowledge, without morals, and without a language, but a cry, is a baby. We must clothe it or it will perish; feed it or it will starve; teach it, or it will know nothing; and we must bring it to the Savior; for unless it finds Him and is found of Him it will be hopelessly lost.

The Helplessness of a Babe

Its physical helplessness makes the first appeal to us. It is so tiny! So pitifully dependent! It doesn't know the way to its own mouth, though that is about the first thing it learns. It cannot co-ordinate the sight of its eyes with the use of its muscles, and nothing more eloquently declares its impotence than its awakened movements of its little hands. But to the thoughtful and its mental poverty makes an equally powerful appeal, and to meet this need we have devised elaborate systems of education, and turned much of the systems of the world into educational toys, books, kindergartens, schools and colleges.

But to those, the eyes of whose understanding God has opened, the moral and spiritual needs of the child make the supreme appeal. Life is a treacherous sea, and it is a perilous voyage upon which the baby-soul is launched. But I am persuaded that the Savior is ever coming, walking upon the waters and whispering, "It is I, be not afraid."

Happy is the little child who has an interpreter, as had little Samuel when Eli perceived him to answer, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." "Mamma, God talks to me; I can hear Him in my heart," said my little boy to his mother long ago. Then after a silence, he added, "But when I play too hard, or talk too much myself, I cannot hear H.m." Happy is the little child who is instructed to be still, to listen, and so to get acquainted with God.

A "wee boy," aged only five, sat with his father near the front in one of my recent meetings, eagerly listening to what I said. When people began to come to the penitent-form he turned an earnest little face up to his father and said, "Papa, take me there!" And, placing his tiny hand on his breast, he said, "Papa, there is someone talking to me in here." And the father "perceived that the Lord had called the child," and, bursting into tears, he led the little one to the penitent-form.

In that series of meetings a wife and mother came to the penitent-form and I noticed her husband intently watching her. I went and asked him to come with his wife, but I found him a burdened backslider. Beside him sat two little girls, aged about eight and ten, who were looking wistfully, so wistfully, at their mother. Turning from him, I invited them to come, and the wistful, longing look in their eyes

deepened. But he forbade me to talk with them, forbade them to come, and said they were too young to understand; and, in spite of all my pleadings, warnings, and reasonings, he would not yield.

I had to turn away, but with a heart that ached and ached for the children, and I understood somewhat of the infinite yearning, the ocean of longing, in the Savior's heart when He said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me."

I think the emphasis should be laid on the word "little." He means the very little children. I, too, have wondered, if not actually doubted, whether little children understand. But one day in a children's meeting in Utrecht, Holland, God spoke to me and assured my heart.

I had spoken to them through an interpreter, and sought, with all my might, to make the way of repentance toward God and faith in the Savior plain to them, and when I invited all who were sorry that they had ever been naughty, who wanted to be good and would give their hearts to God to come to the penitent-form, to my amazement 127 came. Some came in tears, some in smiles, some, no doubt, because they saw others coming, just as big folk often come.

Then the question arose in my mind, "Do these little ones understand?"

Quite a number of men and women stood in the rear of the hall with wonder in their faces, and a whisper in my heart said, "They will look upon all this excitement as a manifestation of mass psychology," and my heart felt chilled and heavy. And then another voice whispered, "Trust Me." These children are not so far off in blinding darkness as old sinners who have spent years in sin going farther and farther away from Me. My Spirit has bled over these little ones from the beginning to bring them to de-

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: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF GOD

By Edgar Cooper Mason

"Let thy light and thy truth * * * bring me unto thy holy hill."—Ps. 43:3.

"After that thou shalt come to the hill of God."—1 Sam. 10:5.

In the struggle of life, with its burdens and cares,
In the low lands we can but plod;
But a purpose renewed, and a new life is theirs
Who ascend to the hills of God.
Then rise from the care and the low, common share;
There's a wide horizon, the skies are fair,
On the beautiful hills of God.

In the ways of the world, where the fog hovers low,
There is gloom, there is din and strife;
And the ways of the world are the ebb and the flow
In the tide of the restless life.
Come out from the noise of the world and its toys;
It is worth the climbing to find the joys
On the heaven-crowned hills of God.

There's a wonderful Light to be seen in the sky,
If we stand on the hills of God;
There's a radiant glory to ravish the eye,
On the hills where the saints have trod.
Then mount to the hills in a new life sublime:
It is worth the struggle to strive and climb
To the beautiful hills of God.

There's a vision of Peace to be seen far away,
As we stand on the hills above;
For the sky is aglow with the city of day,
As it shines in the kingdom of love.
Mount up to the hills for a vision of light;
It is worth the struggle to view the sight
From the heaven-lit hills of God.

—In Advance.

OUR PARTNER IN TRIAL

By Rev. John W. McLennan

There is no dodging the persistence of trouble. The sparks will fly upward. How shall we "sing and bear it"? Certainly companionship in it discounts any trial. Every normal mind appreciates the value of such burden-sharing. But the Word assumed flesh to help us not only by removing the obstacles to

the free onflowing of heavenly grace for our redemption but, more, to be our Partner in trial.

In Physical Hardships. The deepest comfort in impoverished conditions is fellowship with our Master in them. He made himself the yoke-fellow of every son of toil. He itinerated on foot, and did not have the thirty-three cents to pay his temple tax. Have you ever been so poor? It may be utter weariness or having to reckon with "the jaws of danger and of death." But see the

fatigued figures seated at the Synchar well or sleeping the sleep of exhaustion on the tossing whitecaps of Galilee. And he walked every day under the sinister shadow of the impending cross. It was to be a slow death of torture, of shame, of utter aloneness. Surely he can from his own experience come with us under the burden of pain and death in the body.

In Mental Strain. Who has not been the prey of misunderstandings, of opposition, of the loss of friends by death—and they shall not return—of sheer loneliness? But in all this he understands as one who has gone this way himself. Not only the sign-seeking crowd but even his disciples were forever misunderstanding both his person and his purpose. Indeed his Father was really the only one who did understand him. No wonder he prayed so much.

STREET CAR PHILOSOPHY

By Floyd T. Voris

A man boarded the street car seating himself with face to the west. An acquaintance opposite called "Better come over here and enjoy the sunrise." And the man whose home commanded a view of water and mountain and eastern sky exclaimed "Why I walked the way up from home and never saw that." It was one of those rail skies, nearly covered with clouds yet with innumerable openings thru which the light streamed transforming every cloud patch into crimson and gold. The lake reflected the brightness and the sombre mountains beyond took on a veil of deep purple. Until the car turned between rows of dull houses the man who called across was continually speaking of new beauties of the sunrise. Yet of himself he had failed to see it.

How easily we may miss the beauties of the world about us

(Continued on Page 15)

THE INNER CIRCLE

ALL FOR JESUS

I have given them to Jesus,
 Every earthly stumblingstone;
 He hath made of them a stairway,
 Stepping-stones up to His throne,—
 All the things that did perplex me.
 And the words unkind, untrue,
 For they know not what they're saying,
 And they know not what they do.

All the hurts of life I gave Him,
 And I count them jewels rare,
 For methinks I see them shining
 In this precious golden stair;
 He hath tread so softly with me,
 Set each stepping-stone in place,
 And although my feet grow weary,
 Soon I'll see His blessed face.

Give your stumblingstones to Jesus;
 He will build for you a stair,
 Stepping-stones to realms of wisdom
 Everlasting, naught so fair;
 All the things of earth forgotten,
 In the kingdom of His love,
 And the thirsty ones e'er drinking
 From the fount of life above.

—Selected.

THE LOUDEST LOUD SPEAKER

By John F. Cowan

The microphone of the moral and spiritual world, that talks louder than any other voice, and is heard, heeded and understood by more people, is character. Character needs no tinkling bells to call attention to it. "You act so loudly that I cannot hear what you say."

Character is the source of action, conduct. If you would discover what chemicals are hidden in the earth go to the nearest mineral spring and taste the water. Your tongue will tell you whether it is sulphur, or alkali, or alum, or salt, or iron, or lime. A cup of Shasta Spring water, with a little lemon

juice dropped in, will fizz and bubble like a soda fountain.

So people who could not psycho-analyze us, or read our minds, can taste us and know accurately of what spirit we are within. There is nothing that so advertises Christ as Christian character. One ounce of the genuine article is worth a ton of sermons. "See how those Christians love each other," was the test that assayed the early disciples. There is no gainsaying, or discounting, the sun when it is shining on you, glowing, warming, vitalizing.

One David Livingstone can do more to establish Christianity than Constantine's army. One Saint Francis of Assisi sweetens centuries like lavender in linen. One General Booth compels a cynical

world to change its mind. One Frances Willard makes thousands of girls wish they had been named "Frances."

Sterling character through and through, that acid cannot discolor, is a more convincing argument for Christianity than letters of fire written in the sky.

That kind of human character is more contagious than small-pox. Robert Ingersoll raved that he could have made a better world because, he alleged, he would have made health catching, rather than disease; have had orchids more widely planted than thistles; made liberty more common than slavery, that spread from one slave ship to all New England.

He was too blind to see that liberty is more catching than slavery, because of the character behind it. The Mayflower has been more potent than all the slave ships. I read in my morning paper: "Women of Angora (Turkey) given the vote." England caught the germ from America, and Turkey and China from America and England.

Milton tried to persuade Charles I to permit liberty of the press, but the monarch warned him not to unloose a doctrine so seditious and dangerous to thrones. But Milton surreptitiously printed, "A Plea for Liberty of the Printing Press," which fell into the hands of Sir Henry Vane, who brought it to Boston, where it kindled the spark that flamed in the American Revolution, which was a sheer triumph of character—not of arms.

The French Revolution was an extension of the same compelling character, caught by contagion.

Yes, character works more miracles than science, or capital. You have seen that demonstrated in your neighborhood. There is a man who says little as to what he believes, or intends to do, but in his quiet, cheerful, neighborly, self-for-

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Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

will say good-bye to this old world and must leave our influence to go on and on and on forever. What greater work can we do than to leave young people whom we have touched and helped on the bridge of consecration above the waves of worldliness that are sweeping so many down and leave them spending their lives lifting up the standard that God has laid down in His Word.

This is the reason the enemy of our souls is making such a fight for our young people these days. He knows what they mean to the world. He knows that their influence counts and he is putting as many of us to sleep along this line as he can, and we are just letting them drift when a little work and encouragement from us older people would do wonders in helping them to find themselves. We hear so much in our schools about the adolescent age; the age when our boys and girls need special care and attention to help them over that period of their lives. I wonder if the church is as wide awake as the schools of our country?

What am I doing for the young people in my community? Will you ask yourself this question?

"Bound For Glory"

We are bound for glory,
This little class and I.
With Jesus our Leader,
We shall reach there by and by.

We are bound for Glory,
A better life to gain,
Trying to serve Jesus
And not to be ashamed.

We are bound for Glory,
And aim to win the race,
Till Jesus does deliver
Out of this wicked place.

We are bound for Glory,
This little class and I,
We willingly serve the Master,
Till He takes us home on high.
Amen.

By Beatrice Hennon,
Marked Tree, Ark.

The Cross Family

(Continued from page three)

"Is Mary so sick?" inquired Mr Cross.

"I didn't know it was anything but one of her headaches," answered Mrs. Cross, anxiously.

"That's all it is, too," said Clara. "But Margaret has turned good Samaritan. I looked into the room this afternoon, and there she sat bathing Mary's head, which was all bundled up, and fanning her as if she were in the last stages. I offered to do something for her this morning, but she very coolly told me to let her alone, and so I did."

No more was said until Margaret returned, when Mrs. Cross asked if Mary was better.

"She says she is, but she is very weak. She has suffered intensely," said Margaret.

"How did she consent to let you administer to her needs?" asked Clara, raising her eyebrows and looking at Margaret. "She sent me off pretty quick when I offered my services."

"I didn't offer my services," answered Margaret.

"She did not ask them, I am sure. She would die first," said Tom.

"No, she did not ask them, nor did I ask, 'What wilt thou have me to do?' There's always plenty to do if one wants to do it," said Margaret pleasantly.

"Oh, dear!" said Clara. "That's your practice, is it? Well, I am sure if one does not accept my services when I offer them, I shall not urge the matter."

"It's my opinion that precious few have ever had the chance to refuse them," said Tom, rising from the table and preparing for his visit down town.

"No one asked for your opinion, sir," retorted Clara.

"How quickly she can ruffle up," said Tom, provokingly.

"O Tom!" said Margaret, anxious to prevent a collision, "Did you know that Ned Rogers has gone South?"

"I merely heard of it; he owes me twenty-five dollars, the rogue," replied Tom.

"Don't you think you will get it again?" asked Margaret, showing

her interest at once.

"Perhaps."

"Well, it will hurt him worse than it will you; for it only hurts your pocket, and it hurts his reputation."

"Humph! My pocket is worth more to me than his reputation," and Tom went out, slamming the door behind him.

Margaret did not purpose to enter into an argument with her brother, she had only sought to avert the quarrel between him and Clara, and had succeeded, so without replying to his last remark, she hurried off to Mary's room. She found the invalid sitting up and kindly inquired after her health.

"I am ever so much better," said Mary. "I never had my head ache worse, and it never got well so soon before. And I was just thinking, Margaret, that a little nursing does one good sometimes."

"If it has helped you as much as it has me, we will know how to do another time," said Margaret, picking up the things about the room in an embarrassed way; for such confidences and confessions were entirely new between the sisters. That evening as Mr. and Mrs. Cross sat alone in the sitting room, the father inquired after Mary's health.

"She came downstairs after dinner; she does not seem to be any worse than usual," answered the mother.

"It was kind of Margaret to nurse her and wait on her," he observed, nervously, for he knew he was treading on dangerous ground.

His wife never believed in noticing little ailments; it was unwholesome, she said. Children so soon knew how to counterfeit illness. Much to his surprise, she answered: "Yes, Margaret made quite a hero of herself, for all the rest are talking about it. I always thought Margaret was more affectionate than any of the rest. More like your sister Alice. There's a difference in people; some are always a-loving and a-kissing and hanging around somebody, others think as much, but do not care to demonstrate it. Don't you think there's a great difference, John?"

"I'll tell you what I think, moth-

(Please look on Next Page)

THE CROSS FAMILY

(Continued from page eight)

"I think there is a difference, but I think folks make it themselves. I believe that God puts warm feelings into every heart, but influences change or develop them. I think we will stifle these warm impulses too much, and allow ourselves to think of demonstrations of tenderness as weak and 'soft,' and so crush them out of our hearts, and freeze up, as we were, until it would take an angel from heaven to thaw us out."

Mr. Cross had warmed to his theme, but his wife only gave a little sigh, and said: "Well, I don't know. I'm no hand to make a fuss. I believe I love my children as much as any mother can, but I sometimes think they do not think so." Poor mother! She had sown and now was reaping.

"I wish Tom would stay at home evenings," remarked Margaret, several days later. "I wonder why boys always want to run off somewhere evenings."

"Because they like rough company, I suppose," replied Mary.

"I think they are likely to go where they think they are most appreciated," said Margaret. "We are ways scolding at him when he is the house."

"Well, is it any wonder," said Mary, "when he tangles our worsts, ridicules our dress, and makes himself a nuisance generally? For my part, I am always glad to see him take himself off."

After a long pause, Margaret said: "Mother, may I have that old stove that is out in the shed?"

"What in the world will you do with that?" asked Mrs. Cross, looking in astonishment at her daughter.

"Put it in Tom's room. Perhaps we fix up his room with a stove and things to make it comfortable, he will stay in it more. You know these hot water pipes don't warm much."

"Well, you may try if you wish, but I'm afraid you'll have your trouble for your pains."

The next day Margaret went to work. She was not discouraged by the sneers of Clara, nor by the words of her mother, who said she

could see no use of tearing up the house just then. She tore down the ragged old paper curtains which adorned the windows, and substituted neat muslin ones in their place, mended the carpet neatly, put up the old stove, and polished it until it shone again, cleared the table of its rubbish, found a hanging place for the clothes which lay scattered on chairs and floor, and for a last finishing stroke brought up an old rocker which had lost an arm and a round, covered it with bright cretonne, padded the back, and placed it beside the stove in which she had arranged a fire, and then took a view of her work. "I think Tom will like this," she said to herself. "At any rate, I hope he will."

"Come upstairs, brother," she invited after dinner, "I have something to show you."

"Bring it down, I'm in a hurry," answered the ungracious Tom.

Margaret laughed. "I can't bring it down. You will have to go where it is," she said, taking his arm and leading the way to his own room.

The fire was burning and shedding a soft light out into the hallway. Tom looked amazed, as Margaret, stopping before the door, said, with mock gravity: "Allow me to introduce your proprietor, Thomas Cross, Esq. We hope you will be mutually pleased with each other."

"This is nice; whose work is this?" inquired the bewildered Thomas, looking around as in a dream.

"Are you pleased with it?"

"Rather."

"Enough to spend your evenings in it?"

"Well, yes; if you'll agree to have a fire for me," said Tom, lazily eyeing the neat room.

"I'll do it!" exclaimed Margaret, clapping her hands. "And keep you company too, if you will allow me."

It was a mutual agreement, and it proved a happy one to both brother and sister. Together they read their favorite books and discussed their merits. They gave and received confidences, and had a royal good time together. Nor were these seasons confined to Tom's room. With his sister he often joined the family circle, and by his good na-

ture broke away the barriers of reserve and selfishness which had closed around them all.

So out of Margaret's resolve and its carrying out, sprang a new plant of tenderness and companionship that grew and blossomed until every heart in that family firmly united in the bonds of understanding sympathy and love.—Selected.

THE WORLD IS A LOOKING-GLASS, AND GIVES BACK TO EVERY MAN THE REFLECTION OF HIS OWN FACE. FROWN AT IT, AND IT WILL IN TURN LOOK SOURLY UPON YOU; LAUGH AT IT AND WITH IT, AND IT IS A JOLLY, KIND COMPANION.

—Thackeray.

BOBBY'S TRUST

(Continued from page four)

and afraid to think of death. But there was nobody to point him to Jesus, except Johnnie Black, and he was not able to "clear it up" to him very well.

The meeting night came, Bobby was there. So was Johnnie Black and a lot more of the boys. Bobby listened as for life, but he could not make out what "believing" was. He tried to "believe," but he never was sure whether he had "believed right" or not.

At last the speaker said, "Can any of you lads swim?" "Yes," answered a number of voices, Bobby among the rest. "How did you learn? Was it by keeping one foot on the bottom? No; but by casting yourselves entirely upon the water, and trusting yourselves to it. And it's just in that way you must be saved. Not trying to trust Jesus, and keeping a hold of yourselves, or your own good works, but by casting yourselves wholly, solely on him, and on him alone. Then Jesus will save you, and you will know it, too, and thank Him for it."

What a happy journey home it was, and how he ran into his mother's cottage and told her he had "trusted Jesus, just like swimming, and was saved."

Dear reader, have you trusted him, "just like swimming?" Or do you keep one foot on the sand?—Sel.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

Conducted by Hettie Ellen Payne

1. What exile was called back to deliver his city? Judges 11:8.
2. Who hid in a cleft of a rock to see God? Ex. 33:22.
3. What are two groups of stars mentioned in the Bible by the same names which they bear today? Job 38:31.
4. Whose bones were hanged as a trophy in an enemy's city, who rescued them, and who buried them? 2 Sam., 21:12-14.
5. What two men never died? Gen. 5:24; 2 Kings 2:11.
6. What starving, scoffing man was told he should see food but not eat of it? 2 Kings 7.
7. What little boy was left to die in the desert but became the founder of a nation? Gen. 16:11, 12; 17:20.
8. What wicked man was killed by a chance arrow in battle? 2 Chron. 18:33.
9. Who betrayed her lover for some pieces of silver? Judges 16:5.
10. What man was buried by God Himself in an unknown grave? Deut. 34:6.
11. Who went forty years without new clothes? Neh. 9:21.
12. What daughter lost her life by meeting her father? Judges 11:30, 31, 39.
13. What hero won a battle with a woman's help? What woman won the glory? Judges 4:8-9; 5:26.
14. What two great leaders were killed by women? Judges 4:21 and 9:52-54.
15. What trapped army saw the smoke of their burning city rise behind them and what became of that army? Joshua 8:20.
16. What king had a house made of ivory? 1 Kings 22:39.
17. When did a pot of oil save two boys from slavery? 2 Kings 4:1-7.
18. What Psalm has eight verses for each letter of the Hebrew alphabet? Ps. 119.
19. Who made himself a pair of iron horns and why? 1 Kings 22:11.
20. What great idol had its head and hands cut off on the threshold

of its temple? 1 Sam. 5:4.

21. Who caused a nation to repent by thunder? 1 Sam. 12:16-19.
 22. What lost book of great songs is quoted from the Old Testament and where? 2 Sam. 1:18; Josh. 10:13.
 23. What little boy was saved from death by his aunt and afterwards became a king? 2 Kings 11:1, 2.
 24. What dead man's bones restored a corpse to life? 2 Kings 13:21.
 25. Who heard the army of God pass before him thru the tops of the mulberry trees? 1 Chron. 14:14-16.
 26. Who put his hand on the ark of God and what happened to him? 1 Chron. 13:9, 10.
 27. Who became captain of an army by capturing the most celebrated city in the world? 1 Chron. 11:6.
 28. What armorbearer refused to live after his leader was slain? 1 Chron. 10:5.
 29. Against whom did the stars fight? Judges 5:20.
 30. What special day of the month is celebrated in the early history of the world for two great occurrences? Gen. 7:11; 8:4.
 31. When and to whom did God announce that all beasts and birds were delivered to man for his use as food? Gen. 9:2, 3.
 32. What three great hunters became the founders of cities and the fathers of nations? Gen. 10:9, 10; 16:12; 17:20; 21:20; 25:27; 36:9.
 33. Who was the most successful fox hunter mentioned in the Bible? Judges 15:4, 5.
 34. What great leaders died on mountain tops? Num. 20:28; Deut. 34:1-5.
- Remember to read a few verses before and after the ones given here to gain the full meaning. This page is to inspire Bible study. Suppose you read some in the Old Testament and see how many questions you can answer from memory. They will "stick with you" better and also prove a delightful game.

ABOUT THE BIBLE

* * *

The Bible speaks in over five hundred languages and dialects and is the most effective missionary the church has.

The American Bible Society, Astor Place, New York City, is the largest scripture-producing house in the United States, Bibles, Testaments and portions of the scriptures, without note or comment are produced by the millions. These are often sold without profit or given away.

The Bible and the catalogs of large American mail order houses are the only books to be found in the huts of the natives of Liberia.

The American Bible Society publishes the scriptures into eight chief languages of the Philippine Islands in the first two decades since the islands became the wards of the United States.

A vessel returning to China carried 25 tons of Bibles as a part of its freight.

The first scripture selection published in a daily newspaper appeared in the Cincinnati Post, on New Year's Day, in 1920. Since that time 2,000 daily newspapers have used these selections.

There are volumes of the scriptures in 448 different languages and dialects in the library of the American Bible Society at its headquarters, Astor Place, New York City.

Little drops of water—

Make the grass grow

Make the flowers bud and blossom

Make the oranges ripen

Make the streams and rivulets

Make the wheat

Make the bumper crops.

But—

Make a prosperous Sunday School

look like thirty cents on a Sunday

morning. Strange isn't it?

—Selected

It's a long sermon that has yearning—for better things, purity, for God.

Young People's Bible Lessons

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH PAUL

Scripture Lesson, Galatians

GALATIANS.—The most vehement letter we have from Paul's pen, written when Paul learned that professed Jewish Christians were following his trail in Galatia and confusing new converts with false doctrine, is the book of Galatians.

1. How beautifully Paul has illustrated the "Spirit" tree with its nine varieties of fruit! What are they?

2. Whom does Paul name as "pillars" in the early church?

3. What apostle rebuked a fellow worker "to the face"?

EPHESIANS.—Here is preserved the letter Paul wrote to the believers at Ephesus, a city proud of its world-wonder temple to Diana, and he fills it with the practical instruction he knew the new converts under the temptation of idolatry would need. We today need this instruction too.

4. Which of the ten commandments does Paul quote in this letter?

5. Perhaps Paul was watching his Roman soldier guard as he wrote this letter and suddenly he had an inspiration. It occurred to him that every Christian soldier must be armored for the battle against evil with a girdle of —, a breastplate of —, sandals of —, a shield of —, a helmet of —, and the sword of —.

PHILIPPIANS.—Who would ever think that the joyful letter in this room had been written in prison? Paul writes in a happy mood to the first church raised up by him in Europe (Acts 16:11-40); though his outer experience is imprisonment, his inner experience is triumphant joy. Paul honored this church by giving to them his four-word motto, "One thing I do." Phil. 3:13.

6. Of what company of Christians is it recorded that it was the first church to put money into Christian missions?

7. By whom did the thoughtful Philippian members send offerings to Paul at Rome for his support?

8. How does Paul modestly refer to the new converts he has made, through the influence of his guards, among the imperial "higher ups"?

If this letter had contained only the eighth

verse of the fourth chapter, it would have been worthy of a place in the library. Memorize it!

COLOSSIANS.—Epaphras, a Christian from Colosse (a city Paul had not visited) came to Paul in Rome where he was imprisoned in his own rented house under guard. Paul became so interested in Epaphras' home church that he wrote this letter, sending it by his helpers, Tychicus and Onesimus (of whom we shall hear more).

Two men who furnished rooms in the Bible Library were guests in Paul's rented house in Rome. Who were they?

At what other city than Colosse did Paul direct that this letter should be publicly read in the church?

What reference does Paul make to his imprisonment?

1st **THESS.**—Once a momentous thing happened in Corinth; the New Testament began to be written. Paul writing a letter from there to encourage his new converts at Thessalonica, did not know that he had started the New Testament. But the reception of this letter showed that his written words could supplement his spoken words, and from that time forth he often resorted to letter writing. We are fortunate that some of his letters have been preserved in the library.

How does Paul refer to the strategic location of Thessalonica for evangelizing the surrounding country?

When Paul could not restrain his anxiety for the Thessalonica church, whom did he send to encourage them through their persecution?

What wonderful encouragement does Paul hold out to those who have lost loved ones?—Sel.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MEETING

You will notice that after each comment on book there are some questions. Let the one to whom the book has been given consider himself the leader of this subject and appoint others to take the questions and answer them. This will get more of the young people to studying the books to see what they contain. Take up each book in this way, and just see how much you learn that you never knew before.

IF I WERE TO BE A FOREIGN MISSIONARY, WHAT COUNTRY WOULD I CHOOSE? WHY?

Scripture Lesson, Acts 1:8.

THE NEEDS OF ALL FIELDS

In Clara E. Laughlins beautiful little story, "The Penny Philanthropist," the millionaire's daughter asks Peggy, "Who lives among and is an adept at helping poor folks? What is the best time of day to come so that she can also help the poor people?"

Peggy replies, "Well avenins is the best for me; but afternoons is pritty good too; an, I must say mornins aint to be sneered at. I guess it is like this: There aint no time o day or night whin ye can't fin some what nades ye—if ye knows where to look."

When we ask what country needs a missionary most we begin by saying, Africa, then China, then

Spain, then Persia, then Siam, then Korea, and finally end by saying, I guess there isn't a single country in the world that doesn't need the gospel after all. And so it is. Naturally different countries have different needs and the problems must be met differently in each country, but the need is one—the need of the gospel in all its phases.

YOUR OWN INCLINATIONS

What country you serve should depend largely on your own inclinations and knowledge. Through some speaker, through some returned missionary, through some book read, you gain knowledge of some particular country.

You feel a desire to become a missionary; you then ask, Where will my efforts count most? How am I impressed by the appeal of this country and that? What type of work am I fitted to do and do I want to do? Where is that type of work needed most? What is my equipment for the work? After the individual has answered these questions to the best of his ability he then must follow his deepest impressions. How does he finally feel impressed?

HE SHOULD COUNCIL WITH HIS CHURCH

Every missionary to do his best work must place himself under the care of his church and its missionary work. Naturally before he finally decides where he wants to go he will consult his church about what positions are open in the different fields. He will ask the church to inform him as to where the need is greatest at the moment, where his life will count the most, and where he can labor most effectively to promote the cause that his church stands for. After such a conference there is only one more step to be taken.

DEPEND ON GOD

Ask God what he wishes you to do, and where he wishes you to go. The only way to know God's will is just to study, think, seek the advice and counsel of friends. Pray that God will make the way plain, and then wait for an impression. The experience of ministers and missionaries seeking to know

God's will is that the guidance of God always comes soon or late. After one has taken every other step, he can be sure that God's guidance will not fail.

MISSIONARY EDUCATION

The greatest drawback to our young people is the lack of education along missionary lines. Get you some good books on the different countries and join our Reading Club. This is the best way to become interested in the other countries. We must be students before we can ever hope to do much for God. Let us remember our Reading Club text in last month's paper, 2 Tim. 2:15.

SOME MISSIONARY READINGS

A Man Who said, "No." Jonah 1:1-3
Ready for Anything Isa. 6:8
Seeking God's Will Acts 16:9-13
Beginning at Home Luke 24:44-48
Where the Task is Hard Rom. 1:8-16
Where the Need is Greatest Matt. 9:35-38

NOTE: Here is a question we are giving you to use in connection with this lesson and we want you to ask some of your young people to write a short paper on this question. None of us have much money to spend, but did you ever sit down and think what you would do if you fell heir to a large fortune? It's quite interesting. I remember long ago when my little barefeet would be skipping along to the store with a little basket of eggs for mother, I would constantly wish I could find in the road a sum of money. My, how many nice things I planned to get for my loved ones and the pretty things for myself. I had a lot of enjoyment out of it. And many times today I think how many good things I would do if I could just fall heir to a fortune. I wonder how you would like to think about this either by writing or have an open testimony meeting along this line. I think it would be interesting. Be sure to announce this and give plenty of time for thought.

Here is the question:

What would I do with \$50,000 if I should suddenly fall heir to that sum of money?

SOWING AND REAPING

By Starling Smith, Somerset, Ky.

Scriptural Lesson, Gal. 6.

First, it is not a question at all whether I shall sow or not today; the only question to be decided is: Shall I sow good seed or bad? Every person is sowing for his own harvest in eternity either tares or wheat. According as a man soweth, so shall he also reap; he that sows the wind of vanity shall reap the whirlwind of wrath. Did you ever see just out from you a little piece, just over the fence, a whirlwind, think of it picking up all the debris and paper, straws, shucks, sticks, and the sand would make a cloud as it went whirling along making destruction as it went? Exactly so with every one there is a great reaping for every one that "soweth."

GOD IS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH

We should never have a notion that there will never be any rewards and punishments for our sowing, or get the idea that a bare profession will suffice to save us. James gives us the thought that any one can have vain religion, and also we can have a religion that is genuine and pure, James 1:26, 27.

We may, like Achan, fancy that we will escape

in the crowd. I would like for all the readers of "The Pathway" to turn to Joshua 7th chapter and read the story of Achan. He had a false profession. His life was destructive to himself and also to his brethren; the results of his sowing destroyed thirty-six of his brethren. Jos. 7:5. We don't want to trifle with God by a reliance upon an orthodox creed, a supposed conversion, a presumptuous faith, and a little almsgiving. I call the like lop-sided Christians. Some Christians will rely on the paying of their tithes taking them thru, while others will just rely on their spirituality taking them thru, but a foursquare Christian will do both.

THE LAWS OF HIS GOVERNMENT CANNOT BE SET ASIDE

In the beginning God made a law to govern the whole universe, and we cannot break that law without being injured. The law of nature is, that if we get in the fire we are burned, if we get in the water we are drowned. Gravitation crushes the man who opposes it. God has a law governing society, and all who follow social wrongs surely have evil results. Our conscience is given to us for a guide. So many

people are like the merchant, who, when complained to about having no conscience in making his prices high, remarked, "My conscience is as good as new, because I have never used it any." It is "seared." They will tell us that sin must be punished. We should always consult the Word of God concerning our life and then go ahead. To alter God's laws would disarrange the universe. Suppose one had the power to change the moon in its course? What a great eruption it would make.

EVIL SOWING WILL BRING EVIL REAPING

We can see evil reaping as the result of certain sins. Sins of lust bring disease into the bodily frame. Sins of idolatry have led men to cruel and degrading practices. Sins of temper have led men to cruel murders, wars, strifes, and misery. Sins of appetite, such as drunkenness, the use of tobacco, cause want, misery, etc. The more one goes on in sin, the more corrupt they will get, and less able to see the evil of sin, or to resist temptation. Men invite punishment upon themselves by rejecting God and the advice of man, and then I have seen sinners become disappointed in the result of their conduct, their malice eats their hearts; their greed devours their soul; their infidelity destroys their comfort; their raging passions agitate their spirits, and is all evil sowing and reaping. The final reaping is confirmed in evil, and eternally punished with remorse and gnashing of teeth. Hell will be the harvest of a man's own sin. Conscience is the worm which gnaws him. If you sow evil, you will reap punishment.

GOOD SOWING WILL BRING GOOD REAPING

The rule holds good both ways. The life that one puts out will determine what he reaps. Let us, therefore, inquire as to this good sowing; in what power is it to be done? The first thing to be done in sow-

ing good seed is to control our will. If the rich man had controlled his will and had done good instead of evil, he would have been saved. We must sow to the Spirit, and bear the fruits of the Spirit if we reap a good reward. One might ask, In what manner and spirit shall we set about it? The answer would be, first be sure that we are born of God as Jesus set out in St. John, then keep the commandments, follow after God, and as Paul instructed Timothy, take heed unto ourselves and unto the Word, that we might both save ourselves and them that hear us. Then the seeds of our sowing toward God are, we sow in the spirit, faith and obedience; towards men, love, truth, justice, kindness, forbearance; and toward self, control of appetite, purity, etc. The reaping of the Spirit will be life everlasting dwelling within us and abiding there forever. Then let us sow good seed always. Let us sow it plentifully, that we may reap in proportion. Let us begin to sow it at once.

SEEDS

So it is with all temptations and lusts, they are ever scattering seeds—as weeds do. What a power there is in seeds! How long-lived they are!—as we see in the mummies of Egypt, where they have lain for thousands of years in darkness, but now come forth to grow. What contrivances they have to continue and to propagate themselves! They have wings and they fly for miles. They may float over wide oceans and rest themselves in foreign countries. They have hooks and attach themselves to objects. Often they are taken up by birds which transport them to different places. As it is with the seeds of weeds, so it is with every evil propensity and habit. It propagates itself and spreads over the whole soul, and goes down from generation to generation.—Dr. James McCosh.

OUR GREATEST WEAPON — PRAYER

Scripture Lesson, Luke 11:1-13

"We Wrestle Not Against Flesh and Blood." Heb. 6:12

It is in the field of prayer that life's critical battles are lost or won. We must conquer all our circumstances there. We must first of all bring them there. We must survey them there. We must master them there. In prayer we bring our spiritual enemies into the presence of God and fight them there. Have you tried that? Or have you been satisfied to meet the world? I am trying to say in the spiritual realm what Lord Fisher once said in the realm of material warfare. He said, "Compel your enemy to fight you on your own drill ground." Yes indeed, and when you fight the world and the flesh and the devil on the drill ground of prayer, you have a certain victory. Let us bring our evil thoughts onto the field of prayer. Let us drag our mean judgments onto the field of prayer. Let us drive our ignoble purpose onto the same field, and our insane prejudices, and our malicious practices, and our tyrannical passions. Men ought always to bring their evil antagonisms and besetments into the presence of God. Force them into God's holy place and then fight and slay. Men ought always to pray, and they will not faint in the heaviest day.—J. H. Jowett.

"He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."—Lam. 3:33.

"God had one Son," said Abraham Wright many years ago, "one Son without sin, but never any without sorrow." We may be God's children and yet still

under persecution; we may be His Israel, and yet afflicted from our youth up. We may feel God's hand as a Father upon us when He strikes us as well as when He strokes us. When He strokes us, it is lest we faint under His hand. When He strikes us, it is that we should know His hand.—Sel.

"BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH"

Acts 9:11

God shapes the world by prayer. Prayers are deathless. The lips that uttered them may be closed in death, the heart that felt them may have ceased to beat, but the prayers live before God, and God's heart is set on them. Prayers outlive the lives of those who uttered them; outlive a generation, outlive an age, outlive a world.

A man can pray better because of the prayers of the past; a man can live holier because of the prayers of the past; the man of many and acceptable prayers has done the truest and greatest service to the oncoming generation.

The prayers of God's saints strengthen the unborn generation against the desolating waves of sin and evil. Woe to the generation of sons who find their censers empty of the rich incense of prayer; whose fathers have been too busy or too unbelieving to pray, and perils inexpressible, and consequences untold are their unhappy heritage. Fortunate are they whose fathers and mothers have left them a wealthy patrimony of prayer.—Sel.

"CONTINUING INSTANT IN PRAYER." Rom. 12:12

It is said of John Bradford that he had a peculiar art in prayer. When asked his secret he said: "When I know what I want, I always stop on that prayer until I feel that I have pleaded it with God and until God and I have had dealings with each other upon it. I never go on to another petition until I have gone through the first."

To the same point Mr. Spurgeon said: "Do not try to put two arrows on the string at once—they will both miss. He that would load his gun with two charges cannot expect to be successful. Plead once with God and prevail and then plead again. Get the first mercy and then go after the second."

Certain it is that too often we rattle off our petitions and leave the place of prayer conscious of no real dealings with God. Far better would it be to know what our real needs are and then concentrate our earnest supplications upon those definite objects, taking them thoughtfully one at a time.—Sel.

"HE SHALL COVER THEE WITH HIS FEATHERS."—Psa. 91:4.

What a wonderful expression is this! What transcendent condescension that the infinite Jehovah should speak of His feathers, as though He likened Himself to a little bird! Is it not a wonderful picture of His matchless love and divine tenderness? As a bird covers her nestlings, so does the Lord shelter the souls that dwell in Him. One writer says, "Hawks in the sky and snares in the field are equally harmless when we nestle near the Lord."

"HIDE THYSELF BY THE BROOK CHERITH * * *

I HAVE COMMANDED THE RAVENS TO

FEED THEE THERE." 1 Kings 17:3, 4.

Beloved, should the brook run dry

And should no visible supply

Gladden thine eyes, then wait to see

God work a miracle for thee:

Thou canst not want, for God has said

He will supply His own with bread.

His Word is sure. Creative power

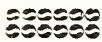
Will work for thee from hour to hour,

And thou, with all Faith's Host shalt prove

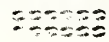
God's hand of power; God's heart of love.

"FOR WITH GOD NOTHING SHALL BE IMPOSSIBLE." Luke 1:37.

Far up in the Alpine hollows, year by year God worked one of His marvels. The snow patches lie there, frozen with ice at their edge from the strife of sunny days and frosty nights; and through that ice-crust come, unscathed, flowers that bloom. Back in the days of the by-gone summer, the little Soldanella plant spread its leaves wide and flat on the ground, to drink in the sun-rays, and it kept them stored in the root through the winter. Then spring came and stirred the pulses even below the snow shroud, and as it sprouted, warmth was given out in such a strange measure that it thawed a little dome in the snow above its head. Higher and higher it grew and always above it rose the bell of air, till the flower-bud formed safely within it; and at last the icy covering of the air-bell gave way and let the blossom through into the sunshine, the crystalline texture of its mauve petals like snow itself as if it bore the traces of the fight through which it had come. And the fragile thing rings and echo in our hearts that none of the jewel-like flowers nestled in the warm turf on the slopes below could waken. We love to see the impossible done. And so does God. YOU DO NOT TEST THE RESOURCES OF GOD TILL YOU TRY THE IMPOSSIBLE. God loves with a great love the man whose heart is bursting with a passion for the impossible.—Sel.



PRAYER PAGE



The Preacher And The Peddler

A minister who longed to trace
Amid his flock a work of grace,
And mourned because he knew not
why
Yon fleece kept wet while his was
dry.
While thinking what he could do
more,
Heard some one rapping at the door,
And opening it there met his view
A dear old brother whom he knew,
Who had got down, by worldly
blow,
From wealth, to peddling cast-off
clothes.
"Come in, my brother," said the pas-
tor,
"Perhaps my trouble you can mas-
ter,

For since the summer you withdrew
My converts have been very few."

"I can," the peddler said, "unroll
Something, perchance, to ease your
soul,

And to cut short all fulsome speech-
es,

Bring me a pair of your old breech-
es."

The clothes were brought, the ped-
dler gazed

And said: "No longer be amazed;
The gloss upon the cloth is such,
I think perhaps, you sit too much,
Building air-castles, bright and gay,
Which Satan loves to blow away.

And here, behold, as I am born
The nap from neither knee is worn!
He who would great revivals see
Must wear his pants out at the knee;
For such the lever prayer supplies,
When pastors kneel, the churches
rise."—Anon.

SPECIALS

SUCCESS THROUGH PRAYER

The work of God can only find
success thru the channel of prayer.
Prayer has done a lot and it will
still do a lot if there are sufficient
prayer-warriors. The devil is busy
these days. He has schemes and
schemes, and they will prosper un-
less God's prayer-warriors bring
them to nought.

In order to be strong for the
most successful Christian warfare,
a warfare that will be destructive
to Satan's ranks, it will mean that
there must be prevailing prayer.
There are certain laws of prayer.
Unless they are put into practice,
nothing will be accomplished. There
is a real need for effectual, fervent
prayer. Two points stress the situa-

(Continued on page 16)

Can Little Children Be Really Saved

(Continued from page five)
sion "Trust Me."

I then explained to the workers how to deal with the little ones, and could do no more, but must needs leave them with those who could deal and pray with them in their own language, trusting the Holy Spirit to guide them. Each child was dealt and prayed with individually and then taken to another room and registered and further talked and prayed with. At the close of the meeting some of the workers came to me and said, "We have never known grown people to come with a clearer sense of need, and a more intelligent understanding to the Savior."

But do the very little children understand?

Possibly not always, just as not all big folks understand, but we must "suffer them to come and forbid them not." It is not ours to know how far they understand. It is ours to explain the way, and to pray and to trust the Lover and Redeemer and Good Shepherd of these little ones to find His way into their hearts.

Once in Invercargill, New Zealand, I had a children's meeting, in which a number of children came forward. A tiny girl, hardly five years old, daughter of the officer, was looking intently at the other children, and then she slipped off her seat and came and knelt with them. She was so small that no one paid any attention to her.

On the way home she noticed that her mother had a small package in her hand. Looking up, she said, "Mamma, let me carry that, won't you? I've given myself to Jesus, and I'm going to be good now." Isn't that the spirit of Jesus manifesting Himself in the surrendered heart?

Jonathan Edwards tells in one of his books of a wee girl of five years in Northampton, Mass., who, during a revival, was noticed by her mother going to her bed room again and again in with an earnest, sad little face. "What is the matter, darling?" asked the mother. The little one re-

plied, "When I pray God does not come." The mother tried to comfort her, but her heart was awakened, and only God could comfort her. She kept going to her bed room to pray, and one day she ran out with a glad face, and, leaping into her mother's arms, she said, "O mamma, when I pray now God comes." From that day forth, up through the years of girlhood, young womanhood, wifehood and old age, she was a radiant Christian.—Youths Instructor.

THE LOUDEST LOUD SPEAKER

(Continued from page 7)

getful, helpful way just goes ahead and does kind, unselfish deeds such as his eighteen-carat Christian character prompts him to. He does it for the same reason that the sun radiates heat—it is a part of himself and he cannot help being radiant.

There is another neighbor who is gifted with much more voluble speech, who always has a plausible theory for everything, and who gets to the front and oracles like an angel. People may exclaim: "Oh, what a wonderfully knowing man he is!" But you note that when there is trouble, or disaster, or loss, or suffering, or danger, people do not flock to a human gasbag to get comfort and courage. They are looking for a warm, true, wise heart. And as surely as the iron filings fly to the magnet, they go to the man whose character has registered A-1, and has inspired respect and confidence.

Genuine character is like genuine gold, that gives our currency value. During our Civil War, when our supply of gold ran low, and we had to suspend specie payments, prices in the North doubled and trebled because there was not enough gold back of our paper bank bills. And in the South it took a wagon-load of confederate bills to buy a pair of boots.

Christian character, that acts more than it talks, is the gold reserve of society. There is no substitute that can give confidence, stability, and real value to other things. J. Pierpont Morgan once

said that character was the best collateral on which he could loan money. What a man really is, and what his character impels him to do, is the ball-bearing on which society runs. One man with a solid-gold character speaks louder in history than a regiment of pinch-back imitation men, whom a drop of acid turns to brass.

"Uncle Bim Gump" is represented as asking a jeweler to get him the highest-priced diamond in the world as a present to "Heaven Eyes." That jewel is Christian character.—Advance.

STREET CAR PHILOSOPHY

(Continued from page six)

Wonderful things are seen not alone by long journeys to famed places, but everywhere they crowd upon one who looks with appreciation. Flowers and trees and grass are offering infinite variety of beauty and delicacy of detail. Sky and cloud, sunrise and sunset are everywhere. But there are beauties of life that far transcend the beauty of sky or field. Too often we fail to see love and nobleness and truth in hearts all about us. If our eyes were open to spiritual values might we not see beautiful characters instead of mere individuals? Was it not insight into human life that enabled Jesus to set so high value on every person—publican, leper, or outcast? There is enough of the unsightly along the car track to make worth while a look at the sky. Life is so besmirched with the ugly that it is worth while to look for the noble behind or within the commonplace.

One man went to his day's work in a dingy shop with a little more of good cheer because his attention had been called to the sunrise sky. It is worth while to point out every discovered beauty. A heart growing hard in selfishness might be softened by being shown another's unselfish deed. A growing untrustworthiness might be checked by being brought to see another's truthfulness. It is worth while pointing out to others every light of the rising sun we may discover in lives about us.

SUCCESS THRU PRAYER

(Continued from page 14)

tion: (1) The outlook is a most dark one. It is so dark, that no one can picture it too dark. The outlook of political parties and the conditions among the nations is appalling. Hatred, among the different races is increasing as never before. Representative leaders of the states are entirely amazed and perplexed. (2) The oppressive condition of the church as a whole. The pure, clear light of God should be constantly shining there, but sad to say, it is not the case now.

Is there nothing hopeful, nothing bright to speak of? Is it all satanic darkness? Is it all gloom and discouragement? Is there no bright "star" to look to to guide us to the Fair Haven of eternal peace and rest? Yes, certainly, there is! Satan is more furious, more desperate in his onslaughts because he well knows his time-period is rapidly hastening to final defeat. He sees the "end" in view and that is why he is so energetic in his deadly work. He keenly senses a slow but sure counter-challenge. Satan moves, yes, sure he moves, but God also moves. He counter-moves. Satan moved in Eden. God counter-moved there also. The ultimate of it all will be the final, eternal, glorious, victorious triumph of the blessed Son of God. There will be no stop to it until the very last enemy—Death—is for ever destroyed.

"When all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all." 1 Cor. 15:28. —Gospel Herald.

Prayer on a Sunday In June

By Paul R. Kirts

O Lord, we rejoice that thou hast placed us in such a wonderful world. For the sunshine and flowers and songs of birds we thank thee. Thou hast revealed thyself through thy works. We know that thou lovest beauty and that thou delightest in all things lovely.

Yet thou hast deigned to come into our hearts made ugly by sin. Where there were the weeds of evil

desires thou hast made the roses of noble purposes to bloom. Thou hast come into our lives and we are new creatures in Christ Jesus.

We would see new beauties this day. Open our eyes, O Lord, to behold the glories of form and color and unstop our ears that we may hear the excellences of sound. Make us more appreciative of the music in thy house. As we sing the songs of Zion, may we sing with the Spirit and the understanding.

Then send us forth, O God, to live as we sing. May our lives be full of harmony. Subdue in us the note of selfishness. Tone down the chord of self with love, so that the melody of thoughtfulness and concern for others will dominate the discord of self-centered desires.

If our brows become wrinkled with care and our hands red and unsightly with toil, we care little, for this tenement of clay will dissolve. But as the days come and go, grant that our inner lives may take on the beauty of the Lord. This we ask in the name of Christ, "the fairest among ten thousand." Amen.

OUR HELPERS CLUB

ATTENTION PLEASE! —

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Dear "Lighted Pathway" Helpers:

We want to repeat our special notice from last month's issue as we have an idea some did not see the last one from results.

First let us say we want to be just as lenient and accommodating as we can possibly be in all our dealings with our friends and the friends of "The Lighted Pathway" and we will go the limit in helping those who need help. We are anxious to get the best working plan for ourselves and those who are helping us to carry on this work, so we are giving you some rules again this week to work by when it is convenient for you, which will greatly aid the Editor.

Please let me know by the 20th of the month if you do not need your roll of papers or if you want to change the number. After this time your name has gone to the parties who mail out the papers from the Publishing House and it causes us some extra time and trouble to get the word to them before they

are mailed out.

Please try to have the paper sold and the money to me by the 25th of the month if possible. If you cannot do this, it is perfectly all right to send it in any time without an apology. This aids me in my work greatly, if it can be done.

Please, when you send your money, state what issue you are paying for.

Please state what issue you are ordering when you send in your order, as this saves confusion many times.

This work is somewhat new to me and to most of us and when we understand each other better we will run along smoothly I am sure.

Please be patient with us when mistakes are made. Remember this work is not the only work I have to do. I am a busy housekeeper and mother with the thousand little things that come along with a life of this kind, and if I make a little mistake occasionally, write me about it and I will do my best to make it right. I need your prayer.

May God bless you as you strive to help this great work of inspiring and helping our young people to a better, happier, and nobler life.

—O—

If you would climb to heights sublime,

Give my advice a trial;
Don't drift and shirk,
But in and work, and
Smile, smile, smile.—Sel.

* * *

The power of God is irresistible when we make contact with it through prayer.

* * *

Experimental religion includes:

The new birth
Freedom from sin
A clean heart
Love that is impartial
Peace, joy and happiness
The baptism of the Spirit
Power over the enemy.

This is our earthly inheritance.

—Select

* * *

An empty pew in the church,
An empty spot in a pastor's heart
Are both a sorrow that can be healed.

People with thin skins should use a curry-comb on other folks

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1931

NO. 3.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

MY HIGH RESOLVE

I DEDICATE MY LIFE to redeeming deserts into rose gardens. I shall take time to feel the tragedy of emptiness in the lives of people I meet. I shall seek by all means, to bring showers of refreshing to fall upon sands of truth and kindness. I shall seek to turn deserts into rose gardens.

The unawakened are everywhere. They are asleep to their possibilities. Equipped for lives of service and a great destiny, they wander aimlessly on.

Hedged in by the stone wall of their own frailties and faults, they see not the world of opportunity that reaches beyond the stars.

It shall be my high resolve to awaken and inspire.

It shall be my aim to lift them up to where they shall see the great world of beauty, love and inspiration.

Desert minds and barren hearts shall be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I shall bide my time, though it may take years of effort and sacrifice. I am resolved to see every desert within my reach and influence become waving fields of grain and gardens of flowers, and landscapes of rich vintage.

—Heart Throbs of Truth.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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Young People Everywhere

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

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Single copy 10c

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

SEPTEMBER, 1931.

EDITORIALS

Could not some of our young people send in something for the exchange page? something that will help our young people to do better work. If you have found a plan that has been a blessing in the building up of your work, send it in for the October paper. Write and tell us what your society has been doing, if it is worth while, and let us pass it on to others.

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Please be patient with us when mistakes are made. Remember this work is not the only work I have to do. I am a busy housekeeper and mother with the thousand little things that come along with a life of this kind, and if I make a little mistake occasionally, write me about it and I will do my best to make it right. I need your prayers.

May God bless you as you strive to help this great work of inspiring and helping our young people to a better, happier, and nobler life.

We have been very much encouraged the last few months by visiting some state conventions. First we went to the Kentucky state convention and found an energetic band of young people gathered together who are on fire for God. Then we went to West Virginia next and found many precious young people there ready to sacrifice and live and work for God, and we just returned yesterday from the Virginia convention where we met some splendid young people. We find that wherever we go this great salvation has the same effect on the lives of the young people as well as the old, and when they have it it always separates them from the world and worldly things, and makes them love the Lord above everything else. Oh how many of the denominational churches are filled with people that have never been changed by the power of God. They just have their names on the church book and are asleep to a real change of heart. Whose fault is it? I believe

the pastors of these churches will be held responsible for many of our lost boys and girls. The Holiness way is the only way. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Heb. 12:14. Listen, don't tell me that young people can't live apart from worldly associations and be happy. I've seen it tried and know that it can and is being done, right in the midst of the glittering things of the world. Thank God for a power that can keep in time of temptation.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Dear friends and coworkers: We are sure that you want to do your best for The Lighted Pathway and are perhaps doing the best you can, many of you, and if that is true, what you are already doing is satisfactory, but may I ask you, if it is possible to collect and send in what you owe on the paper, I would certainly appreciate it, as I must pay for the printing. Then if you are interested in the paper, will you not make an effort to send me some subscribers. The burden is great for one but not much if we will all put our shoulder to the wheel. You don't know how I open my eyes when I open a letter with a few subscribers. The largest I have had since I began publishing the paper was sent in by Brother T. P. Douglas of Miami, Fla. some time ago. Then this month Vivian Haworth sent in eight subscribers from Maine. Now couldn't some of you work a little and just watch me open my eyes wide, or at least you can imagine you see me as I open the letter and say, "Praise the Lord," for that is just what I always say.

On the first issue of The Lighted Pathway we published the same piece that we have as our cover page this month. It carries with it the thought of our work among the young people and we are using it again this month. What could we use that would better describe our precious young people! I wonder how much you are doing to turn the deserts about you into rose gardens. Yes, the unawakened are about you, many of them are

(Please look on page eight)

MY TRAVELS AND THE Y. P. E.

Vivian Haworth

For several weeks I have been trying to find time to write again to my many Y. P. E. friends thru "The Lighted Pathway" but since leaving my home in Texas last May I have been in meetings almost continually, therefore have been quite busy.

In my travels it has been a great pleasure to read the little paper, especially when my eyes fall on the name of some dear B. T. S. student, or some Y. P. E. friend I met in my travels. It is almost like receiving letters from home-folks. And too, I enjoy the other letters so much. To know you are a Y. P. E. member makes me feel almost acquainted, even though we have never met.

The Lord has given me some wonderful opportunities in Y. P. E. work. My first stop was Reading, Pa. Brother B. O. Rosenbaum is pastor of the church there and surely has the work on his heart. Miss Verna Stillwell is Y. P. E. president and is truly at her post. This Y. P. E. had not been organized long so we did our best to encourage them to press on. They began a contest and I understand the membership is increasing as well as the interest. They have also been having street services, and are to use the offerings for beginning work in new fields. I think that is fine. That is Home Mission work. May the Lord richly bless their efforts. I shall always remember the kindness of the Reading people. They use "The Lighted Pathway" regularly.

Then what a fine band of young people I met at Williamsburg, Pa. The Y. P. E. membership was forty or more, I believe. Brother Poteat conducted a few services there and Brother Hubert Flowers and the writer had charge of Y. P. E. programs one hour before regular services. We introduced "The Lighted Pathway" which they began using with much interest. Brother David Lykens is president. He has only had the baptism of the Holy Ghost a short while, and it seems he is just in the right place to do ser-

vise for God. I spent three weeks there and surely enjoyed the association of these young people. I wish to say, Brother Ralph Koshewitz, pastor, and wife are back of them with their prayers.

We also organized a Y. P. E. at Holidaysburg near Williamsburg where Sister Carrie Kalb was then in charge of the mission. They are few in number but we are praying that they will grow and prosper.

We were next enjoying the Pennsylvania State Convention at Somerset where we met several B. T. S. students: namely, Henry Stoppe, Dick Murray, Dorthea and Lena Smith (Lena is married now, however), Hubert Flowers, Zanna Wright, Marie Smith and many other dear friends. Oh we were delighted to see them. It was wonderful to see the large rostrum filled each evening from 6:00 to 7:45 with many talented young people to render a Y. P. E. program. Some very interesting talks, specials, both vocal and instrumental, were rendered. The power of the Lord was so great at times we would have to shout awhile before continuing our program. I almost have to shout now to think of it—my eyes are filled with tears of joy and my heart swells with gratitude. Praise the Lord! These programs were so encouraging. We also had a nice orchestra.

We were soon in the beautiful state of Maine where we expect to serve as pianist in revivals the remainder of the summer. At Rockland, Me. Sister Bowles, evangelist, assisted by Sister Goldie Banks, Brother and Sister P. A. Brown, Hubert Flowers and writer, conducted evangelistic services each evening during a convention. The young people were irregular attendants, therefore we had no Y. P. E. programs. We had some fine services and several were blessed after a hard battle.

The busy city of Bangor was last but not least. Our party came here for a revival which lasted twelve days. The Lord blessed throughout the meeting and seven were filled with the Holy Ghost. We met some

very refined young people in this mission and have surely learned to love them. During the revival we had a few Y. P. E. programs assisted by Sister Banks, and the interest was fine. I was fortunate to get a few weeks' work here as Linotype operator for the daily paper, therefore, am still busy for the Y. P. E. while here. So we have organized a Y. P. E. with twenty-one members and they are also using "The Lighted Pathway." They were all eager to subscribe for such an interesting young people's paper, and find it much help in their programs. How the Lord does bless us in these services! The pastor, Brother Dearing, and wife are so willing to help and encourage them, which I am sure will mean much to them. I am staying in their home and surely appreciate their hospitality. I feel almost like I am a member of this Y. P. E. and regret leaving them.

We expect to begin a revival at Belfast soon. Will you please pray for us? Oh, I want to win many young people to Jesus, and be a blessing to those already saved.

NOTICE: My permanent address is 82 Union St., Portland, Me., "Church of God."

A SKETCH OF A SAILOR'S LIFE

I was born in Finland in 1884, the youngest of eight children, seven boys and one girl. When I was six years old my mother died. My brothers and sister left home, so father and I were alone. At the age of twelve I went out to work for my living.

My earliest recollection is my mother's sickbed and her prayers for her baby boy. After she was dead I commenced to dream about becoming a sailor when I grew up. Later I longed to go out in the world and make money. My father begged me not to go but I went anyway.

I sailed in small ships on the coast of Finland until I was twenty, then I took hire on the large ships for foreign lands.

It was not very long before I
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CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE FRIENDLY CLUB

By Elsie Grant Henson

Kenneth sat on his back doorstep with a deep frown between his eyes. With his elbows on his knees he stared out into the small back yard without seeing anything. He was feeling that his troubles were almost too heavy to bear. In the first place, his mother had insisted that he go to Sunday School this morning. And he didn't want to go. In the second place, something worse had happened—he had lost his dog. His puppy, which Kenneth had brought to the strange city where his parents had just moved, was gone! Kenneth had looked and searched everywhere close, but no fat, little puppy could he find.

He didn't want to go to Sunday School for two reasons. He felt strange and shy about going among so many strangers. And besides, Lucky, his collie puppy being gone, Kenneth felt he ought to spend every moment looking for him. Kenneth had named the pup "Lucky" because he had felt it was a lucky thing his parents had permitted him to bring the dog. He knew they had done it so he would not be quite so lonesome in leaving his friends. But now that Lucky had strayed, Kenneth felt doubly lonesome.

"Kenneth, come in and get ready!" called his mother. Sighing, Kenneth stood up. Oh, dear, if he didn't have to go!

"Why, Kenneth!" his mother said in surprise, "why not go? You were always so glad to go to Sunday School back home!"

"But it's different here," objected Kenneth. "I don't know anybody and—can't I please stay at home and look for Lucky?"

"Why, son, if you feel that way, I'll get ready and go with you, but I think you should go!"

So Kenneth finally was persuaded

to start alone. He went along slowly for a little while with his head down. Then he heard some quick steps behind him.

"Hello!" called a voice behind him, and Kenneth turned quickly to see a boy about his age standing there close. "I'm Bob Harold—I live three doors south of you. Mother said I should have asked you last night, but we were gone until late, and this morning I barely got up in time for Sunday School myself! Where were you going?"

"Up here on the corner to Sunday School!" Kenneth told him.

"So'm I" replied Bob. "How old are you?"

"Eight."

"That's just how old I am. You'll be in my class, I guess. That is, if you are willing to do what we do!" added Bob.

"What's that?"

"Why, we all promise to look after any strangers we see. I didn't do it right, or I'd have come over to ask you to go with me last night. Any one strange like yourself, we are to see that they don't feel lonesome or anything. That's why we call ourselves 'The Friendly Club.' See? You come along with me. You'll like Miss Wilson! She's nice and not a bit cross!"

The boys hurried along, as it was getting late. Children were coming from all directions, going to different rooms. Kenneth was glad that God was with him to guide him to the proper place. Kenneth stared at the rows of chairs in the room where Bob had taken him. My, what a lot of children there must be! And then Bob took him straight to a kindly looking woman and introduced him.

"This is Kenneth Morse, a new boy on our street!" Bob said. "He's eight years old and can't be in our class?"

Miss Wilson smiled as she took Kenneth's hand.

"I'm sure we'll like to have you, Kenneth, if you can promise to be a friendly boy. Did Bob explain why we call ourselves The Friendly Club?"

Kenneth nodded shyly. He was glad to sit next to Bob. He enjoyed the songs and the verses. My, how many Bible verses these children knew! And then they went to tables. All the boys sat around one with Miss Wilson at the head. Kenneth was interested at once. She told such nice things that a boy could understand. And when the lesson was finished, Kenneth had a surprise. Bob told the boys about Kenneth's lost puppy.

"It's a collie pup with two white feet. Maybe some of you might see him, and could return him to Kenneth."

"That would be one nice way to show that you were friendly boys!" smiled Miss Wilson.

Bob and Kenneth walked home together. Kenneth had a new book given him with a colored story paper in it. He was proud of it. He told Bob good-bye at the gate and ran in to tell his mother about it.

"It's a nice Sunday School mother! I'm in a class of the nicest boys! They try to make strangers feel at home. Bob took me and introduced me to everybody in the class. And he told all the boys about Lucky. And they're going to help me look for him!"

After dinner, Kenneth was in his back yard when Bob came over.

"Suppose we go out and look for your dog a while!" suggested Bob. "I know the streets pretty well around here so we won't get lost. We can go up one street and down another!"

The two boys started out. They looked in all the front yards, and back yards and even the alleys. Sometimes they asked boys they

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FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS

Sent in by

Mrs. E. P. Kimball, Myersdale, Pa.
Oh mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play
For the day brings so many vexations
So many things go amiss;
But mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet often wander
Perhaps from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mis-
chief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your
bliss,
And as thanks for your infinite bless-
ings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex
you
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for their sweet childish
voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your
bosom
You'd give all this world for just this
For the comfort 'twill bring you in
sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

A WHISPER TO MOTHERS

By R. Hare

Impatience is one of the saddest realities of domestic life. It is evil and only evil continually; but thrown into child life, it becomes one of the greatest of evils.

With young mothers, especially impatience is liable to degenerate into a passion that spreads a lasting injury over the life of both mother and child.

David declared that he would keep a muzzle for his mouth. There is more need for a muzzle today than ever before. The world is now living largely on its nerves, and it is fast becoming neurotic and unreliable. Like Jehu of old, it "driveth furiously," but on the way to ruin.

Fond mothers, that impatient word, that hasty slap, that angry shake—you cannot measure the injury that may have been done by any or all of these. The result may

not be seen in an hour, but you are sowing seeds that must bring forth a harvest of disappointment and ruin.

Of course you can master that little child, and terrify his little spirit into obedience, or rather compliance with your will, but that is not all. That rash tongue-lashing, that sudden burst of temper, that hurried punishment, may prove the beginning of a heart divorce between you and your child that may finally leave you as far apart as Israel's mountains of blessing and cursing.

Do not mistake. It is right to correct your child. It is absolutely necessary to do so, for "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." No greater nuisance can come to social or church life than a child without control. But your methods of control must be such that they will appeal to the judgment of the child, and dignify your own life in his estimation.

Young men and women study for years to pass certain tests in science and education. But the training of children—the most important of all factors is the parental curriculum—is left to the hasty tongue, the thoughtless hand, or the careless impulse. To be truly mastered, this science will have to be studied kneeling in the Gethsemane shade where the sod is wet with tears.

On the other hand, parents sometimes get the idea that indifference to the child's wrong-doing or waywardness is patience. No, no! that is both wrong and sinful. You cannot follow this plan without injury to your child and the world in which he lives.

Your mind is quick. Years have taught you understanding. But the child is only waking to life. It is your part to help him to understand. It is your part also to put a difference between willful rebellion and lack of knowledge. See that the little mind has a clear understanding of what you require

before you punish for disobedience.

Charlie watched his mother give a hasty slap to a younger brother for some unintentional wrong that he had done. A moment of thoughtfulness followed, then he exclaimed, "Mamma, does God beat hard when we do little things that aren't nice?" "Cause, if He does, I wouldn't like to go to heaven!"

Mothers, you have not measured the logic that rules in the little minds of your children. Do not try to overrule or override the child mind, but rather to control it with all the sweet patience that will help you to overcome your own impatience.

Don't Discourage Your Boy

By Olive Roberts Barton

"Hello, there, Lefty!"

"John, don't call him 'Lefty'! He can't help using his left hand."

"Why can't he? If he's going to go to West Point some day he'll have to learn to hold a gun, I guess. And he's got to stand up straight. Get those shoulders up, Son."

"Oh, I'm tired," said Son, whose name happened to be Jack. "I'm a terrible fellow ain't I—always something wrong."

"No—you're perfect," smiled his mother kindly.

"Well I guess you think so just because you're a woman. Dad knows I'm no good, don't you, Dad?" He said this with a half hopeful glance at his father, a look which said plainly, "Why don't you contradict me?"

His father did go so far as to say, "Well, Jack, I think you have the makings of a fine boy, only you seem to do everything wrong. That's all. For goodness sake, sit up straight and stop lounging. You never see me lounging like that!" And Captain Stokes drew up his

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: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

MY REFUGE

By Rev. Luther B. Cross

'Neath the shadow of His wings I'll safely hide,
In the secret of His presence I'll abide;
He's my refuge and my stay,
As I journey on life's way,
With His watchful eye my wayward feet He'll guide.

On the cruel, rugged cross He bled and died;
He will cleanse me in the crimson, flowing tide;
He'll uphold my weary soul,
Bring me victor to the goal,
Thru His love the gates of Heaven will open wide.

When the dark and stormy Jordan I'm beside,
With His mantle He the waters will divide;
He will grant His grace to me,
And shall still MY REFUGE be,
In His Father's house a place He will provide.

MARY'S FAITH

"Blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." —Luke 1:45.

Mary believed that which hitherto had been without precedent. She believed for that which humanity was impossible. She believed the voice of the angel. It was not a human voice. Humanly there was much that could have been interpreted to bring about unbelief, and little to enable her to believe. But GOD, the GOD of her fathers, GOD was in Mary's thoughts, and so with her faith, all things were possible with God.

Abraham believed God for a son on natural and supernatural lines; but Mary had no data to found or rest her belief upon beyond the Word of God. The most stupendous event in the history of the world was about to be accomplished, but she staggered not at the promise, at the statement, but simply said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." Mary is an example to all Marys, yea, to every child of God, to believe God, to believe God's word, to believe God's messengers.

There shall be a performance because she hath believed. Do you want the impossible to be performed? Let us believe God's Word, which has been tested and tried all down the ages. By believing, Mary made it possible for God to accomplish His purpose in sending the Savior into the world. Mighty works could not be done in a certain place when Christ was on the earth because of unbelief, but mighty works can be done now in your district because of belief. *Belief in an assembly brings mighty works in the district of the assembly.* Do you want a revival? Get Mary's faith; believe God against the seeming impossible.

Unbelief was so prevalent around Mary that she could find only her cousin Elizabeth who could enter into the spirit of her revelations and manifestations of divine favor. The Marys and Elizabeths are choice, rare plants. But the great Husbandman can cause others to flourish.

God needs faith, He deserves faith. Mary dared not tell the unbelieving ones around her her experience; she would have been argued out of her faith and her experience. But Elizabeth understood, and

she heard the Magnificat from Mary. Luke got it only after the Christ had reached manhood.

If a mere human being could believe the angel for such a stupendous event as Mary did, that she was to be the Mother of the Son of God, conceived of the Holy Spirit, then it is still possible for human beings to believe God for anything; for nothing will ever exceed that for which Mary believed.

Mary believed for the incarnation; Enoch believed for translation. Believe that Christ is formed or is being formed within you, and believe also for the perfected Man within you.—Sel.

PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIANS

John A. Duryen

There is much said today about the progressive type of Christian, but after all, is there any other kind? One who stops progressing in his Christian experience and living is like one riding a bicycle—to stop is to fall off! There must be constant advancement to maintain faith. In Heb. 10:18 we read, "The just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." Many try to live the rest of their Christian lives in the moment of their conversion. They remember the time, the place and the joy of it, and this is as it should be, for always before growth there must be life. A new birth in Jesus Christ will change the life, and things of the world will pass away. Jesus said of His disciples, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." His followers are not a card-playing, dancing, Sabbath-breaking, cheating, theatre-going people.

The foundation for progress in the Christian life. In Heb. 5:12 there is a picture of those who have been Christians long enough to have become teachers, but they have advanced little and are still babes who have need of milk in.

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THE INNER CIRCLE

THE GOAL

I see my way a trackless path ahead.
I will go on—for youth is urging on.
I know not; but unless the thorns spring up
Or noxious weeds despoil the radiant course
That beckons and allures, I will go on;
A goal awaiteth me.

The noontide sun gives pause to lagging feet.
I see my way less clearly than of yore.
I fear not; for I know my guide hath trod
The selfsame path to greater heights beyond.
Though steep and toilsome seems the way and long,
I still will travel on.

I see my way adown the shining trail.
I will go on—naught can withhold my quest.
I care not; though the loosening thread of life
But feebly holds to every passing day.
The glory of the setting sun illumines my path.
He leads me to the goal.—Clara Gebhardt.

DWELL DEEP

James Smith in "Handfuls on Purpose" writes: "Geologists assure us that there still exist in the deep sea 'living species of animals which, in former geologic periods dwelt in the coastal districts of the ocean.' Here they seemed to have found an asylum from the dangers which seemed to threaten their very existence." As the safety of those animals depended upon abiding in the deep sea, so our safety depends altogether in our abiding in the secret place of the Most High. No matter how unsafe the surroundings, no matter how disagreeable the circumstances, no matter how unhealthy the climate, so long as we dwell deep in the Refuge that has been provided for the child of God, there is no danger of our being swamped by anything that comes our way. The Psalmist undoubtedly realized this or he would not have been so faithful in boasting of his safe hiding place, his eternal refuge.

Get away from the surface dwelling. Plunge into the ocean of God's love, dwell deep! There are surface dwellers who come in contact with every storm that crosses their ocean. There are others who plunge for God and they are so far out in

OTHERS MAY, YOU CANNOT

If God has called you to be really like Jesus He will draw you into a life of crucifixion and humility, and put upon you such demands of obedience that you will not be able to follow other people, or measure yourself by other Christians, and in many ways He will seem to let other good people do things which He will not let you do. Other Christians and ministers, who seem very religious and useful may push themselves, pull wires, work schemes to carry out their plans, but you cannot do it; and if you attempt it, you will meet with such failure and rebuke from the Lord as to make you sorely penitent.

Others may boast of themselves, of their work, of their success, of their writings, but the Holy Spirit will not allow you to do any such thing, and if you begin it, He will lead you into some deep mortifica-

tion the ocean, so far away from the surface, so deep in the waters, underneath the waves, that no matter what storms come their way, they remain unmoved, untouched, unharmed. Thank God, for those who dwell deep!—Gospel Herald.

tion that will make you despise yourself and all your good works. The Lord may let others be honored, and put forward, and keep you hidden in obscurity, because He wants to produce some choice fragrant fruit for His coming glory, which can only be produced in the shade. He may let others be great, but keep you small. He may let others do a work for Him and get the credit for it, but He will make you work and toil on without knowing how much you are doing, and then to make your work still more precious He may let others get the credit for the work which you have done, and thus make your reward ten times greater when Jesus comes.

The Holy Spirit will put a strict watch over you, with a jealous love, and will rebuke you for little words and feelings, or for wasting your time, which other Christians never seem distressed over. So make up your mind that God is an infinite Sovereign, and has a right to do as He pleases with His own. He may not explain to you a thousand things which puzzle your reason in His dealings with you, but if you absolutely sell yourself to be His love slave, He will wrap you up in a jealous love and bestow upon you many blessings which come only to those who are in the inner circle.

Settle it forever then, that you are to deal directly with the Holy Spirit, and that He is to have the privilege of tying your tongue, or chaining your hand, or closing your eyes, in ways that He does not seem to use with others. Now when you are so possessed with the living God that you are in your secret heart, pleased and delighted over this peculiar, personal, private guardianship and management of the Holy Spirit over your life, you will have found the vestibule of Heaven.—Living Words.—Sent in by Kitty May, Logan, W. Va.

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

equipped for lives of service. Many of them are educated and could be of great service to the Master if they were only awakened. It takes the Holy Spirit to awaken them. He must work through human instruments. Then the great army of young people who have had little chance for education and training for the Master but who have undeveloped talents that only need a loving touch to awaken them to the possibilities and give them a determination to be something for God, and to work in His vineyard, are hungering for the power of the Holy Spirit in their lives so that they may be of service to the cause of Christ. What are you doing and what am I doing to help them find themselves?

Dear young people and older people too, study this cover page closely and see if you do not want to join hands with those who are already working on these deserts, and help us to make them blossom as the rose.

—O—

PAYING THE PRICE

To be a real Christian one must be willing to pay the price it costs to be one. Here is a clipping that illustrates what we want to bring out.

"Are you willing to be a highway over which Jesus Christ shall come into your town and into the lives of your friends and neighbors? Right of way costs something.

"When President Garfield was shot he was taken to a quiet isolated house where he could have absolute rest and quiet in his fight for life, and a special railway was constructed to facilitate the bringing of doctors, nurses and loved ones to his bedside.

"The engineers laid out this road to cross a farmer's front yard, but he refused to grant the right of way until they explained that it was for the president, when he exclaimed, That is different, why you can run right through my front house.

"Are you willing to give him right of way across your front

yard? It may run right through some of your plans or social engagements or business appointments. But will you give him right of way?"

Dear young people, a greater one than the president of the United States is calling for right of way in your life. Stop for a moment and enumerate the things that are keeping you from saying yes to the will of God. Oh yes, it is easy to go with the crowd and keep the good will of those around you, but remember the Word, says that "Friendship with the world is enmity with God." Yes, it seems all right when all is going well and we are in health to go about and have a good time, but what about the time when you must lay it all down and answer the call of that monster death that comes to all? What good then will your worldly associates do you? or the dance hall, the theater and the thousand and one little things that you have allowed to stand between you and God, what will they mean to you then? Then if you could at last get into the Kingdom like the thief on the cross, how would you feel to go in empty handed with no sheaves to lay at the Master's feet?

Oh how beautiful is the consecrated young person who is willing to lay everything at the Master's feet and win others to Christ. There is no other way to be a soul winner, than giving the Lord right of way in your life and saying good-bye to the world.

Not long ago a young Christian girl allowed her associates to pull her into some worldly amusement. In a short time the spirit of conviction had done its work and she was in tears of penitence at her mother's side asking for prayer. One of her statements was, Mother, these few hours have been hell for me. Young man or woman, if you are a Christian, watch for your soul for the enemy is after you and will pull you down some way or other if you do not watch and pray. He will come in the little ways that you are not expecting, and maybe through some of your dearest friends. Learn to say no to anything that you are not sure about.

I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
There's no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light,
If the way of the cross I miss.

The Friendly Club

(Continued from page four)

met. But not a sign of a collie pup was to be seen.

"I'm afraid he's gone for good!" mourned Kenneth. "He's too little to find his way home!"

"Let's go over to see some of the boys in the class. Maybe they've heard of him!" said Bob.

But none of the boys had seen the puppy, so the boys went sadly home.

"I'll have to go home now!" said Bob at Kenneth's gate. "My folks are going over to see my aunt. She lives quite a long way from here. But we won't give up. When I get back and even tomorrow we'll still hunt for him!" encouraged Bob before he ran home.

Kenneth went slowly into his back yard and sat down. He liked Bob. It was nice of him to help hunt Lucky. But with nothing to do, Kenneth found the afternoon long. Father and mother were both busy, and he couldn't ask them to play with him. If he only had Lucky, there would be plenty to do. Finally, evening came. Kenneth went inside and began to read his story book. He was reading his pretty Sunday School paper when the doorbell rang. Kenneth was so deep in his reading that he paid little attention until he heard his father calling him.

"Come here, Kenneth! Some one to see you!"

Wonderingly, Kenneth got up and went to the door.

"Hello!" called Bob in excitement. "Look what I brought you!"

Kenneth stared as Bob held out his hands. In them was a fat roly-poly of a collie pup. And it had two white feet!

"Lucky! Where in the world did you find him?" asked Kenneth, hugging the little dog close.

"Why, isn't it the luckiest

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OUR READING CLUB

By Charlotte Higgins

This month we will recommend "The Surrendered Life," by James I. McConkey. Any one wishing to obtain this book address, Silver Publishing Society, 1013 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. It will be sent free to those who will take part in passing it on to others.

Here is a few words Mr. McConkey has to say: "What can the potter do with the unyielded clay? How can God fashion the unyielded life? If every idol He shatters is secretly mourned; if every hastening stroke is bitterly denounced; if every higher purpose is resisted by a hostile will, how can He mould, and transform, and bless? Surely the ship which God is not piloting is destined to disastrous wreck; surely the harp which God does not attune will never be a jangle of discordant notes to His listening ear. If we would have them restored to their perfection, we yield our disordered imepiece to the watchmaker; our costly gem with its broken setting to the jeweler; our wounded, bleeding limb to the hand of the surgeon. Can we do less toward God with the priceless treasure of life if we would have it meet our highest aspiration? Wherefore the Word of God calls upon us again and again to yield, yield, yield ourselves to God if we would have His Spirit hold full sway in our lives. He wants not only saved sinners, but surrendered saints."

"AN OFFERING

"The word consecrate means 'to fill the hand.' Just as the Jewish worshipper filled his hand with the best, richest, and choicest of his own, and brought it as an offering to the Lord, so is the redeemed child of God to offer himself to God as the highest expression of grateful worship he can possibly make to the Lord who has redeemed him. In the bygone days, when men were sold as chattels, a trembling slave stood upon the auction block awaiting the result of the

last bid which was to separate him from wife, children, and all that was dear to him in his life of bondage on the old plantation. Higher and higher rose the bidding until at last it ceased, and the hammer of the auctioneer fell. A gentleman stepped up to the fettered slave and quickly said: 'My man, I have bought you.' 'Yes, Massa,' was the subdued response. 'I have bought you at a great price.' The bondman nodded a tearful assent. 'But more than this,' continued the purchaser, 'I have bought you to set you free,' and striking off his bonds he said, 'Go; you are a free man.' Thereupon, falling at the feet of his deliverer the overjoyed freedman cried out, 'Oh, Massa! I am your slave forever!' Even so, redeemed one, is our Christ, who bought us with His own precious blood, waiting for us to fall at His feet and offer Him the life which He has purchased and set free."

"In a little chapel in an European village hangs a picture of the Christ. The artist who painted it was a child of God redeemed by the blood of Christ from a life of sin and folly. So filled with love for his dying Savior was his rejoicing soul that when he came to paint, that soul was flooded with tenderest love, and into every lineament, pose and expression of the Divine Man he painted love, love, love as few had done before, or have done since. Underneath the picture of the Sufferer he had written the lines:

'All this I did for thee,
What hast thou done for Me?'

"One summer day there strolled into the little church a young nobleman. Loitering along the aisle his attention was arrested by the painting into which the Spirit of God had breathed His own love through the fashioning hands of the artist. As he saw the love depicted in every lineament of that divine face; as he saw the pierced hands, and bleeding brow, the

wounded side; as he slowly scanned the couplet —

'All this I did for thee,
What hast thou done for Me?'

—a new revelation of the claim of Jesus Christ upon every life upon which His grace had been outpoured flashed upon him. Hour after hour passed as he sat intently gazing upon the face of the Suffering One. As the day waxed apace, and the lingering rays of sunlight shot aslant aisle and pew, they fell upon the bowed form of Zinzendorf, weeping and sobbing out his devotion to the Christ whose love had not only saved his soul, but conquered his heart. Out from that little church he went forth to do a mighty life work, which has circled the earth with the missions of that Moravian people, who seem to have realized and incarnated the love of Christ for a lost world, as no other denomination of God's Church militant has yet done."

"One wild, stormy night, as the dwellers in a little cliff town on the New England coast watched the tall lighthouse through the thick gloom, a strange thing happened. The warning bells rang out in wild clangor, and the light was seen to suddenly surge forward, hang for an instant suspended over the sea and then disappear in its swift arc-flight into the seething, hissing waters below, carrying to swift death the lonely occupants. The morning light revealed the striking secret of the midnight catastrophe. The dwellers in the lighthouse had sometime before fastened a stout cable from the top of the beacon to the rocks below, for the hoisting of provisions and supplies. When the tide and storm arose that night the giant billows beat with mighty blows upon the great hawser until, by degrees, the tall iron supports were strained, and the overbalanced lighthouse crashed to swift ruin. A single line had done the deadly work! A single reservation or default in our surrender to God may work like havoc. If we are saved it cannot wreck our soul. But it may so bar out God's purpose of fullness in and through us that our

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DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

By Hettie Ellen Payne

FIVE SUGGESTIONS FOR BIBLE STUDY

1. Study it through—that is, master a verse or an incident each day.

2. Pray it in—that is, do not cease prayer until the scripture truth becomes a part of your being.

3. Work it out—that is, put in practice for the day what you have thus received.

4. Put it down—that is, write on the margin of your Bible the God-given thought from the morning study.

5. Pass it on—that is, tell others what God has told you. To hold a truth is to lose it, to share it is to multiply it.

We are drifting from the habit of daily devotion. How many of us read at least a chapter a day? Suppose you try it for this month. Let's commit to memory a verse each day. Here are seven reasons for doing it:

1. It will acquaint you with God's Word.

2. It will be a ready weapon against the enemy.

3. It will cultivate your mind.

4. It will crowd out evil thoughts.

5. It will prove the best equipment for personal work.

6. It will prove a constant source of joy.

7. It is a practice of obedience.

Notice the fifth reason, "It will prove the best equipment for personal work." Personal work is one thing the Church of God needs today. Perhaps YOU can reach some one whom the preacher can't. There are some young people who think they haven't any talent. Suppose you try personal work for a while. Speak to some of your friends about their soul's salvation. This often touches, when they do not notice the sermon. It makes them realize that you mean THEM, and only them. The preacher may say, "You are lost! You need to be saved!" They may think, "He means some one else." But when

you speak direct to HIM he can't misunderstand.

Jesus was the greatest personal worker known. Study His methods. Remember the woman at the well of Samaria. Study His methods with Nicodemus. You will do well to study the Gospel of John. This might be called the "Personal Worker's Gospel." Here are three things to do in soul winning.

1. Set the winning of souls before you as a definite aim in life.

2. Cultivate a passion for souls.

3. Begin and continue all your work with a prayer, "Pray for all men." 1 Tim. 2:14.

You may think this a queer "line" for a "Bible Study Page" but it will require study, prayerful study, to make the soul winner God needs.

Here are the questions. How many can you answer?

1. What general made a fortune out of earrings? Judges 8:24-26.

2. When did the sword of a dead giant cause the death of an innocent man? 1 Sam. 21:9; 22:13, 16, 18.

3. What giant had six fingers on each hand, and what became of him? 1 Chron. 20:6-7.

4. What man found a kingdom while looking for some lost donkeys? 1 Sam. 9.

5. Who drove away an invading army by a song? 2 Chron. 20:20-24.

6. When did politeness save 51 men from death by fire? 2 Kings 1:9-15.

7. What general was cured by a little slave girl? 2 Kings 5:3-4.

8. Who was killed and guarded by a lion? 1 Kings 13:24-25.

9. Who won a dinner and a wife by standing up for seven girls against a lot of bullies? Ex. 2:16-21.

10. What baby became a prince by crying at the right time? Ex. 2:6.

11. When did five golden mice help save a nation? 1 Sam. 6:1-4.

12. Who paid for a man's head with their own hands and feet? 2 Sam. 4:8-12.

13. What men were allowed to ransom their lives with their right eyes? 1 Sam. 11:12.

14. What man escaped from a trap by sticking to his work? Neh. 6:1-4.

15. What broken oath was punished by three years of famine and caused the death of the descendants of him who broke it? Josh. 9:2 Sam. 21.

16. Who lent her child to the Lord for life, and what interest did she receive on the loan? 1 Sam. 1:27-28; 2:20-21.

17. What was the curse of Cain? Gen. 4:12.

18. What is the first blessing mentioned in the Bible? Gen. 1:22.

19. What shall never cease while the earth remaineth? Gen. 8:22.

20. What 600 men took refuge on a rock? Judges 20:47.

21. What five women were first successful in obtaining the same property rights as men in two courts? Num. 27:1, 4, 5; Josh. 17:2-5.

22. Which of the tribes were destined from the beginning to be divided and scattered? Gen. 49:5-7 Deut. 33; 1 Chron. 4:28-30.

23. What exiles could return home only when the high priest died? Josh. 20:6.

24. Which one of the tribes of Israel fought successfully against all the other tribes? Judges 20:22.

25. What altar built on a high mountain nearly caused a religious war? Josh. 2.

26. Who fought his first and last battle with a giant? 1 Sam. 17:48-51; 2 Sam. 21:16, 17.

27. What two great events in the history of the Jews were marked by the erection of twelve monuments? Ex. 24:4; Josh. 4:3.

28. What two men made golden calves as idols for the children of Israel? Ex. 32:1-4; 1 Kings 12:27-28.

29. Who carried away from a foreign country two mule loads of earth, and why? 2 Kings 5:17.

30. What mighty covenant did a great stone under an oak tree witness? Josh. 24:26-27.

Young People's Bible Lessons

NOTE: Make your program interesting by interspersing songs along with your talks and prayers. This breaks the monotony of continued speaking, and will help to hold those who are only slightly interested. Have one or two specials each time. Listen, girls and boys, when you are given something to do always try to make your part interesting and helpful. If it is a song or a talk, pray much over it and seek God's power in your life to help you in giving out to those present so that it will bless their souls. God can help you however weak you may feel. A few words spoken in the power of the Spirit is far more effective than a whole sermon delivered in the natural. Be sure that your life backs up what you say, and what you sing. God bless you and help you to study to show yourself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

We want you to begin to greet each other with this scripture, 2 Tim. 2:15. Instead of saying good-morning, just say 2 Tim. 2:15. Write it on your letters; use it everywhere you go, until you have heralded it to the ends of the earth.—Editor.

TOPIC: WISE AND UNWISE DECISIONS

Scripture Lesson, 1 Kings 3:5-15; Gen. 13:5-13

THE POWER OF CHOICE

Yes, God is still saying to us that we can have what we ask, but if we ask the wrong thing and contend for it, we must bear the consequences, like Israel asking for a king. It was not best but because they contended and did not have God's will in consideration, He gave them what they asked, and they suffered for it. So we too must suffer if we do not take God's will into consideration.

This world is a storehouse packed brimful
Of attractive goods to entice;

We may take our choice, whatever we want—

But remember we pay the price.—Sel.

A man's choices are fraught with vital inexorable consequences for good or ill, as Mark Hopkins once said, "But for us there are moments, oh how solemn, when destiny trembles in the balance and the preponderance of either scale is by our own choice." Yes, God holds us strictly accountable for the consequences of our own decisions.

UNWISE DECISIONS

Lot's choice was unwise in three particulars. First, it was a selfish choice. "And Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where." Verse 10. The plain country offered a far better grazing for his flocks; it promised a far greater yield in wealth and crops. He chose the plain rather than the hills because it meant more returns to himself.

Second, he chose the secondary things. "So Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan." (Verse 11.) There were a few other things involved rather than mere money or material prosperity. For one thing the plain was far more open to successful attack from enemies than the hills. Lot found this out later when he and all his family were easily carried away by enemies. This may well be used as an allegory to impress the truth that there is far more protection in many other things, sometimes than mere material value.

Third, "he chose the wrong environment." Now the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners against Jehovah exceedingly. (Verse 13.) Lot had better chosen a less promising country from the standpoint of money and a better environment for himself and his children. To choose selfishly, to choose secondary things, to choose the wrong environment, are always unwise decisions.

WISE CHOICES

In at least three respects Solomon's choice was wise. First, his was an unselfish choice. "To judge thy people." (Verse 9.) He wanted only wisdom to serve the people. He chose the primary things. "Give thy servant an understanding heart, that I may discern between good and evil." (Verse 9.) "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in." (Verse 7.) Solomon realized his own weakness, but he knew that all he needed was God's power in his life to make a success of what God had called him to do. What a good example for us to follow.

To every man there opened

A way, and ways; and a way.

And the high soul climbs the high way,

And the low soul gropes the low;

And in between on the misty flats,

The rest drift to and fro.

But to every man there openeth

A highway and a low.

And every man decideth

The way his soul shall go.

The above comment is on the Scripture lesson. We are also giving below some scripture references that you can distribute to your young people as a foundation for their talks.

In your meeting where this lesson is used we are quite sure that there will be some young people who are having to decide some things which will mean much to them, as they go down life's highway. It may be in the choice of a vocation, or that of choosing a life mate. You are at the crossroads just now. Be careful. Your whole life may be ruined by a mistake in your choice at this time. It may be that the still small voice is speaking to you, "Choose this day whom you will serve." You may choose to serve the world and have a good time in this life (as the world calls a good time), or you may say yes to God and have joy and peace in the Lord and some day be able to lay some sheaves at the Master's feet. Which will you choose? This is for you to decide.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Jacob's Wise Decision	Gen. 28:10-22
Joshua's Determination	Josh. 24:14-25
Ruth's Crucial Moment	Ruth 1:6-18
The Prodigal's Mistake	Luke 15:11-24
Judas' Blunder	Matt. 26:14-16

TOPIC: PRACTICAL RELIGION

By Mrs. E. Jackson, Somerset, Pa.

Scripture: James 1:19-25.
LET OUR LIGHT SHINE

We are saved by faith, but there are good works to be practised if we continue to be saved.

Jesus said, "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16. "Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." Matt. 5:15.

There are graces of the Spirit which serve as a foundation for the practical side of salvation. Without being truly saved our works are of no value to the saving of the soul. But to the really converted they serve as an incentive to growth.

As exercise is very needful for the natural body, so exercise is very needful for the spiritual life.

God saves us that we may bring glory unto Him thru service and worship, thereby bringing or winning others to fulfill His glory.

Our chart for the Christian life, both state and action, is the Bible: our guide, the Holy Ghost. The Spirit and Word agree.

TESTIFYING

About the first thing we expect of people after they get saved, is to hear them testify of their new experience of life. Testifying is putting into practice our profession of Christ our Savior. We know it pleases the Lord for His followers to openly confess Him because His Word is: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father, which is in Heaven; But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father, which is in Heaven." Matt. 10:32, 33.

We need to be faithful in testifying for the Lord, not only for our own good and to honor Him, but because of the influence we have on others. Ye are my witnesses saith the Lord. Isa. 43:10.

We read in Revelation 12:11, "And they overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony."

Our testifying need never to be thought tiring, though simple and plain. Eloquence is power, enthusiasm is power, we praise God for them. Also faith is power.

All Christians, old as well as young, will do well by practicing testifying, really doing service for God. Perhaps not always in public, but wherever opportunity affords, show our colors.

PRAYING

Prayer is sometimes defined in beautiful phrases. One simple definition for prayer is, Calling on God and having communion with Him.

Why should we pray? There are wonderful promises connected with prayer.

There is overcoming power in prayer. When assailed by doubt, temptation, or trials of any kind, to pray again will bring victory.

This being true, a child of God, needs to count prayer as very essential to their salvation and on no circumstance neglect it.

How shall we pray? The mode or manner is not so important as the spirit of prayer. The secret prayer is indispensable; importune prayer is needful. Not only from our mind, not only in our closet

can we pray. David said, "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice." Ps. 55:17.

How we like to think of the boldness of Daniel. Whose windows being open, he kneeled down upon his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks before his God, regardless of the king's decree that he should not. Dan. 6:10. Ref. Luke 18:1; Mark 11:24; Matt. 26:41; Eph. 6:18.

STUDYING THE WORD

The Word of God produces faith. "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Rom. 10:17.

Knowing the Word, being a Christian, induces spiritual growth: "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." 1 Peter 2:2.

"And now brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up." Acts 20:32.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11. The Word of God is a protection, called the sword of the Spirit, Eph. 6:17, the sword of the Spirit, a weapon not to be done without for our safety.

We need to meditate on the Word, day and night. "This book of the law shall not depart out of my mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy ways prosperous, and thou shalt have good success." Josh. 1:8.

The Word of God has a cleansing effect: "Where withal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." Ps. 119:9.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

Ref. 2 Tim. 3:16; 1 Thess. 2:13; Rom. 15:4.

PRaising GOD

To be an allround Christian, we cannot leave off praising God.

"Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised his greatness is unsearchable." Ps. 145:3.

"All thy works shall praise thee, and thy saint shall bless thee." Ps. 145:10.

"By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually that is the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name." Heb. 13:15.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." Ps. 50:23.

David advises: "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." Ps. 29:2.

"Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright." Ps. 33:1-3.

Of course there is a spirit that wants us to keep silent always, but we learn from the Word of God His will is to have praise from His saints.

Read Psalms 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150.

OTHER PRACTICAL TOPICS

Church attendance, tithing, modest dressing, personal work.

FOUR RULES FOR YOUNG CONVERTS

1. Every day say something to God.
2. Every day let God say something to you.
3. Every day say something for God.
4. Every day do something for God.

TOPIC: LITTLE FOXES

Scripture Text, Sol. 2:15

Like the cunning foxes slipping through the vineyard, keeping carefully out of sight of the gardener, so there are the little sins that do much harm to the soul. Sly, subtle, sleek, and self-centered, the little foxes enter private property, and hide under the thick foliage, almost under the feet of the gardener, but he knows they are there, the sweet juicy fruit has been crushed by their jaws. The grapes may not have been stripped off the vine, but the malicious teeth have spoiled their beauty, and the tender red tongues have sucked their juice and they are ruined.

In this lesson we are giving some of these little foxes for you to study so that you will know them when they come.

OBSTINACY

It is a disastrous thing to resist the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, because we are bent on doing something else. The next time He speaks your ears are duller and slower to catch His message. And even if the sin of doing your own will instead of His is confessed to Him, the act of disobedience will not be easily undone.

Meekness is of great value when we are learning of Christ. The meek shall inherit the earth. Matt. 5:5; Psa. 25:9, because the meek follow the direction of the still small voice and He can fulfill His plans for them.

LOVE OF SIN

This of course is an effective check to the Spirit of Christ. We must be willing to give up everything and forsake all and follow Christ if we want Him to make us like unto Himself. Consecration of spirit, soul, body, belongings, hopes, ambitions and everything, is a vital requisite for walking with God. Corry said, "Do not ask how much have I got of the Holy Spirit but rather, how much has He got of me."

UNGUARDED SPEECH

Few things grieve the gentle Spirit more than evil words, whether they be bitter, cruel, unclean, foolish, or vulgar and low, corrupt communication, bitterness, wrath, evil speaking which includes gossip, tattling and busybodies, as in 2 Tim. 5:13 and 1 Pet. 4:15. The sharp, biting remark, the unkind thoughtless sting, the loud undisciplined language, all these are so foreign to the gentle Spirit of the Lamb of God. They grieve Him at His heart, and He withdraws Himself from the one who indulges in such things. God help us to be careful.

LETHARGY

This is a polite name for spiritual laziness. Laziness comes from the devil. It is his business to make us slothful in the Lord's business. The indwelling Holy Spirit will quicken our mortal bodies and make us energetic and awake to the needs, and cause us to love to work in the Master's vineyard, if we let Him have His way. A lazy Christian is a disgrace to the cause of Christ.

Lethargy is more subtle than obstinacy, for it looks itself under good intentions. Like the son in the parable who was called to work in his father's vineyard, and said, "I go sir," and went not, so the one who is lazy in spirit means to go, but keeps putting it off. When God tells us to do something today, if we put it off, it means our own defeat and

perhaps causes others to suffer and in many cases to be lost. Today, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Heb. 3:7-10.

WORLDLY AMBITIONS

We are using Little Foxes as our subject, but oh how big this one seems when we look around and see how many are selling their precious souls for worldly ambitions. Boys and girls with wonderful talents are spending their time trying to climb to the top of the ladder in the eyes of the world. Oh how sad to think that this is only fleeting, and they do not realize it. Solomon said, "All is vanity and vexation." Soon this life will be over and they will have to be put under the sod, and will soon be forgotten. Even those who loved and admired will forget and some one else will take your place. Yes, you must meet God with no sheaves to lay at His feet, no stars in your crown. Even though you could get through the gates yourself, how sad it would be to go into the presence of Christ without bringing some sheaves with you! Your life cannot count for good and you will never be a soul winner until all worldly ambitions are on the altar.

UNSAVED COMPANIONS

Now we do not advocate that you push unsaved young people aside and shun them, but do not choose to run with them for the pleasure of their company. If you do, you will soon find that you are slipping; but oh how we do wish that we had more young people who could have strength of character sufficient to stand anywhere. Then they could mix and mingle with the world in a way to win them to Christ. Jesus said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." If we had more young people who would learn to say no to everything that is evil and take their stand for Christ in the midst of temptation, we could soon win many of our talented young people for Christ. But too often they weaken and spoil their influence. Let me say that there is a sweet way of taking your stand that will make an impression on your unsaved companions. Not a "I am better than thou" attitude, but a humble way of letting them know that you are trying to live a true Christian life and that you are planning to meet God some day.

I wish I might stand before the millions of young people of our land today and that I had a voice that would reach them, so that I could tell them to be careful not to marry unsaved companions. If the young man or the young woman does not care to go to Heaven, then you are foolish to try to go with him through this life. Did you ever stop to think that you are traveling different roads and it will be impossible for you to travel together unless one or the other changes. If he will not consent to go to Heaven with you, then you cannot go together unless you compromise and go with him. Tell that young man or woman that you are going to Heaven and then if they want to go with you all right, but be sure they have been saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost before you take the step in marriage. If they do not love you enough to go to Heaven, their love will not last. What of the girl or boy who would want to drag the one they pretend to love down to a burning hell! That wouldn't be the right kind of love. Would it?

TOPIC: PATIENCE, COMFORT, AND HOPE

By Starling Smith, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture Lesson, Rom. 15:1-13.

Patience, Comfort, and Hope are twin texts to Faith, Hope and Charity, but our topic is used by Paul in the 4th verse of this lesson and we are admonished in the first clause of this verse that the Old Testament scriptures are meant to teach New Testament believers as it says, "For whatsoever things were written for our learning," etc. The apostles got quite a bit of their knowledge from the Old Testament, and its authority is yet good. It teaches with certainty. Nor has its divine power departed, for it works the graces of the Spirit in those who receive it—patience, comfort and hope. These are noble graces produced by the Holy Scriptures. Let us carefully consider

THE PATIENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES

We notice what they inculcate. Patience is a word that is used quite often in the Scriptures, and it means enduring without murmuring, not easily provoked, persevering, not hasty. Patience under every appointment of divine will, as Jesus said in Luke 21:19, "In your patience possess ye your souls." Also Luke 8:15 says, "Bring forth fruit with patience." Patience under human persecution and satanic opposition, as in Matt. 5:11. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Also we are to have patience under brotherly burdens. In Gal. 6:2 we read, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Then we need patience in waiting for divine promises to be fulfilled, such as in Heb. 10:36, "For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." Now I will give the names of some great men who have been examples of patience. First, Job under divers afflictions, was triumphantly patient. Read the book of Job. And Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob patiently waited as sojourners with God, embracing the covenant promise in a strange land. Joseph patiently forgave the unkindness of his brethren and bore the false accusation of his master. David, in many trials and under many reproaches, patiently waited for the crown and refused to injure his persecutor. And last but not least, our Savior was patient under all the many forms of trials. I will hasten on with this subject. Next we notice

THE COMFORT OF THE SCRIPTURES

Oh, the word comfort, how we cherish it, what solace it brings to our weary souls when it bids us to rise above fear! In Ps. 46:1, 3 we read, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea," etc. What a wonderful comfort when we are in trouble, or sick. The peo-

ple of the world seem to be crazy for the pleasure of the world, but I am persuaded that every Christian can get all the joy they need by relying on God. For Jesus said, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy (comfort) might remain in you and that your joy (comfort) might be full." I am sure that that joy (comfort) is greater than can be had from any worldly amusement. We are comforted by the Scriptures because they stimulate us to rejoice under tribulations, because they made us like the prophets of old. They also comfort us and make us feel secure in seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Many would have us believe that speaking in tongues was not for us today but we can read and interpret for ourselves, therefore we have the blessing. Then our joyous experience is the best testimony to the consoling power of the Holy Scriptures. Then we come to

THE HOPE OF THE SCRIPTURES

Now I hope as I write this article on hope that every boy and girl of the Y. P. E. will feel as I feel at this writing. Oh, that "blessed hope!" How I feel anointed just now! I have a praise in my heart. The word hope, a desire of some good, accompanied with belief that is attainable. I now think of being able to attain being in the number that will be with Jesus in the air, on our way to the Marriage Supper. The Scripture is intended to work in us a good hope, and a people with a hope will (positive term) purify themselves and will in many ways rise to a high and noble character. In 1 Jno. 3:3 we read, "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." And by the hope of the Scriptures we understand "the hope of salvation" 1 Thess. 5:8. Paul in Titus 2:13 calls it, "The blessed hope, and the appearing of our Lord." Again Paul's appeal to the Pharisees says, "The hope of the resurrection of the dead I am called in question." Acts 23:6. "Christ in you the hope of glory." Col. 1:5. This is a good hope, a lively hope, the hope set before us in the gospel. Such hopes have been exhibited in the lives of the saints. A whole martyrology will be found in Heb. 11 and such a hope as this produce, we see what God has done for His people and therefore hope. We believe the promises through the Word and therefore hope. We enjoy present blessings and therefore hope. Let us hope constant fellowship with the God of patience and consolation, who is also the God of hope, and let us rise from the stage of joy as the order of the words suggest.

Patience, commanded. Rom. 12:1; Jas. 5:7.

Patience, blessings. Rom. 15:4; Rev. 2:2.

Comfort, in afflictions. Ps. 119:50; 2 Cor. 13:

Comfort, in words. 1 Thess. 4:18.

Comfort, hearts. 2 Thess. 2:17.

Hope, of eternal life. Titus 3:7.

Hope, in the Lord. Ps. 31:24.

NOTE: Distribute the above Scriptures. Have two of your young people to talk on patience, two on comfort, and two on hope.

DON'T DISCOURAGE YOUR
BOY

(Continued from page five)

own military shoulders proudly. Then suddenly he changed the subject, "How are you getting along with your studies. Caught up yet? Ready for re-examinations?"

Jack was silent.

"John," his mother interceded, "don't be so hard on him. He is studying really, only mathematics are very hard for him. And you've kept him so busy on the grounds this summer, and you expect him to run us around everywhere in the car. Really his time's cut in two carefully. He scarcely ever has an hour to himself."

"Why don't you get up early and study? You ought to be up by six anyway and study till eight. You're a lazy young scoundrel, that's what. When I was your age I had to—."

"Dad, don't I ever do anything right?" exclaimed Jack indignantly.

His father looked at him sternly. "Well, you're worth saving, but that's about all."

"John!" exclaimed Jack's mother.

"I'll just say this. If I had a young fellow in my company who was as—as do less as this young camp, I'd break him."

"But Jack isn't in your company. You're his father and he's only sixteen years old. He's still growing."

"No, he's not my son, he's just our baby," shouted Captain John as he strode out of the room.

"Dad hates me."

"No, he doesn't. He's a soldier first and a father last, that's all. Oh, dear, how I wish you two could be better friends. I'm so worried. Really, Jack, you are very fine. Everybody likes you. Please don't lose all faith in yourself yet."

Jack was silent. What was going on in his mind? Already he had lost self-respect—he was filled with inferiority and resentment. Defeated before he began. It was too bad. He was thinking, "There's no use crying. If I'm just no good I'm no good. I'll run away." For he prized his soldier father's opinion. But

PROGRESSIVE
CHRISTIANS

(Continued from page six)

stead of meat. As babes, they have no teeth with which to masticate food; they must be petted and entertained. Thank God, we do not have to stay babes in the Christian life, but following this picture is an exhortation to go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God. The word "perfection" seems to be a rather abused word when it is applied to Christian experience, but it appears one hundred and one times in the Word of God and therefore must have some importance in the experience of a Christian. What was the perfection that was meant? It was not angelic perfection, Adamic perfection or glorified perfection as spoken of in Phil. 3:12, but it was a perfection that Paul said, in Phil. 3:15, could be obtained unto. It is an experience into which God's children may enter by the Holy Spirit coming into the heart and cleansing it from all its defilement and filling it with perfect love.

The plan of structure in the progress of the Christian life. In 2 Pet. 1:1-11 it is found that to lay a firm foundation is not enough alone for the largest spiritual progress, but that a structure must be built up. We are dispossessed of our carnal nature that the spiritual nature shall grow and mature. The apostle starts with the corner stone of faith, for faith is like the silver thread that runs through a string of pearls and connects them. Faith is the masterwheel, for there is not another grace that stirs till faith gets started. It was faith that made Abraham to rejoice in time of peril, and faith that gave us the wonderful 11th chapter of Hebrews. Peter made the outline of what the life of a progressive Christian should

youth and growing muscles had tricked him and he didn't know it.

Far too many men are soldiers first and fathers of their boys last. What's the matter with being friends?

be, and on this foundation stone of faith he adds "virtue" or, in other words, goodness or practical godliness. Then from the virtue develops knowledge, which involves more than scientific ideas and facts, but a knowledge that will make us to live noble lives for God. He adds to these the graces of patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness and charity. The Christian character does not come by mushroom growth, but day by day the structure is builded. It is like the graceful statue that cannot be made by a few blows from the hammer, but by months and years of continuous labor it is brought to full perfection.

The reward of progress in the Christian life is sure. When the Olympic combatant had gained the victory, a thousand joys awaited him. The year was called by his name and a new untrodden path was open to welcome his approach. As he advanced, he was preceded by heralds and attended by applauding fellow citizens. Blazing torches were waved in the air as he was escorted back to his childhood home. It is so with the child of God who, filled with the Holy Spirit, advances steadily in the Christian life. It may be at the cost of suffering that he builds up a holy character, but he is looking forward to the certain promise, "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

OUR READING CLUB

(Continued from page nine)

ships of life, though unwrecked, may yet sail into the harbor of eternity an empty, pauper craft instead of a richly freighted galleon, loaded to the water's verge with all the fullness of God."

We hope the Reading Club will obtain this little book, for I'm sure it will be enjoyed by all. Mr. McConkey gives studies on "The Surrendered Life," "The Yielded Life," and "The Dedicated Life."

Little boy's definition of a parable: "A heavenly story with no earthly meaning." Methodist Times.

A SKETCH OF A SAILOR'S LIFE

(Continued from page three)

commenced to drink, as so many sailors do, and as drink became a habit I sank low in sin. I often longed for a better life and tried to break loose, but the temptations were many, and down I would go. Sometimes I had plenty of money, but the gambling dens got it all. Each time I tried to reform, I fell deeper in sin.

In 1924 I went to Seattle. There I left the ship and went to a Norwegian mission at the waterfront to get something to eat. A meeting was being held in the hall and a large number of sailors were present.

As I listened to the songs and testimonies, conviction fell upon me, but I was stubborn. When the altar call was given, I said to myself, "I will never come here again," but at the next meeting I was sitting in the same place. Conviction was strong upon me, but I wouldn't yield. I left Seattle and went to San Francisco, but conviction of sin and of judgment to come went with me.

From San Francisco I went to the Hawaiian Islands, where I obtained work. I stayed one year, but continually unrest and dissatisfaction were upon me. I came back to the U. S. thinking I would get rid of the awful unrest, but found it to be worse than ever.

In my desperation I decided to take poison and end my life, but before I got that far, a voice spoke, "Pray to Jesus." Then I remembered my mother's prayers. Alone in my room I said a little prayer, after which I went to sleep. When I awoke I felt better, but I didn't understand that it was Jesus who had sent peace into my heart.

I left San Francisco and went by ship to New York but couldn't work. Everything went wrong and everybody seemed to hate me. I returned on the same ship and landed in Portland. The night before landing I decided to jump overboard, but when I came on deck at midnight,

I kicked against a bundle of papers. In picking them up and holding them to the light I discovered it was a bundle of Apostolic Faith magazines. I opened it and looked at one of the papers. My eyes fell upon a story about a drunkard who was brought to Christ. I thought maybe there was hope for me too, and decided to go to the Apostolic Faith Mission the next day, which I did.

When I went in the people were singing and when the altar call was given I went forward and knelt down. The Christians knelt and prayed with me in many different languages, casting the devil out of me, as Jesus and the disciples did in days of old. I was prostrate under the power of God for some time, and the glory of heaven seemed to be all around me. O! how good I felt. But I was ignorant and superstitious and did not understand what God had done for me in answer to prayer, for I didn't know much more about God than a heathen.

Instead of staying right there with Christians, to be instructed in the Word of God, I went out to work in a lumber mill among ungodly people, with no Bible or anyone to tell me that the devil is after everyone who tries to walk the narrow way.

Soon I began to smoke again, and go to shows, for I saw others who called themselves Christians doing these things, and supposed they were all right for me to indulge in too. It wasn't long before I was down as far as I had ever been. I fought the devil night and day for three or four months.

I returned to the mission in Portland and prayed there alone, but as I was full of fear and had no faith I got nothing from God, so went to Wending, Oregon, to work in a mill.

One evening I went to the Bible Standard Mission there, and when asked if I wanted to become a Christian I said, "Yes." Kneeling at the altar with the Christians praying for me, I was able, by the grace of God, to leave all my sins and misery at the feet of my Savior, and He washed me in His pre-

THE FRIENDLY CLUB

(Continued from page eight)

thing?" laughed Bob. "When went over to see my aunt and cousins, they told me about a little pup that had come next door. Right away, I thought of yours. So we went over to see it. When I saw it was a collie with two white feet, I was sure that it was yours. The only trouble was that one of the boys wanted to keep it. But when I told him about you and how lonesome you were 'cause you'd just moved to the city, they let me have him. And I couldn't wait 'til we got home to bring him over!"

"Oh, thank you, Bob!" cried Kenneth, "Come over in the morning and we'll play with him!" he added as Bob started away.

The next Sunday morning when Kenneth and Bob sat in the class together and Miss Wilson was reminding the boys to be friendly, Kenneth raised his hand.

"I think Bob's been a friendly boy this week!" Kenneth told her. Then he told all of them how Bob had found Lucky.

Miss Wilson looked at Bob with a smile. "I think we should be very proud of Bob, boys," she said. "Yes, I think he very much deserves to belong to our Friendly Club!" — The Advance.

cious blood and set my feet on the Rock.

He put a love and hunger in my heart for the Word of God, and I opened my mind to understand that Jesus is the Truth and light.

For more than two years now I have walked in His Light, and through many trials and tests have come to know there is power in His blood to save and keep from the uttermost to the uttermost. The Lord is the Rock of my salvation, and in Him I stand purchased by the blood of the Lamb. After these many years of wandering in sin, my mother's prayers were answered. To God be all the glory.—William Sundquist, Eugene, Oregon.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 3.

OCTOBER, 1931

NO. 4.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

THE LAD

The lad of today is the man of tomorrow
I know you will all agree,
But what kind of a man will this lad make
If he follows you and me?

Will he be a man that is loyal and true
To a cause that he knows is right,
And stand his ground in the midst of strife
Tho' the future look black as night?

Will he have a heart that is full of love
And respect for his fellow men,
And lighten the burden of some weary soul,
And help wherever he can?

Will his life reflect the light of the cross
By his love for other men,
And will he be true his whole life through
And have a victorious end?

Now this lad of today and the man of tomorrow
Is following you and me.
And we are the link uniting this lad
With the man of Galilee.

Oh let us be true to this trust each day
And walk in the light that we have,
So that we may be to the lad of today
A mounting influence toward God.—Sel.
Sent in by Vivian Haworth.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor

504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

OCTOBER, 1931

EDITORIALS

Dear readers of the Lighted Pathway, we greet you all with a "God bless you" as we send out this issue of the paper. I am sure your hearts are rejoicing as your face is turning toward the Assembly. I fancy I can see your eyes sparkle as the thought comes to you of meeting your old friends again and of the good spiritual feast you are to enjoy. The first Sunday night has been given for our Y. P. E. program and we want every one of you who can arrange to come to be there at that service. We are expecting a good and profitable time. Many of you will be unable to come perhaps, but you can send some one to bring back the good news. Again we say "God bless you."

We again want to thank our Helpers' Club for their untiring efforts to keep the little paper going. The only fault we can find is that some are just a little slow in sending in the money. Perhaps they are doing their best, and if they are we are satisfied, but if we could always have the money by the 25th of the month it would take this burden of paying our bills off our minds and make our work much lighter. If as soon as the paper reaches you you would begin working then to sell the papers and get them off your hands, I believe by the 25th you could have them all sold. I hear some one say, Well, you just don't understand. I am sure that I don't understand every case. So we will leave it up to you and to God and trust Him to help us at both ends of the line. May the Lord bless you in all you do for Him.

NOTICE

On account of the Publishing House being closed just at the time we usually publish our paper, and it will make our next issue considerably late, we are giving you six lessons in this issue so that you will not be inconvenienced by the delay.

Not long ago we were talking to a young man about giving up all for Jesus, separating himself from the things of the world, and he said, "You Christians are so long faced. I do not believe in that kind of a religion. God expects us to enjoy the things of the world." Yes, this is the idea that exists in the world today. People do not realize that we get our joy out of serving Christ and living for Him, and that it is so much more satisfying than the joy of the world. The reason so many fail to understand this joy they have never tried it. Many who have their names on the church book have never known what this spiritual joy is. Those who have once tried it and have backslid are miserable without this joy. David prayed, "Restore unto us the joy of my salvation." Not long ago I spoke to a girl who had gone back to the world who had once had a good experience, and she acknowledged that she had never enjoyed the pleasures of the world since she had known the joy of the Lord. Yes, the little things we once thought pleasure vanish away when we have once possessed the power of Christ in our lives.

Then so many people think because we Christians are constantly talking of sacred things that we are long faced. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. You can soon tell what is in the heart if you spend an hour or two in their presence. Before they know it they will be talking of the thing in which they are interested. You do not as a usual thing have to ask whether they are a Christian, for their conversation will tell you. Now this does not mean that we are to make ourselves a nuisance, but unconsciously what is in your heart will flow out, and you just can't help it. When I was a small girl I remember that when

some one told us that the preacher was coming to our house we always expected him to ask us about our spiritual life and to have prayer with us. How my heart hungered for him to come because I wanted spiritual help. Nowadays the average preacher in the denominational churches goes into the homes and talks about everything else but spiritual things. This is the reason the churches are in such a deplorable condition today, with so little spiritual power. God is having to pick up the uneducated and humble people of earth to carry out His plan in these last days.

What God needs today to win the world for Christ is plenty of the "Middle of the road Christians." If we could reach a happy medium in our work, we would soon see mighty results. The formality on the one hand and the fanaticism on the other is keeping thousands from receiving this wonderful "Latter Rain" gospel. There are a few who are hungry enough to take down their umbrellas and let it fall on them anyway, but many people are hindered by these things. The majority of people who have salvation are hungering to see the power of God manifested in their midst, but they detest the flesh and fanaticism. So do I. What many of our good, well meaning people need is to understand, and how shall they understand unless they be taught? Who will be brave enough to undertake the job. If it were any other sin, there would be plenty of people to cry out against it. No sin is keeping more people out of the deep things of God than the sin of fanaticism.

God needs some prayer warrior these days who are willing to shut themselves up in their rooms and pray till victory comes. The reason we do not see results from our work is because we have not prayed as we should. The devil will keep us so busy even doing good things that we do not have time to pray through to victory. He knows he cannot get us to spend our time with worldly things and so he just fills our time up with doing good.

(Continued on page seventeen)

GRANNIE

By Grace Noll Crowell

"O Molly, come here a minute, dear. Isn't this the most beautiful day?" a cheery voice called to her across the old picket fence.

"Yes'm; good afternoon, Miss Tate."

"Couldn't you walk out in the country a little way with me, Molly? I want some goldenrod and blue asters for our decorations at the mission tomorrow."

"I'd like to, Miss Tate, but I can't. Grannie can't be left alone. O, I'd love to go, to get away somewhere—anywhere!"

"Is there something especially wrong today?" Margaret Tate looked earnestly at the young face be-

MOTHERS

Of all the things God ever made
I think these are the best:
Dear arms in which we first were laid
That held us first in rest;
Dear feet that tire not day or night
While walking duty's way;
Dear eyes with dauntless love alight
For us through every day;
Dear lips that are so quick to droop
When we are hurt or sad,
And just as quick with smiles to troop
Whenever we are glad;
Dear hearts and souls which gave us birth,
Our mothers, God's best gift to earth.
—Ethel Lee Grossman.

fore her, rebellion and discontent written large across it.

"Yes, O Miss Tate, everything's wrong!"

"Why, dear, tell me about it. Won't you? You've been in my class four years now, isn't it? You and I should know each other well enough to talk over our trials and difficulties together when we have them, should we not?" And the teacher smiled brightly at Molly over the dilapidated gate. "It's grannie, Miss Tate," and Molly sat down on the low door-step and stared unseeing down the squalid little street.

Molly, sixteen, with her mother and her brother Tom, fourteen, who worked at a down-town grocery, and grannie comprised the family. Mother Moore sometimes said to Molly: "You must remember, Molly, that grannie is so old, she is really in her second childhood. Just try to be patient with her for my sake. He is my mother, you know."

"What about grannie, Molly?" Miss Tate asked quietly.

"O, everything!" the girl answered impulsively. "It's almost unbearable. You know I stay with her days while mother goes out to sew. Some one has to be with her every minute, and nothing pleases her. But O, I am getting exactly like her, and I hate myself for it. Yes, I'm coming." The girl arose reluctantly in response to a querulous call, "Molly," from inside the house.

Some minutes elapsed before Molly came out. "It was as I expected," she said, renewing the conversation. "She had begged to be taken out into the kitchen, and I had got her there. It takes all the strength I have to move her from room to room. Well, when I went in just now, she said: 'Why didn't you come sooner? A body could die and you not know nor care, Molly Moore. Do you think I want to set here forever a starin' into Miss Lafferty's dingy wash a hangin' there?'"

"I know, dear," Margaret Tate said soothingly. "I know it is a trial. What did you say to her?" she asked casually.

"I didn't say anything. I just hitched and pulled her chair back until I got her into the bedroom. She said, 'O, leave me set; I might as well die a settin' as have my neck broke a go'n'.' I simply can not move her chair without jerking it. I'm ashamed to have you hear all this; but somehow, you are so kind—you seem to care—and I just had to tell you."

"Care? Indeed I care, Molly, dear, and we have got to find some way out. I'm going to ask one little question. I am not censuring you in the least, please understand me. I love you far too much to do that; but Molly, dear, did you hitch the chair along as gently as possible, as gently, for instance, as if your own dear mother were ill and were sitting in it?"

A slow, painful flush mounted Molly's cheeks, and spread to the very roots of her hair. "Why, I—" she stammered. "No—I'm afraid I didn't, but, O Miss Tate, she is so

exasperating."

"I know, dear, but let me ask one more question: Do you try telling her ever about the little things that interest you, and that might interest her—the geranium that is blooming so beautifully over there under the window, say; or that some neighbor has a new radio or a new baby; or just anything that might pass a moment or two of time?"

"No'm, I'm afraid I didn't; I didn't think she would care, somehow."

"Why not try it, Molly? It would not be so very difficult, would it? And you surely would be making it pleasanter and happier for all of you. And, as to losing your temper and saying ugly, angry things, do you remember the saying of a very wise man, that better is 'he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city'? And remember once, long ago, a far wiser man said something very, very beautiful about the blessed peacemakers."

"Yes, I do remember, and I am not forgetting the helpful things you say to us each Sabbath, dear Miss Tate. While I am with you, I feel capable of everything high and noble, but O, I feel little and mean and—ugly, to fail as I do, and to have you know about it."

"Come to me next Sunday morning after class, Molly, and tell me about the days. I shall be praying for you, and I believe that you will be given the strength to live each hour as you should. Now I must be going, for I must get the flowers for the decorations. I am so sorry you couldn't go with me. I love you especially, Molly, dear," and she put a loving arm about the girl's waist.

Molly flushed with pleasure. "Can you really and truly love me after all I have told you?" she asked pleadingly.

"Indeed I do, dear; I love you more than ever, and I have great faith in you. I believe you can change things entirely if you are patient and try, O, ever so hard; but remember, dear, do not try to do it in your own strength. We fail that way. Pray over it, dear. Good-by."

Molly turned thoughtfully into

(Continued on page 17)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

TWO LITTLE GIRLS

By Jennie M. Tuttle

One little girl was happy and glad,
Sharing with others the best that she
had,
Giving the largest and finest away;
Thus she found happiness day after
day.

One little girl was selfish and sad,
Kept for herself all the best things
she had,
Think just a moment, and then tell me
Which little girl you would rather be.

Seventy Times Seven

By S. L. Bacon

Linda-May came home from school in tears. "I'm never goin' to forgive that horrid Tom Grant, never," she exclaimed. "Why, Linda dear?" said mamma, "I wouldn't say that."

"But, he's so horrid, mamma; he put some nasty, slimy fishin' worms in an envelope and d'rected it to me, an' put it on my desk, an' I thought it was a note from Bessie, an'—an' I opened it an', all the the horrid things came crawlin' out all over me. Ugh! I never, never will forgive him," she added.

"Linda-May's forgiven Tom lots of times," said Sadie staunchly. "When he put the frog in her desk and when he tied her hair to the chair back, an' other times too."

"Yes," said Linda-May, jus' heaps an' heaps of times, but I won't any more!"

"But, Linda," said mamma, "we must forgive, not seven times, but 'seventy times seven.'"

Linda-May did not say anything but she remembered, just a few Sundays ago, Miss Annie had had that very lesson at Sunday School. Oh, yes, Linda-May remembered. "But I just can't," she said to herself, "those nasty worms."

She did not speak to Tom the next day. Then came Saturday and at Sunday School, although Tom sat very near Linda-May, she did not look at him at all. "I'm not goin' to forgive those worms," she

(Continued on page 19)

Bible Lessons For Children

FIRST WEEK

Sowing and Reaping

Lesson material, Gal. 6:7-10; Rom. 2:6-11.

Memory verse: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." Hosea 10:12.

Purpose: To show if we live right and do good deeds we will reap blessings in this life and throughout eternity, but if bad deeds, we will reap evil.

"Whate'er we sow that we shall reap,

In life's great harvest field,
For either good or evil seeds,
Abundant harvest yield.

"May we sow righteous seed
For the great harvest day
Which is coming to ev'ry one;
By and by ev'ry soul
Shall meet all its work
Whether it be wrong or be well
done."

Memory work: Rom. 2:6; 2 Cor. 9:6; Job 4:8; Prov. 11:18; Prov. 22:8; Rom. 8:13; Jas. 3:18.

SECOND WEEK

Our Parents and Other Elders

Lesson material, 2 Kings 4:8-37.

Memory verse: "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." Col. 3:20.

Purpose: To depict the love and care given to children in their homes and to indicate the duty which children consequently owe their parents.

The above lesson is a delightful story in the Old Testament. How that boy must have loved his mother, and her love for him had brought him back even from death. He must have been the very best

son that he could possibly be, all the rest of his life, and tried to please her every day.

Let us think right now of what our fathers and mothers have done for us, and show our thankfulness to them by doing what they want us to do. We should also obey other elders who may have care of us. We must love, honor and obey our parents, if we want to live happily in this world.

Memory work: Prov. 4:1-4; Eph. 6:1-3.

THIRD WEEK

Brothers and Sisters Together

Lesson material, Gen. 37:1-28; 39:20-23; chapters 40 to 45.

Memory verse: "Let us love one another: for God is love." 1 John 4:7.

Purpose: To show how brothers and sisters ought to treat one another, and how they ought not to treat one another, with illustrations from the story of Joseph.

This lesson is a long and very wonderful story. Just think how unhappy Joseph and his brothers were when he was a boy, and how unhappy his brothers were during all those years when they thought he was dead. The wrong they had done to Joseph made them afraid and very unhappy. How happy they must have been after they found him and he treated them so good. Joseph tried to do what God wanted him to do, and God blessed him. So he could forgive and forget how his brothers had treated him and only do them good.

If we want our brothers and sisters and ourselves to be happy together, let's not be mean or hateful or try to make them feel bad. Let us act as Joseph did, and we will live happy. Let us try every day not to do wrong. We can bring happiness by being ready to be helpful, and to do what they would like for us to do.

(Continued on page 19)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

TOWARD THE SUNSET

As our pathway slopes to the setting sun,
 And we know that our day will soon be done,
 A little less zeal we have for strife,
 A little more love for a quiet life;
 A little less business for hurrying feet,
 A little less worry and dust and heat,
 A little more time to think and pray,
 A little more place for God each day;
 A little less hatred, envy and fear,
 A little more love, forbearance and cheer:
 A little less care about praise or blame,
 A little more pride in a spotless name:
 A little less sensitiveness to slights,
 A little more thought for others' rights;
 A little less judgment on others' deeds,
 A little more sense of our brothers' needs;
 A little less dread of grief and pain,
 A little more joy in the spirit's gain;
 A little less longing for days long past,
 A little more looking for things that last:
 A little less yearning for earth's cheap toys,
 A little more thought on eternal joys;
 And thus the years, by love and truth,
 Shall lead us on to fadeless youth.

Henry H. Barstow.

THE MOTHER

She was the much beloved mother of five children, a firm but very lovable character.

This mother was not robust, but on the contrary quite frail. She had never been plump, and in her maturity her leanness became transparency. This diaphaneity allowed the angelic spirit to be seen. She was a great soul rather than a woman.

She was never hasty to answer her children when they made a request of her; but she talked to them about it, inquiring the why and the wherefore of their desire, and while she talked she thought. Usually by the time they had finished talking it over, she had decided to grant or not to grant their petition. Once her answer was given, she did not deviate from her decision; and the older ones knew by

past experience not to ask a second time, because they knew that their mother's word was law in that home.

She never raised her voice above that of her ordinary tone. She studied carefully the character of each one of her children, and when it was necessary to administer punishment she knew just what kind of chastisement suited best the nature of the child.

She arose early and was the last to retire. She gathered her children about her in the morning and evening, told them Bible stories, had them repeat verses of Scripture—for it was a law in that home that each child learn a verse of Scripture every day, the older ones learned one for themselves; the little ones she taught while she worked. She prayed audibly with them, and taught them to pray; in the morning as in the evening she

committed each one by name to the care and keeping of their Heavenly Father.

These hours were not dreaded by the children of that home as is the case in so many homes; for their mother knew how to make the stories of the Bible attractive to them. She told them of the birds, flowers, woods, and animals of the Bible, and how dearly Jesus loved them all when he was here upon earth; and often she would have a surprise for them in the way of a picture, a new song, and sometimes a bit of sweets, which she permitted them to eat while she talked to them. And often the children, while dressing in the morning, could be heard saying:

"Well I wonder what mother will have for us this morning, and what will she tell us about?" They looked forward to these hours of worship, for they were worship indeed, with delight, and the influence of that worship clung to them through life. The mother found it true as the prophet of old had said: "Her children arise and call her blessed."

Two are now missionaries in foreign lands, one a missionary in the Southlands, one a statesman, and one a minister.

She had talked much to them about the magnanimity of the missionaries, the beauty of declaring the unsearchable riches of God, and how great the man, who, by the influence of his clean moral life, helps to make purer laws for our country; and now she was realizing the fruits of her labor.—By Wilhelmina Horsley, Exchange.

One Teacher's Opinion

"I sometimes think we teachers understand your children better than you do yourselves," said a teacher of wide experience to a friend, as the summer vacation was ending. "You mean we're too easy with them?" inquired the mother, rallying her spirits for a defense.

(Continued on page Ten)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

All Things Work For Good

There is a verse in Romans 8 which is familiarly quoted by the majority of Christians, but we fear sometimes very little understood by a goodly number. The verse referred to is verse 28: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." This Scripture portion is fluently quoted by some who know not the first letter of the practical suggestiveness of it. The Apostle, in the context, is dealing with those who are suffering affliction for the sake of the Gospel. The promise is not given to all in a general way. It is given to those who "LOVE" God, to those who are "called according to His purpose."

The believer LOVES God because God first loved him. The power of God's call came upon his heart, and the believer complied with the call with a ready response. It is only those who take time to entertain the call of God, and gladly and willingly respond thereto that there ensues a transition of the heart to the love of God. To turn a deaf ear to the call is to forfeit the blessing which comes with obedience. When God calls one, He does not first seek the work of their hands, but He does seek the love of their heart toward Him. When He wins the love of the heart, He will also receive the work of their hands as a result. Those who love God are described by another characteristic—"the called"—which is only another way of saying the same thing. They are not "called" unless His love is in the heart, and His love is not in the heart unless they are called. Believers are called to what? They are "called to be saints."

Who would undertake to deny that afflictions do not have a special purpose in the life of the believer? They have a special mission. They have a beneficial tendency. They bring a halt and cause re-

flection. They bring the believer to his knees and are a means of severing from the world. The trials of the called one—oh, how they do humiliate and prostrate him who is filled with the love of God! Those losses you may be called upon to bear for His dear sake, what a rich inheritance they will give you in the life to come!

After The Storm

By Rev. V. H. Rollins

It was on the western plains. The drouth had been on for many months. Vegetation was burned to a crisp by a daily scorching sun. Suddenly clouds came rolling up from the southwest until the heavens were black. The wind swept on in great waves and the storm was on. Thunder rolled and muttered sometimes great peals, like mighty artillery from the battlements of heaven. Lightning flashed like the very elements were on fire. Torrents of rain filled the thirsty land and soon the clouds passed.

It was late in the afternoon and as the sun came out a great bow was set in the heaven, each foot resting on the earth at the horizon. With the prismatic colors, it looked more like a beautiful gateway opening into the celestial world. As one beheld the glories revealed by this majestic vision, it seemed that heaven and earth had come together and the words of the Psalmist came to his mind.

"Lift up your heads, O, ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty. The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors.

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory."

Life's Mysteries

By Fred Scott Shepherd

There are paths that go a-winding
To the Land of Yester-year,
Which our wistful hearts oft traverse,

Guided on by memories dear;
They go back into the distance
Of the days of long ago,
Where fond hopes had their beginnings
And our hearts were all aglow.

How we longed to view the future!
How we planned what life might mean!
Sought in vain to lift the curtain
For a glimpse of the unseen!
How we chafed at days of training
Eager to assay life's task!
How our courage rose undaunted,
Fearing naught that it might ask

Had we known the weary footsteps
Had we seen the mile on mile
That stretched out into the future,
As we struggled on the while,
Would our hearts have been as eager,
Would our wills have been as strong,
As they were while we were following
Paths which Faith led us along

But the Father's loving wisdom
Veiled the future from our eye
Filled our hearts with aspiration
To obtain some worthy prize;
Made the waiting and the striving
Be the training and the test,
Which would be the preparation
For the highest and the best.

So, with faith and hope undaunted
We will journey on life's way,
Full content that God shall lead
Hour by hour and day by day
For his wisdom is unbounded,
And unfailing is his love,
And we know, whate'er befall us,
He will ever constant prove.

—Advance.

THE INNER CIRCLE

CROWNED OR CRUCIFIED

I stood alone at the bar of God
 In the hush of the twilight dim
 And faced the question that pierced my heart—
 What will you do with Him?
 Crowned or crucified which shall it be?
 No other choice was offered to me.

I looked on the face so marred with tears
 That was shed in His agony;
 The look in His kind eyes broke my heart,
 'Twas full of love for me.
 "The crown or the cross," it seemed to say,
 "For or against me—choose thou today."

He held out His loving hands to me
 While He pleadingly said, "Obey,
 Make me thy choice for I love thee so."
 And I could not say Him, Nay.
 Crowned not crucified thus it must be.
 No other way was open to me.

I knelt at the feet of Christ
 In the hush of the twilight dim,
 And all that I was or hoped or sought,
 I surrendered unto Him.
 Crowned not crucified. My heart shall know
 No king but Christ who loved me so.
 Sent in by Gladys Dash, Warrior Mines, W. Va.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING

Laurence Myers

"Live for something, have a purpose,
 And that purpose keep in view.
 Drifting like a helpless vessel,
 Thou canst ne'er to life be true."
 There are two classes of people
 —those who have a definite pur-
 pose in life, and those who appar-
 ently have nothing to live for, no
 real purpose in view.

Live for something, but not for
 self. Self can never broaden one's
 mind; self can never expand the
 ability to achieve. Seek not self-
 glory as did the Pharisees of old.
 Think not of the reward, but of the
 joy of service, for service given in a
 selfish spirit will never bring
 recompense.

A young man leaves his home to
 take his place in the workaday
 world. Perhaps he has graduated
 from high school or maybe from
 college. It matters not whether he
 leaves a home of ease and luxury
 or an humble cottage, he leaves with
 the love of parents, with their best
 wishes and prayers. And he is some-
 thing of a hero to his younger
 brothers and sisters, who proudly
 look upon him even now as a great
 success. Surely, they think, he will
 be one of the "great men" of the
 world. But the young man says to
 himself, "Ah! Now I'm to see the
 world." He gets his first job in the
 city. He thinks only of the money

he receives in wages, watches the
 clock, ponders over the good time
 he will have each evening. Think
 you that he will succeed? Not un-
 til he learns the true meaning of
 service.

Washington and Lincoln achiev-
 ed a degree of success that chal-
 lenges any man. Each had high
 ideals, but each, in striving to at-
 tain to these ideals, was guided by
 sound common sense. And we must
 today, every one of us, hold to high
 ideals and likewise cherish com-
 mon sense, if we would really
 achieve in service. The passage of
 time has not lowered standards,
 widely though the problems faced
 by youth of today differ from those
 which Washington and Lincoln
 met. The selfsame qualities are
 winning essentials.

You may not be physically strong;
 that is no really serious handicap.
 Do not be discouraged because you
 have no outstanding talent. Carlyle
 tells us "that the weakest living
 creature can, by concentrating his
 powers on a single object, accom-
 plish something, whereas the
 strongest, dispersing his powers,
 may fail to accomplish anything."
 He illustrates this by calling our
 attention to the drop of water
 which by continually falling bores
 its way through the hardest rock,
 while the hasty torrent rushes over
 it with hideous uproar and leaves
 no imprint.

Many are those who have risen
 from obscurity to fame. The son of
 a poor stonecutter was employed as
 a scullion in the kitchen of a
 wealthy home. His employer had
 prepared a banquet to which a
 large company of prominent men
 had been invited. The head con-
 fectioner reported that he had spoil-
 ed the ornament which he had been
 making for the table. This scullion
 volunteered to make the center-
 piece. Given permission to try, he
 called for some butter, and when

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LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' dear name! We wish to sound a note of praise for our Savior for His many blessings.

Sister Vivian Haworth has been with us now for nearly a month and we surely have enjoyed having her. Truly she has been a blessing to us young people. A life so lived for Jesus as her life has been is wonderful. With her help we organized on July 28, 1931 a Y. P. E. with twenty-one members and have already been able to add three new ones. We are using "The Lighted Pathway" and find it a wonderful help.

The interest shown by the young people is wonderful. Pray much for the Y. P. E. of Bangor. May the Lord bless you in your labor for Him. — Sincerely, Ethel Giggey, Bangor, Me.

I certainly do enjoy reading your paper, or "our" paper. When I get discouraged or indifferent I look for The Lighted Pathway. I have each copy since you were here except for May. Someone borrowed the May number and I have not been able to get it. I'm going to bind them and when you come back again I will have something to show you. I also have most of the copies of our program each week.

We reorganized last night and we have fifty enrolled. We also have organized a Y. P. E. at Switzer, about six miles above Logan, and have forty-three members up there.—Kittie May, Logan, W. Va.

Greetings to our dear Editor and all the saints everywhere:

This afternoon I sat looking over The Lighted Pathway and my mind began to scan the great wilderness, and to visit the soldiers of the cross who are so faithful to Him who died for us, and I feel so sure there are some who mean to continue to light the pathway until Jesus says it is enough, come up higher.

I visited our dear Brother Thomas down in the hot islands. I guess he lives mostly on fish, but I hear no complaint. The school teachers

who go there have to drink Jamaica rum to keep down the fever, but Brother Thomas has a God who can keep him without rum. Over in Canada dear Brother Dorsett and wife, and here in Pennsylvania are Brother Rosenbaum and wife and Sister Zanna Wright, God bless their hearts, sleeping on the floor, eating on a goods box, cooking on a one burner hot plate, with not much to eat, and listen, they had a church paying over a hundred dollars tithes, but God called them to go and light up somebody's pathway who is in darkness. It is a great privilege just to try our God and see what He will do for us. Just pick up the Gospel Light and start, knowing God never lies. Yes, we will soon meet at the great Assembly and I am sure we will feel better than the home bench warmers will.

The State Assembly at Somerset was almost like being at the General Assembly. We saw so much interest taken by our young people. My heart was made glad that we had a wise council to allow the Y. P. E. to be adopted in the Church of God. I believe it is the greatest step that could have been taken to encourage our young people. I was afraid when I heard it had been adopted that it was a scheme of the devil to bring the world into the Church. I must say the best sermon I heard at Somerset was by a young woman at the Y. P. E. service.

The Reading church has a Y.P.E., new in the way, but they are at their post. They have open air services, and all have sleeves in their dresses. They abstain from makeup. Saints stopped going with sinners when they received the Holy Ghost baptism. I hope this will be a light to all who are in darkness. Surely the Word is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our pathway, and we who profess this Light must be an example to the lost.

We will soon be on our way down to Cleveland where we will meet all the dear saints and enjoy a feast of good things and clasp glad hands. Yes, I am anxious to hear all the good news, but please tell the bad news to Jesus and let

us enjoy the blessings of the Lord and be able to go out on the field with more determination to win souls for Christ the coming year.

We have a splendid Y. P. E. at Reading and also a good Junior Class. They meet at the same time but in different rooms and they surely can sing "Everybody Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel." I am proud of the interest the President, Miss Verna Stillwell, takes, also the leader of the Juniors.

We have about thirty envelopes in the penny drive, and I think they will all be ready to go to Cleveland by October 1st. Reading is still floating the banner of loyalty, and holding out their lights at home.

Come on, Y. P. E., let us give Sister Harrison a shower of subscriptions at the Assembly. Let's get them into other homes as well as church members' homes. — Your brother, B. O. Rosenbaum, Reading, Pa.

I want to speak a word of appreciation for your Lighted Pathway. It is a great success. The best of its kind I have ever read. I read the paper every month and pray for it as I get it, but I want to subscribe and try to get other subscriptions so you can continue the twenty page edition. My three boys simply jump for the paper when they see I have a copy.—Mrs. E. P. Kimbal, Myersdale, Pa.

Sister Harrison, it seems to me that the Bible lessons are getting more interesting and the stories are just fine, such as "2 Tim. 2:15 in the July number and "The Cross Family" in the August number. My heart went out for the young man living out in New Mexico., when I read his letter to you. I am glad you sent him the paper. If I were able, I would send The Lighted Pathway to every such person. I think the editorials are so inspiring and helpful. The Children's Page is so interesting and helpful for the children and for older people too.

There is so much good warning and advice on Father's and Mother's Page. Helps For The Temple are exactly in place. The Inner

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CONTRIBUTIONS

Present Day Religious Conditions

A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

By H. Flowers, Portland, Me.

As I sat meditating this morning, this thought came to my mind: "Present day religious conditions a challenge to youth." To the historian or well read youth this might carry you back in thought to the years 1096 and 1270 when the various military expeditions were undertaken by so-called Christian powers to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. This crusade was an enterprise undertaken with zeal and enthusiasm to crush the barbarian powers. Many deeds exhibiting gallantry and heroism occurred. This crusade was of a carnal nature, carnality opposing carnality.

The crusade in which God wishes to enlist us today is spiritual in the highest sense of the word. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places." To get the proper definition of this verse a logical question presents itself—are we able to combat a spiritual foe with material substance? corporeal foes? Seen versus unseen? Your answer would be an emphatic "No." For spirits must be opposed spiritually and material opposed materially, unless for some reason we could cause spirits to materialize. This philosophy is helpful in defining Eph. 6:12. Consequently the more spiritual we are the better qualified we are for Christian service.

The appeal God gives to youth is: "Stand ye like men and fight!" Our spiritual equipment aside from the armor includes the sword of the spirit—the Bible. It is the Bible that is receiving the blows in the conflict. We parry with the devil. The devil's sword is "untruth." God's sword is Truth, and thus to parry with the devil is to ward off, as a blow, the vicious, vigorous, resourceful enemies who assail the fundamentals of our Christian faith. To watch two fencers, they stand alert, in position with crossed

swords using every known art to evade or turn aside each other's thrusts. This is to parry. The spirit of the orthodox faith is to defend the Bible regardless of results. Christian discipleship calls for fearless action under present day conditions of the religious world.

The eighteenth century stands out in history as marks by skepticism and unbelief. The twentieth century was greeted with an influx of infidelity which has grown amazingly. The present form of infidelity comes branded as "Modernism." Modernism, and its corrupt teaching hides behind the church. It is so camouflaged by the devil until it looks perfectly innocent to the nominal church goer. Its cry today is "uninspired Bible"; an Old Testament that is but an evolution of the idea of God thru the ages, the conception of primitive man of a tribal God being its genesis. As a Deity Jesus becomes a myth, as a man He is the supreme figure in history. The Christ of the Modernist is only a man at his best, and the best he can do is to use what the fundamentalists Christ has created. Young people, let our objective be to awake from our spiritual lethargy and launch our conquests against the devil. If the devil ever called God a liar he is emphasizing it today. Never, was there as much unbelief in all history. Man is placed on a pedestal and becomes an object of worship instead of God. Young men and women, part of the responsibility lies on our shoulders to rebuke erroneous and corrupt teaching. To do so may help some soul to God. As members of the Y. P. E. let us keep the spiritual atmosphere unadulterated. God's approval rests upon such a spirit.

Never Say "I Can't"

Vivian Haworth

Are we doing our best to build up the Y. P. E.? Some people seem to have difficulty in finding something to do in any department of the Lord's work. Others find plenty to do, but make excuses such as:

"I have no talent. I CAN'T, so-and-so does so much better than I; they criticize me when I speak or sing; I'm too timid; I'd rather listen to others," and a hundred other excuses.

Do you realize while you are sitting around idle some young person may go out into eternity unprepared to meet God? Each member of the Y. P. E. should help shoulder the responsibility of the Endeavor. Do not wholly depend on the president or leader. Ask God to give you more interest in this work, and "put your shoulder to the wheel" with a determination to fill your place, no matter when it may be. Discard all flimsy excuses, and realize the necessity of doing your best for Jesus.

It is true the leader should include every member on the program at different times, but they cannot all have a definite task each time. But bear in mind, even though you have no special part there is a place for you to fill, so do not neglect it. The most important thing is to keep up-to-date spirituality. Be ready to pray at any moment, and develop your own spiritual life to a higher degree. Sing as the glory of the Lord shines from your countenance. You cannot fail to be a blessing if you do this. Study your program so you will enjoy and understand the speakers better. Make use of the promises in prayer for the Y. P. E.

Be one to measure up to the standard of excellency so far as lieth in you. This means to be on time; study your program even tho' you may not have an assigned part; take whatever part you are asked to take in the service. If you are asked to take a part too big for you, unless it is an absolute impossibility, pray yourself up to the task, rather than refuse.

Study the topic so you will be able to enter into the discussions or answer questions that might be asked. Look for scriptures, poems or anything to the point, and give them if you have opportunity.

There are some things, too, that the unsaved or backslidden young people can do. The very biggest thing they can do to help is to get

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DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

Conducted by
HETTIE ELLEN PAYNE

YOUR BIBLE

A moment in the morning take
Your Bible in your hand,
And catch a glimpse of glory from
The peaceful promised land;
It will linger still before you when
You see the busy mart,
And like flowers of hope will
Blossom into beauty in your hearts,
The precious words like jewels
Will glisten all the day,
With a rare effulgent glory that
Will brighten all the way.—Sel.

Advice to the Young

After quite a bit of experience with life, I would exhort the young folk—if it will not be considered bad taste to do so in this connection—to get acquainted with the Bible. You will find it interesting reading and all infallible guide if you would walk the higher levels of living. More intelligent folk than most of us have found it to be a university of true "higher education." More brilliant minds than most of us possess have searched it through and through and have never found it to be in error in a single instance.

Without the slightest fear of contradiction, some of us who have given it years of careful critical study, are ready to say that, for flawless embodiment of supernatural truth, a sustained dignity and mellifluous precision, a towering

grandeur never attained by any other volume and a miraculous moral lifting power it stands alone. Such a book cannot be neglected without infinite loss.

Read it, my young friend, and it will pour its white light into your heart. Follow the gleam and it will transform your life. Come to it for counsel when you are perplexed and it will blaze a trail for you through the labyrinth of bewildering confusion. Pore over it when life's sorrows whelm you and its radiant promises will hang a rainbow of hope across your dripping day. Wait for its vision when gray clouds hang between you and mountain peaks where you long to be. Like spring sunshine it will break through the rifted clouds and reveal the upland trail that leads to the fire-crowned summits above you. Hold it tightly to your heart, for

What great general lost the ambition of his life by losing his temper? Num. 20:10-12; Deut. 32:48-52; Psa. 106:33.

Who had quail for dinner every day for a month? Num. 11:31.

Who blessed a younger son in preference to the elder by mistake, and who purposely blessed a younger brother before the elder? Gen. 27:35; 48:17-20.

Who hanged himself because an aspirant to the throne would not take his counsel? 2 Sam. 17:23.

What was the curse pronounced upon David? 2 Sam. 12:10.

How old was Moses when he died? Deut. 34:7.

Who was saved by a red string? Josh. 2:18.

Who set a cornfield afire by tying firebrands to foxes tails? Judges 16:45.

Who was smitten with leprosy because he burned incense to the Lord? 2 Chr. 26:18, 19.

What nation won a battle by having the hands of their leaders held up? Ex. 17:11.

What five kings hid in a cave? Josh. 10:23.

Who wanted to divide a living baby in halves? 1 Kings 3:16-26.

Who was accused of being drunk because she did not pray aloud? 1 Sam. 1:13.

soon your day will be done and when the shadows lie deep across the West, it will hold your trembling hand and guide your unsteady feet through the sunset path into the presence of Him who breathed inspiration into the heart and mind of those who penned its sacred page. Never, under any circumstances, allow yourself to be without it. Hide it in your heart, that you may not sin against God, and by so doing fail to achieve your own highest good.

The Bible is not a human production. It is the flawless embodiment of Omniscience, the supreme gift of a loving God to bewildered, blundering humanity. As such its neglect can but prove disastrous in the extreme.—Dr. Gouthey in *The Defender*.

ONE TEACHER'S OPINION

(Continued from page five)

"Quite the contrary," was the surprising answer. "You expect too much of them, often, and we teachers suffer for it. Your natural self-esteem makes you overestimate their ability, and then you lay their deficiencies to want of application, and blame us for not holding their poor noses to the grindstone better. 'Gee! don't I hate to show this to Dad!' I hear one boy say to another, as I give out the report cards, and yet I know that his represents pretty good work. Sometimes a boy gets no praise at all for the A that he has, but only more blame for his B's and C's. A man ought to know," concluded the teacher with a touch of real vindictiveness in her tone, "a man ought to know that if a boy is getting A in Latin, that's reason enough for his not getting it in mathematics. If he has marked talent for one study, he's less likely to have it for another. Unreasonable fault-finding at home discourages children, and it's uphill work for teachers, putting heart into them again."—Exchange.

When men learn to love their enemies peace will be here.

Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC: FRIENDLINESS

By Vivian Haworth
Scripture: Phil: 2:14-16

CREATE A SPIRIT OF GOODWILL

We realize that friendliness is one great essential in building up the Endeavor. To be friendly to all as we should be, one needs the love of God with in his heart. True, it is the nature of some to have a friendlier disposition than others. But those who are of a distant nature should strive to cultivate a friendly disposition. We should always greet our young friends with a smile and hearty greeting, as the above scripture said, we should be blameless, and let our lights shine among a wicked generation. Even though some haughty young person may sneer at us and shun us, let us return good for evil and still be courteous and friendly, showing love to them.

MAKE THE ENDEAVOR SERVE

By reading Rom. 12:4-8 we see that we do not all have the same office in the church; some being ministers, prophets, teachers, exhorters and other officers. So it is in the Y. P. E. we do not all have the same gift, therefore some are able to fill one office while others are capable of filling another office. We should cooperate with each other in love. Let us strive to get new members. Personal invitations are fine and sometimes contests prove a great success. By getting the young people to attend our programs may be the means of bringing them to the Lord. They need Jesus, and if getting them interested in the work of the Y. P. E. will bring them to Christ, let us get them interested. Plan to use the talents of the members of the Endeavor. The musicians should form an orchestra and the singers should sing special songs. The gospel says, "Compel them to come in," so the Friendly Committee should watch for new members and "go get them." Let us be willing to serve in our place however great or small and watch the Endeavor grow.

Three stonemasons were working on a stone. When each were asked what they were doing, the first answered: "I'm working for \$7.50 a day"; the second said, "I'm cutting this stone"; third, "I'm helping build a cathedral." So the aim of each Y.P.E. member, no matter what our task, should be to "build up the Endeavor" which no doubt will mean winning souls for Christ.

ATTEND THE MEETINGS

In Psa. 84:1-4 we read how David longed to go to the house of the Lord, and he says, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will still be praising thee." If we Christian young people will keep victory in our souls, we will have a desire to attend every program—we will feel the responsibility and realize the need of being there. And when we go we will "put our shoulder to the wheel," let our lights shine and be a blessing to the unsaved young people who attend. What is more impressive than to see a band of consecrated young people doing service for God? We should be proud of the Y. P. E. and be determined by our Savior's help to keep it going.

Regular attendance means much in keeping up the interest.

WIN SOULS

Just recently in one of our revivals a young lady was gloriously saved. She immediately arose and began pleading with others to come to Christ. When we are saved from our sins our main desire should be to win others to Christ. One way is to be friendly—win their love and respect; then when you speak to them of Christ it will no doubt have influence soon or later.

Many times one of the greatest means of soul winning is personal work. Peter visited Aeneas who had been sick of the palsy eight years and Jesus healed him. Through this healing, by means of Peter's visit, many turned to the Lord. What a blessing the Y. P. E. can be in personal work. We may not only be a blessing to the sick or bereaved, but also to the relatives and friends. A good song sung by a Spirit-filled young person, a good sincere prayer, a few kind words and ever showing them you are interested in their soul, may win many to Jesus.

At the close of the program is a wonderful opportunity for unsaved young people to find Christ, and what a great work it is to be an able altar worker and help pray souls through to victory, while some sing the songs of Jesus' love. We should be tactful in soul winning—making use of opportunities to speak of Christ and boosting the Y. P. E., inviting young people to attend our programs. Nature offers many opportunities to speak of Christ. The wonders of nature give us a starting point and lead on to greater wonders of grace. Showing kindness to older people will many times give one opportunity to speak of Christ, one who will cheer and comfort them.

GAIN SPIRITUAL POWER

We do not only want to seek for new members, but let us also seek for a closer walk with God, that we may prove a greater blessing. If we love one another, we will have the spirit of joyous helpfulness which will not fail to impress others. Prayer is the secret of spirituality. Praying is not time wasted. It gives the soul poise and guidance in all its tasks. How easy it is to neglect prayer which is the only means of power from the power house (heaven). Niagara Falls is an almost exhaustless source of power provided right connections are made with it. God is an absolutely exhaustless source of power if we connect with Him in earnest and honest prayer.

There is something magnetic about a group of Spirit-filled young people that will attract others. Our greatest advertisement is the blessing of God upon our hearts, and the attractiveness of a Spirit-filled life. So let us do all within our power to keep the anointing of the Spirit upon our hearts and the blessings of God on the service and in spite of all the devil can do, we will grow.

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD

The above words, "She hath done what she

could," were spoken by Jesus of the woman who anointed Him. She could not be a preacher or an apostle, or even one to serve tables, but she filled her place and was honored by Jesus who said that he who gives a cup of cold water in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward. In like

manner, if we do our duty in the Y. P. E., serving where and when needed, we shall receive our reward.

Suggestion: Don't fail to give an altar call at the close of this program; after which have a "friendly" handshake. This will make all feel at home.

TOPIC: CAN WE LIVE BY THE GOLDEN RULE?

By the Editor

Scripture lesson: Matt. 7:12; Gal. 6:1.

The Golden Rule has been taught by many nations, sometimes in the negative and sometimes as by Jesus in the positive form. The Persians said, "Do as you would be done by." The Greeks said, "Do not that to a neighbor that you would take ill from him." The Chinese teacher, Confucius, when asked by one of his pupils, "Is there not one word that may serve as a rule of practice for the whole of life?" replied, "Is not reciprocity such a word. What you don't want done to yourself do not do to others." There was an Arabian named Lackman known everywhere for his perfect manners. His fame reached the imperial ruler at Bagdad who sent for him and asked him, "How is it that you who are not of noble birth have acquired manners that are the envy of princes?" He replied, "It has been my rule, O Excellency, to abstain from everything I do not approve of in others." The meaning of the Golden Rule is this: Put yourself in the other fellow's place, and then treat him as you would want to be treated under his conditions. Unless it is followed, the very essence of our religion is denied, for in order to practice it one must have kindness, unselfishness, and love.

CAN IT BE DONE WITHOUT CHRIST IN THE LIFE?

Personally I do not believe it is possible to practice the Golden Rule without Christ in the life. Christ alone can live the life. And it is according to the measure in which we let Christ live through us that we can begin to live up to the Golden Rule. Men have been professing to live it all down thru the ages without Christ but they have made a failure. We do believe that many moral men make a pretty good stagger at it and live outwardly beautiful lives and come nearer living it than some who call themselves Christians and who are not. But only Christ can help us to live by the Golden Rule.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

Having the fruits of the Spirit in our lives will solve this problem. Of course we want to observe The Golden Rule, but how often the best of us fail. It is entirely dependent on how much of the Spirit we have. The Word tells us to "Be filled with the Spirit." Did you ever take a bucket of berries and fill it with water to overflowing and watch the dirt flow off? As long as the bucket is kept running over, the dirt continues to float away. So it is with our lives. As long as the Holy Spirit fills us to overflowing all selfishness, greed, and unkindness which is constantly trying to gain admittance, is washed away by the continual flow of the Spirit of Christ. People may pretend to live The Golden Rule without this overflowing of the Spirit, but if you will watch closely, you will soon find that they are a failure without Christ.

Holy Spirit, Light Divine, overflow this heart of mine;

Cast down every idol throne, reign supreme,
and reign alone.

EXAMINATION OF SELF

What about our lives at this time? Let us stop for a moment and examine ourselves, those of us who are studying these lessons. We can tell whether or not we have that overflowing experience. Have we a single unkind feeling toward a living soul in this world? If we do, we had better fill up a little and let this trash run off. If it stays there long, it will poison the whole system. Like a decayed tooth that the doctor orders extracted for fear of its poisonous effects to the physical body, this little decayed place of hatred will ruin the soul. Better go to the oil station and get your vessel filled up until all the evil flows away.

KINDNESS. Eph. 4:32.

And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. This includes all that The Golden Rule means. It is simply kindness. I wonder if there is a human being in the world, or a dumb animal, a bird, or in fact anything that has life, that does not appreciate kindness. I believe not.

Bishop Simpson says, "I shall never forget my own feelings, when distant once in the land of Palestine, I was ill, and knew not when I should return. In that distant land I received a letter from my family, and in that letter it was stated that a dear friend had given a token of regard to my youngest child, then a comparative infant, and my heart swelled more with affection for that friend than had he sent a token of affection to me. It was given to the smallest of my children, the little one, and he had done it unto me, and my heart half across the globe swelled with affection for a friend I could not see, because he had remembered a little one." So the great Father has His little ones scattered all over our land in hovels, in cellars, in garrets, and in abodes of affliction, and in scenes of poverty, and He sees when an act of kindness is done to one of the least of them, and in the Heaven of heavens He says, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.

NOTE: Dear young people, what is your Glee Club doing these days? Have you forgotten The Golden Rule in your society? and have God's little ones had to suffer in your community because you have forgotten or grown careless and unconcerned? How about planning something at the very meeting to bring cheer and happiness to your neighbor or friend who is in need? It may be it is not money or food they need most of all. In fact you might not have much of that, but you have plenty of smiles and a voice to sing, and kind words to offer. Why not take your Bible, your musical instruments, and do some visiting among those who cannot enjoy the things you enjoy, the shut-ins of your community, the aged and the poor? Let us be up and doing for the night cometh when no man can work. Some of these days death will close the eyes of some of these dear suffering ones and you

might wake up then and wish you had practiced The Golden Rule more in your community. Let us try for one month to do everything just like we feel that Jesus would do if He were here.

BIBLE READINGS

Love thy neighbor as thyself Mark 12:31

Serving others John 13:14-16

Unselfishness Phil. 2:3-5

Honesty 1 Thess. 4:11, 12

A rule of peace Rom. 14:19

TOPIC: RESPONSIBILITY

By the Editor

Scripture lesson: Gen: 4:2-9

How many people today are like Cain trying to get away from the fact that they are their brother's keeper. Jesus Christ went away from this earth and left us to occupy till He comes. I wonder if you and I understand what a great responsibility rests upon us as children of God. I believe if we could once catch the vision, it would revolutionize our lives and would put such a burden on us for the salvation of men, that we would lay aside every hindrance and launch out in a new way to win men and women, boys and girls for God. Cain tried to run from the fact that he was his brother's keeper. We are running from this fact also, if we do not do our best to win souls for Christ.

LIVE THE LIFE

The greatest call to God's people is to live the life. This is the crying need today. The greatest hindrance is that of testifying to one thing and living another. A consistent Christian life lived in the midst of the glittering things of the world is the greatest preacher that lives on the face of the earth. A life the world cannot gainsay is of more value in a neighborhood than a dozen revival meetings with one or two hypocrites testifying and taking a leading part and the world looking on and judging the whole crowd by these few who do not live the life. One or two hypocrites can tear down as fast as an evangelist builds up. This is the way the devil is hindering these days. If he can get just a few of this kind mixed around with the saints, he has pretty good chances of defeating the work. Just a few days ago a certain man said to me, I don't go to Sunday School because the teacher of my class does certain things that a Christian should not do. I don't blame him. I do not like to sit and listen to a man or woman teach the sacred Word of God unless they are at least making an effort to live it.

LET US BE CAREFUL LEST WE BECOME A

STUMBLINGBLOCK TO OUR BROTHER

One little misstep or blunder, one careless word,

TOPIC: THE TONGUE

By the Editor

Scripture Lesson, Jas. 3:1-18.

The Apostle James was the advocate of a religion that was real and true, a religion that consisted not of mere Sunday thrills and in a feeling to do good, but a religion that proved itself by its works and daily conduct. The picture that he drew of idle men and idle women in his day, going from house to house and from friend to friend, dropping slander as they went and calling themselves Christians, is one that shows how inconsistent people can be. He illustrated how it was not necessary that even a word should be spoken for the deadly work to be done, but by a simple nod of the head sanctioning some one else's remarks, or being silent when some one's name is being besmirched. So much harm is being

may cause the one you are trying to win for Christ to stumble and give up. You may look to God and He will readily forgive that mistake, but that one you are trying to reach does not see the intents of the heart and will not be so easy to forgive as the Master. Then a constant looking to God for guidance for strength for each day is what we need.

We are especially responsible for the ones in our own homes. Let us ask ourselves the question: How does my life look to them?

We are responsible for the one who works by our side in the store or the shop or in the field. They are watching us, and God is holding us responsible for them. Young man and woman you are responsible for these classmates of yours. God expects you to be so strong that you can stand true to God in the midst of the greatest temptation. It may be you will have to suffer some persecution but remember they are watching you, and your strength of character may be what God wants to use to win them for Christ. Oh what an opportunity! You may not see results at once but He has promised that if we are faithful we shall see results. Your responsibility ceases when you have done your best.

BIBLE READINGS

Responsibility Ezek. 18:20-30

Official responsibility Ezek. 33:7-16

Responsibility for gifts Rom. 12:1-8

Responsibility according to light Matt. 11:20-24

Responsibility according to opportunities

Matt. 25:19-30

NOTE: We have condensed this lesson as much as we could so that we could have room for six lessons. This is short but it will give you an outline to go by. Perhaps it will draw you out more along the line of self-reliance and you will do some searching to find something original or from other sources. Perhaps something from your own experience and observation will suggest itself to you. May God make the study of this lesson a blessing to you.

done and so many names are dragged in the dust by the use of the words "they say." If people would always wait till they knew the thing they are going to tell, there would not be so much harm done by the tongue.

Guard well thy tongue, thou canst not know

What evils from thy lips may flow,

What guilt, what grief may be incurred

By one incautious, hasty word.

Condemn not, judge not; not a man

Is given his brother's faults to scan,

One task is his, and one alone;

To search out and subdue his own.

"THE LEAGUE OF THE KINDLY TONGUE"

Let us turn from the warning which St. James

gives all Christians about the slanderous tongue and think of the words of cheer, courage and counsel we can give, think of the kindness we can cultivate and exhibit toward others. Some years ago a league was organized for this purpose. One January afternoon in Appleton, Wisconsin a Methodist minister, Dr. William D. Marsh, was called to the telephone to receive a word of cheer from a friend in another church. It was such an easy, yet such a gracious thing to do. It took but a moment, yet it left new courage in the minister's heart. Dr. Marsh was a different man after that conversation. He had received an inspiration that started a train of thoughts which resulted in great good. He said to himself that if he received such encouragement by a few words of sympathy and good will, how fine it would be if more people could be inspired in such a way. Then and there he decided to start a League of the Kindly Tongue among his friends. The purpose should be to definitely endeavor to speak only kind and helpful words. When it became generally known that such an organization had been started, it rapidly found favor and awakened a response among Christians and non-Christians throughout the country.

The purpose of the League as stated is very clear and definite. "It is to keep people from gossip, scandal, deceit, evil speaking, harsh criticisms and uncharitable speech, by leading them to resolve to fill the lips with kind and helpful words and to encourage every one to radiate the spirit of love and good cheer." Any person, old or young, can become a member. There are no dues, no by-laws, no cast iron pledges, no meetings. It is entirely personal, according to the decision of every individual. Surely such a purpose represents the Christian ideal, and in making definite and practical this ideal every Christian will rejoice that the "League of the Kindly Tongue" is calling attention in a new way to the kind of living which the Master wants all people to live.

By Miss E. Jackson, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture: Gen. 1.

EVOLUTION DEFINED

The modern view of "evolution" had its coming into existence to enforce the idea that Christianity is only one of many religions, which all, they say, are good, though none contain the whole truth.

The most general meaning of evolution may be defined as follows: Evolution includes all theories respecting the origin and order of the world, which regards the higher forms of life as following and depending on the lower and simple forms.

It is clear that the doctrine of evolution is directly against that of creation. There have been many ancient writers or advocates of the subject of evolution, but in its finished form it is a modern product. This doctrine came into existence by scientific research and speculation of man.

Mr. Darwin, an Englishman, whose theory of evolution is called "Darwinism," assumes that man is the immediate descendant of the ape.—Encyclopaedia Britannica.

TO PROVE EVOLUTION FALSE

To prove the doctrine of evolution false, we only have to prove the divine authority of the Bible.

(1) One of the clearest proofs that the Bible is the divine Word of God is the power that accom-

If any words of mine have caused one tear
From other's eyes to flow;
If I have caused one shadow to appear
On any face I know,
If but one thoughtless word of mine has stung
Some loving heart today;
Or if the word I've left unsaid has wrung
A single sigh, I pray,
Thou tender heart of love, forgive the sin,
Help me to keep in mind
That if at last I should thy "Well done" win,
In word as well as deed, I must be kind.

If you have joined the "Inner Circle," you are a member of the League of the Kindly Tongue, for entire consecration will reach the tongue and make its use a blessing instead of a curse. If you are constantly using your tongue in abuse or in attacking your friend's good name, or in speaking unkind words, just remember you do not belong to the Inner Circle even though you have signed your name to the pledge. If we have been guilty, dear ones, let us ask God to forgive us and let us remember the League of the Kindly Tongue.

BIBLE READINGS

Guard thy tongue Matt. 12:34-37
What the tongue tells Jas. 1:26
The tongue abused 2 Sam. 16:5-14
The kindly word Acts 9:26-31
Words of warning 2 Tim. 2:16-26
Words of prayer Psa. 90:1-17

The tongue is a slave of the body as well as the soul. The heart says, "Make love for me," and the tongue makes love for the heart. The brain says, "Discourse for me," and the tongue discourses for the brain. The soul says, Pray for me, sing for me, curse for me, tell lies for me," and the tongue prays, sings, curses and tells lies for the soul. —Prof. G. Wilson.

What is your soul demanding of your tongue?

TOPIC: EVOLUTION

panies it in transforming human character.

(2) The harmony and unity that exists among the many writers of the Bible. This unity could not have come by accident or chance among so many writers, on so many subjects, without inspiration from one source.

(3) The fulfillment of prophecy. Compare many prophecies of the Bible within itself, and with ancient and modern history. Christ's prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and dispersal of the Jews is an example. Also the prophecy of Christ's crucifixion and work, Isa. 53.

(4) It claims divine inspiration. The writers did not claim to be the authors of their messages they delivered, but as the Apostle Peter affirms, they "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Pet. 1:21. "The Lord said unto me" are the words of Jeremiah 1:7; Ref. Isa. 1:10; Ezekiel 1:3; Jno. 5:39.

WHAT IS MAN?

What is man that the Lord is mindful of him?—and visitest him? Why has He made him a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor? The Lord made him to have dominion over the work of his hands and put all things under his feet. Ps. 8th chapter.

Without doubt this scripture is proof of the superiority of man over beasts and that he is not i

the order of beasts, as the evolution theory, that the human sprang from a lower form of animal.

In the Bible we find the only satisfactory account of man's beginning and destiny.

The body of man is mortal, the soul eternal. Matt. 10:28; Ps. 22:26.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. 5:1.

THE HUMAN RACE

From the original pair, Adam and Eve, the entire human race has sprung, for Eve is declared to be the mother of all living. Gen. 3:20.

The Bible writers, all alike, acknowledge this common origin of man as stated in Genesis. Malachi asks, "Have we not all one Father? Hath not God created us?" Mal. 2:10. Paul affirms that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men—for we are also his offsprings." Acts 17:26, 28.

The unity of the human race has been acknowledged, also, by some of the great scientists and thinkers. — Encyclopaedia Britannica. — Upon the unity of the human race is based the universal plan of redemption.

MAN, A SPIRITUAL BEING

The expression, "God created man in his own image," implies special characteristics of the Divine One, not found in any other earthly creature.

Man is a spiritual being, possessed of soul, mind and body.

The body is mortal. "Your mortal body." Rom. 6:12. The mind of man is capable of development in an intellectual way, and the soul is the "inward man." 2 Cor. 4:16. "There is a spirit in man." Job 32:8. "The souls which I have made." Isa. 57:16. It is the Lord that layeth the foundation of the earth, and formeth the spirit of man within him. Zech. 12:1.

A command is, "Glorify God in your body and in your spirit." 1 Cor. 6:20.

A CONTRAST

In the 25th and 26th verses of the 1st chapter of Genesis we find a difference in the making of beasts and the making of man. The 25th verse reads, "And God made the beasts of the earth after HIS KIND, and cattle after THEIR KIND, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind." 26th verse, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Gen. 2:7, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

Man being formed in the image of God became a moral, intellectual and spiritual being; having a conscience, the voice of right and wrong which all other creatures are void of.

NOTE: Put this subject in the hands of those who can handle it, as beginners could not make this interesting. Perhaps your older people might help you this time. This is a very important study.

TOPIC: HOW MAY WE CREATE AND SPREAD HAPPINESS

By the Editor

Scripture Lesson: Matt. 5:1-12; Acts 8:4-8

We are all very familiar with the sermon on the mount, and we are all anxious to be "blessed" or "happy." Here in this chapter we have a recipe for this happiness. If we have this joy in our lives and measure up to this scripture lesson, we are sure to spread it around us to others.

WHERE IS THIS HAPPINESS CREATED?

Happiness is not something we can just put on. It must be in the heart. It is created in the heart by a yieldedness to God's will and a surrendered life. Nothing short of this will bring happiness to the human heart, and the outside world can read you and tell whether you are a happy Christian or not. It is not hard to tell whether a man or woman has the victory or not, and nothing will win souls to Christ quicker than to see victory written in our faces. We are living epistles read and known of all men. What God needs more than anything else is victorious Christians. The most miserable creature on earth is the man or woman who is living a half-hearted Christian life.

NOT DEPENDENT ON MATERIAL THINGS

While material things are fine in their place, and it is very convenient and comfortable to have all the things we need, but the happiest people are not found among the rich in this world's goods. We shall not soon forget a vision the Lord gave us one time when we were standing at our window looking out at the beautiful homes on every side and wondering why God did not give His children beautiful homes and plenty of money. As we stood wondering, we saw as it were the buildings begin to crumble and fall, and the inner voice whispered, This is what will

happen some of these days. Yes, these things are not what make happiness.

In this lesson take up the Beatitudes and give them out to your young people. When you get thru perhaps you will have a better idea of what it takes to be happy.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT. V. 3.

Those who take a lowly place at the Master's feet and feel their unworthiness instead of their importance, the very opposite of the self-sufficient, their's is the Kingdom of Heaven.

THOSE THAT MOURN. V. 4.

The first mourning must be over their own sins in repentance, then over the sins of others. They must become intercessors for a sinful world. The church as a usual thing is too dry eyed. Jeremiah said, Oh, that mine eyes were fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night. This kind of weeping will afterwards be turned into joy. Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning.

THE MEEK. V. 5.

Those who have lost the fiery nature of the self-life and have become gentle, patient, kind, and non-retaliative, they shall inherit the earth during the reign of Christ. It is this kind alone who will have a place in the Bride of Christ and who will have the privilege of sitting with Him at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

THE HUNGRY. V. 6.

The soul that is truly hungering and thirsting for God will be satisfied with nothing short of Christ enthroned within. They will seek God until they are filled to overflowing. Nothing short of a baptism of the Holy Ghost like they had on the day of Pentecost will satisfy. This is the oil that we read about in the 25th chapter of Matthew.

THE MERCIFUL. V. 7.

Those who are filled with tender compassion for others in their sufferings, and show their sympathy in a substantial way. Not those who say I am sorry for you and do nothing to alleviate the sufferings.

PURE IN HEART. V. 8.

Those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb and whose thoughts and actions will bear inspection by the One who knows the recesses of the heart. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." You do not have to be with a person long to find out what is in his heart. It soon tells by his conversation. You can soon detect whether he is interested in divine things or not.

PEACEMAKERS. V. 9.

Oh how we need peacemakers instead of fault finders and trouble makers. I do not need to comment on this very elaborately, as you who are studying this lesson know just what I mean. Let me ask you, Which are you, a trouble maker or a peacemaker? Let each member of your Y. P. E. ask themselves this question. Remember that this scripture says, Blessed are the peacemakers.

Live For Something

(Continued from page 7)

it was brought, molded a large lion. Dinner was announced, and the guests were ushered into the dining room. As they took their places, every one exclaimed over the unique table ornament. Among them were skilled art critics. They looked at the lion long and carefully, and asked their host what great sculptor had been persuaded to waste his time on such temporary material. The host could not tell. He asked the head waiter, who brought in Antonio Canova. When it was learned that the lion had been made in only a few moments, they turned the dinner into a feast in honor of Antonio. The rich host had the boy trained under one of the best masters, and he became a great, a famous sculptor. Weak men wait for opportunities; strong men make them. It might also be added, things do not turn up in this world till some one turns them up.

Horace Mann's only inheritance was poverty and hard work. He braided straw that he might earn money to buy books to study. Later he became a pioneer in popular education. Poverty is a terrible grind, and often, if allowed to do so, kills the very soul within one. It may prove the north wind that lashes its victim into viking heroics, or the balmy south wind that

lulls them into lotus dreams. Poverty is the sixth sense; it is the needy that see opportunities in impossibilities.

McKinley's life is a wonderful example of unselfish, purposeful service. He had started his college course when his country's call for volunteers sounded through the land, but he answered promptly, "Here am I." When the Civil War was over, he was in the prime of life, but without an occupation. His all was an uncompleted education and a very little money. But he did not allow himself to become discouraged. He went to work, obtained a lawyer's degree, and was admitted to the bar. So outstanding was his service that once more his country called him—this time to serve at the helm as its Chief Executive. As President he was greatly beloved, and at his untimely death a nation wept. A life guided by Providence, you say? Yes. What life ~~was~~ was a success without a safe Pilot at the helm?

Do I hear some one say such opportunities do not come to the poor, the obscure, today? You are mistaken. The ordinary farm life where you find yourself today may not afford the great opportunities for which you long, but it can be a stepping-stone to success. Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.—Youths Instructor.

THE PERSECUTED. V. 10.

Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness sake, not for your own wrong doing, but because you are so true to Jesus Christ that you are a stranger to the world and they do not understand you. We read in the Bible elsewhere that ALL that live godly in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution. We become strangers and pilgrims here and the world does not know us. This is why they persecute God's true children.

Listen, young people, it will not take an effort on your part to be friendly when you measure up to this Bible lesson. It will not be hard to get you to take part in the meetings. The pastor will not have to seek you out to get you to help him, but you will be looking him up to find what he wants you to do. You will be a blessing wherever you go. What do you say. Let's try to measure up to the sermon on the mount. Remember it will take a surrendered and filled life to do this. Self-effort will not suffice.

Try this recipe and see if Christianity around you does not spread. I wonder if we have measured up.

NEVER SAY "I CAN'T"

(Continued from page nine)

back to God. Then they can be cordial to strangers. They can supply late comers with books, report those who are sick, take flowers, send cards or see that some one who cannot get The Lighted Pathway receives his copy of it. They can always be reverent toward God and in the service.

If you haven't any definite part in the Y. P. E. program, be on the watch for things to do to promote the work of the Endeavor. You will surely find all you can do.

Let us do our best while we are young, and keep in mind the following scripture: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

Which position in your church do you occupy: Are you,

An attendant or an absenter?

A pillar or a sleeper?

A wing or a weight?

A power or a problem?

A promoter or a provoker?

A giver or a getter?

A worker or a worry?

A booster or a boaster?

A peacemaker or a strife-maker?

A supporter or a sponger?

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

things, just so he keeps us from praying, for prayer is the one thing he cannot permit if he can prevent it, as there are so many good things promised to those who ask. Ask and it shall be given, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you. The great wave of crime and sorrow that is sweeping our land could soon be swept from the face of the earth by the power of God if we Christians would work and pray as we should.

GRANNIE

(Continued From Page Three)

the shabby old house. She went into the bedroom, where grannie sat, calling peevishly to her.

"Well, who ever was it you was gabbin' to out there? My throat liked to parched, I was wantin' a drink that bad. No, I don't want what you left there. It is warm as dishwater."

Molly was about to answer that she had put cold water into the glass a few minutes before, but with an inward pull at herself she said brightly, "All right, grannie, I'll get it as cold as the pump will give it to me," and she hurried out to the old wooden pump.

"Well," grannie gasped, "whatever it was she was visitin' with, he must 'a' been a pleasant sort."

"It's about supper-time, grannie," Molly said as she returned, a full glass in her hand; "and I was wondering if you wouldn't like to say what you would rather have me fix."

Grannie peeped up at her with her half-sightless eyes. "Well, seein' you asked me as you scarce never do, I'll tell you. I've just been longin' for a bite of sour-cream cake. That an' tea would taste right good."

Now, Molly had not planned on having a hot supper. The fire in the old cook-stove was out, and to kindle another this sultry afternoon seemed an almost impossible task.

"Better is he," "Blessed are they," like some far chant the words came sweetly to her. "All right, grannie, you shall have sour-

cream cake and tea, and I will have a hot supper tonight through-out."

She went about her task of fire-building. The kindling caught rapidly, and somehow instead of the usual blinding smoke the heavy wood crackled into a cheerful blaze. After a time the "sour-cream" cake was stirred together and popped into the oven.

"Now, grannie," Molly said as she stepped into the low bedroom, "wouldn't you like to have your chair moved out into the kitchen again? You could watch me get supper, and it would be a little change."

"Well, I don't know but I would if you don't break my neck a jerkin' me over the sill," the querulous old voice answered.

"No, I'll try to be as careful as possible. Now here we go." Slowly the cumbersome chair was slid and pulled along carefully. Even the dreaded sill was crossed comfortably, and grannie was ensconced by the low kitchen window.

Molly bustled about. "Now that we're going to have a surprise supper, grannie, how do you think it would be to use the white cloth instead of the red checked one?"

"I don't know but it would be all right if you young uns would be careful about spillin'. You was always dreadful that way," she added her bitter drop to the sweetening waters.

"We've grown some of late," Molly answered with assumed brightness; "and we'll be real careful. There, doesn't that look better?" she asked. "But wait a minute," and she flew out into the little front yard. Close by the house she stooped and picked the cluster of scarlet geranium that Miss Tate had noticed.

"See here, grannie, the geranium has blossomed for the first time. Isn't it pretty?"

Grannie's old eyes brightened. "Law me! Aint that a pretty blow, though? I didn't know it had flowered yet. Nobody tells me nothin'." Then she added: "That red is mighty pretty. It is somethin' I can see, anyway." She watched Molly place the flowers and leaves in a glass and put them in the center of the table.

Tom came whistling through a little gate, and on up the walk. "Whew! something smells mighty good," he said as he came into the little kitchen. "I'm hungry as a bear, and say, sis, if you hadn't had something hot tonight, my stomach would have cried. I do believe I'm that starved. Here comes mother. I know she's tired to death. She walks like it."

The little mother came wearily into the house. Someway the homecoming had been a dreaded ordeal of late. Grannie was querulous and faultfinding, but Molly was growing more irritable every day, either answering spitefully or remaining sullenly silent.

For once grannie had no complaining comment. She ate her supper, and still refrained from faultfinding. The little mother, rested under the influence of the pleasant surroundings, told interesting happenings of the day, and Tom had funny stories to relate of his experience at the store.

"Grannie," Molly said later, as she brushed the thin gray hair and put the nightcap carefully on the bent old head, "I want to say—say something to you."

"Say away. You usually say enough and sometimes it ain't so pleasant to hear, either."

Molly flushed crimson, and bit her lips, but went on after a moment quietly. "That is just it. I know I have said too much—and sometimes not enough—and I just wanted to say—to tell you—that I am sorry, and I want to try to do different from now on." To Molly's proud nature this was the most difficult speech she had ever made.

"It's about time you was sayin' something of the sort," she said with an injured air, as Molly made her as comfortable as she could for the night. A hot rebellion surged through the girl's heart. "It would have been easier if she had said she forgave me, at least. I guess you'll have to help me a lot, God."

Molly lingered after the little class the following Sunday, and told Miss Tate shyly how she was really succeeding in bridling her tongue, and how much happier her heart had been.

(Continued on page 19)

THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

Christ At The Door

By Fred Scott Shepard

Christ is knocking at thy heart—
Christ, the Son of God!
He would grace and life impart,
Christ, the Son of God.
Shall such love and mercy great
Longer at thy heart's door wait?
Should He leave—how sad thy fate!
Yield to Christ, the Lord.

He hath waited long for thee—
Christ, the Son of God!
Waiteth still, thy friend to be—
Christ, the Son of God.
See! His hands for thee were scar-
red!
See! His face by sorrow marred;
Can your heart be longer hard?
Yield to Christ, the Lord.

Only love could wait so long—
Christ, the Son of God!
Love of Jesus, tender, strong—
Christ, the Son of God.
You have grieved Him o'er and o'er,
Caused His heart to suffer sore;
Do not longer bar the door—
Yield to Christ, the Lord.

Quickly then His mercy heed—
Christ, the Son of God!
You will find Him all you need—
Christ, the Son of God.
With the Saviour as a friend,
All life's journey to attend,
You will safely reach the end—
Yield to Christ, the Lord.

Conditions of Success In Soul Winning

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER

1. Remember that the Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost. It was not to found a church, or to establish a creed or to teach good morals, He came to die for men's sins in order that they might be saved. Furthermore men are just as completely lost now as they were then. Civilization has done away with some of the cruelty and barbarism in the world,

but human nature is precisely the same today as it was two thousand years ago. It is thoroughly selfish and sinful, and nothing but the grace of God can make it otherwise (John 3:18, 19; 1 Cor. 2:14; Eph. 4:18). No matter how amiable and honorable and public-spirited a man may be, without Christ he is lost and needs to be saved. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life," that is he is spiritually dead.

2. Remember that the Lord Jesus will save some souls through you if you will cooperate with Him. You have some gifts and more or less influence. If you will consecrate your gifts and influence to the service of Christ, He will certainly use them to win some of your friends to Himself. While Jesus was in the world He was the light of the world, but now that He has gone, "Ye are the light of the world," and your mission is to so shine as to guide others out of darkness into the marvelous light of God.

3. Remember that Jesus will furnish all the equipment you need. Do you lack wisdom? "I will give you a mantle and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." Do you lack courage? "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Josh. 1:9). Do you lack power? "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth" (Matt. 28:18). Do you lack faith? "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Jeremiah said, "Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child." But the Lord said unto him, "Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, And whithersoever I command thee thou shalt speak." Remember that all your inexperience and inability amount to nothing in the face of the Master's

express command, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

THREE THINGS TO DO

1. Get the winning of souls before you as a definite aim in life.
2. Cultivate a passion for souls.
3. Begin and continue all your work with prayer. Pray for all men (1 Tim. 2:1-4). I exhort therefore, that prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men."

HOW TO OPEN A RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION

1. Study the art of diverting conversation to spiritual topics. Study carefully Gospel of St. John.
2. Choose an opportune time and place.
3. Watch for souls as those that must give account.
4. Use Gospel cards and leaflets Sent in by Charlotte Higgins.

THREE THINGS ARE TO BE REMEMBERED

1. By the death of Christ we are delivered from the guilt of sin.
2. By the life of Christ in us we are delivered from the power of sin.
3. By the coming of Christ we shall be delivered from the presence of sin.—Sel.

HEEDLESS

Take time for friendship when you can
The hours fly swiftly, and the need
That presses on your fellow man
May fade away at equal speed
And you may sigh before the end
That you have failed to play the friend.

Not all life's pride is born of fame
Not all the joy from work is won.
Too late we hang our heads in shame
Remembering good we could have done;
Too late we wish that we had stayed
To comfort those who called for aid.

The heedless moment robs us all
Of memories sweet to contemplate.
We hear a faint and feeble call,
But think we have no time to wait
And later when the need is gone
We wish we had not hurried on.

Take time to do the little things
Which leave the satisfactory thought
When other joys have taken wings
That we have labored as we ought
That in a world where all contend
We often stopped to be a friend.
Edgar A. Guest.

GRANNIE

(Continued from page 17)

"I am so glad, Molly," Margaret Tate said at parting. "I believe earnestly that as we live and put it to the test, we find we can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth us."

In the late winter grannie was taken very ill. The little mother and Tom shared the burden of nursing at night; but, strange to say, no hands but Molly's could smooth the pillow quite so deftly, or hold the glass so gently to the parched lips. And instead of the old bitter antagonism there was coming to her a genuine pity and love for the sour, hard-spoken old woman.

"Dear," Mother Moore said one day, "you do not know what it means to me, this change that has come between you and grannie. I am so thankful things are as they are between you." And that night, when Death beckoned grannie across the threshold, Molly sobbed: "Mother, you could never, never be so thankful as I am that my heart has changed. How lonely she must have been in these other days when I was too sullen to try to please her! But mother, don't you think grannie loved me a little—just a little at the last?"

"I know she did, darling." The little mother smoothed the brown hair soothingly. "She loved you more than any one else on earth."

BIBLE LESSONS

(Continued from page four)

Memory work: Psa. 133:1-3; 1 Jo. 2:10, 11; Prov. 6:20-22.

FOURTH WEEK

God In Our Homes

Lesson material, Gen. 12:1-9; 18:10; 21:33.

Memory verse: "Oh come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker." Psa. 95:6.

Purpose: To teach the need of family prayer in the home.

Abraham was the pioneer of all the Israelites. He prepared the way for serving God. The Bible does not say he had family prayer, but it says he built an altar to the Lord.

Every home should have family prayer every day at a time when all can be together, one read from the Bible, then all kneel down and pray. We need to thank God for all His blessings, and we need help from Him to give us strength to do just what He wants us to do. In the home where God is worshiped, the father and mother love and care for their children, and the children love and obey their parents, and the brothers and sisters learn better how to love one another and to be helpers in the home. You see they pray God to help them, and they are happy.

A BLESSING PRAYER

"Meet with us, Lord, and be our Guest;

Bless all our play, our work, our rest,

And let our food by Thee be blest."

Memory work: Eph. 6:7, 8; Deut. 32:7-12.

Seventy Times Seven

(Continued from page four)

thought.

"Children," said Miss Annie, "we're trying very hard to raise some money to help a poor mission school up in the mountains and I want my class to see if they cannot make a little in some way, it will be wonderful to feel you have made it yourselves."

The children were very much interested, Linda-May especially.

"I don't know however I'm going to make any," she said as they walked home. "Maybe I could rent out Lady Arabella; I could charge two cents an hour."

"Huh!" said Tom Grant, "who'd pay it?"

"No-body's talkin' to you," said Linda-May.

But the next day Papa-doctor solved the problem.

"Linda-May," said he, "when I went to see Miss Andrews today, you know she's been ailing a long time. Well, she said the only thing she fancied in the way of food was mushrooms. Now in that pasture land of mine, I noticed a lot and I know Miss Andrews would pay you well for them, but you'd have to get up pretty early to gather them, Linda-May."

"Oh, I don't mind that," cried the little girl, "I'll begin tomorrow."

"And I'll go too," said Sadie.

Sure enough the two little girls were up bright and early. Miss Andrews was delighted. "Bring them to me every day," said she, "and when I tire of them I'll find you another customer." After the first day or two, Linda-May found it very hard to get out of her warm bed, and Sadie gave up entirely. "I've got fifty cents," said she, "that's enough for one mountain child." But Linda-May didn't think so.

Tom Grant's house was close to where the mushrooms grew. His mother was a widow not well off, and Tom had to get up early and do a good deal to help every morning. He leaned over the fence and spoke to Linda-May, he even offered to help gather the mushrooms, but the little girl took no notice at all.

"All right, Miss Stuck-up," said Tom.

One morning two young men came along, they stopped close to Linda-May.

"Oh, it's a little girl," said one of the men. "We want some bait; we are staying over at the hotel and we're going fishing, but little girls don't like to dig bait, do they?"

Linda-May shook her head. Then she thought of Tom. He had not been able to earn anything. She had heard him tell one of the boys he always had so much to do for his mother. But then she hadn't forgiven Tom—she never would.

"If you know any boy," said the young man, "I'll pay him a quarter and there's some other little jobs I could give him."

Linda-May hesitated. All at once she thought, "not seven times but 'seventy times seven.'" Perhaps Tom hadn't meant to be so mean, anyway—she pointed to the little cottage across the road.

"There's an awfully nice boy lives there," said she. "I'll call him."

And at school that day Linda-May found a chocolate mouse on her desk. She looked at Tom.

"I earned a whole dollar," said he, "but I liked you forgiv'n me, Linda-May, best of all."

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

(Continued from page eight)

Circle, The Prayer Page, Do You Know Your Bible by Hettie Ellen Payne, are all so inspiring and helpful and cause such a desire for an increase of knowledge and wisdom of God's Word. Sister Vivian Haworth has such good and helpful articles. It seems to me that it would be almost impossible to improve any feature of the paper. May God bless you and every helper you have with all spiritual and temporal blessings.—Yours sincerely, J. M. Magouirk.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Enclosed you will find one dollar for Lighted Pathway just received. I consider this issue of the paper the best yet. Seems as tho' every issue is more inspiring, uplifting and encouraging. Very glad it is now a larger paper. Every page seems better than the other one. May God bless you in your efforts. Don't forget the ten each month to me. I look forward to these papers just as a child would look for Christmas.—Love to you, Ethel Lee, Lowery, Miami, Fla.

Sister Harrison:

I feel that you are doing a great work for God. When I begin to read the dear little paper each month I sometimes rejoice and again I weep as I read its pages. I am teaching the children the Bible lessons by Sister Trim. They are grand and the children are so interested in them. Sunday afternoon we were having our lesson and they got so interested that they were not willing to stop until we went over each lesson in the book. I am sure the dear Lord is blessing you in all your undertakings for Him and you will never know just what you have accomplished for Him until you meet Him in the next life.—Mrs. C. T. Rankin, Afton, Tenn.

Dearest Sister Harrison:

I am so glad I can truly say I am still on victory side with the joy bells of heaven ringing in my soul. Praise the Lord for a full and free salvation, and for the Y. P. E. Oh, when I have to be off away

from the Y. P. E. I just miss it so much. I hate to leave home if I am going where there isn't a Y. P. E. I always look forward to Sunday evening when we can come together to study God's Word from the lessons in The Lighted Pathway. I can hardly wait from one issue to the next. I do enjoy reading the good inspiring pieces and studying the lessons. It helps me so much.

Dear Sister Harrison, I am so glad to tell you that our Y. P. E. has increased some. When you mail the August issue I want you to send me twelve until further notice. I am also sending the dollar for the June issue. Oh, we could not get along without the paper. It is such a help to every one of us.

May the Lord richly bless and reward you here and in heaven for the great work you are doing. — Lovingly, your sister in Christ, Beulah E. Osbon, Aiken, S. C.

Sister Harrison:

I just have to say a few words today. It isn't much that I can say, but I surely will have to tell you how much I really enjoy reading The Lighted Pathway. It was really a wonderful benefit to me during my illness when I could read the wonderful readings, etc. and look up to the Lord and praise Him for the wonderful paper.

"God bless you richly every day,
And all the things you do.
God bless your heart in every way,
And let your dreams come true."

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee."—Num. 6:24.

As soon as I possibly can I intend to subscribe for The Lighted Pathway. It will help in every way—you and also the Y. P. E. here in Olney.—Lots of love, a little sister in Christ, Alice Myers.

Led by the Children

"A little child shall lead them." When the prophet made this statement he spoke a truth that will last through all time and eternity. We have all seen it demonstrated. Many a time a little child has been the means, through God, in bringing his or her father or mother to a decision for Christ.

In a great evangelistic meeting, a little girl was the first to respond to the call. Her father was with her; but her mother had recently died. As soon as she made her profession, her father began weeping. A worker approached him and asked if there was anything he could do. The man said, "Yes, pray for me. I am not a Christian. This baby of ours is now a Christian and I am not." The worker said, "You can be." The man arose and took his seat by his little daughter, and said, "I will be a Christian father."

In another great meeting, a girl about fourteen asked a worker to speak to her father. The worker said, "I want you to speak to him and if you don't win your father to Christ, I'll help you." The daughter spoke just a word and the father was converted that night. He afterwards made the statement that he could not resist when the daughter spoke to him.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Readers of The Lighted Pathway

If you have written to me and have not answered, please do not think hard of me. You do not know how much I would like to sit down and write you a long letter and express my appreciation for all your kindness, but my work is so heavy these days that I cannot find time for many personal letters. It seems that I hardly get one paper to the publisher until another month has rolled around and I must have another one ready. So just continue to write these encouraging letters for they help to inspire the editor to press along, but do not think hard if we do not write you personally. Just take "The Lighted Pathway" as an answer to your letter. Thanks again this month to the Helpers Club, who are such faithful coworkers with us. May the Lord bless every one of you and add many more to our list. I wish I could have space to publish your names each month but I believe you are humble enough to waive the space used for something for our young people.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 3.

DECEMBER, 1931

NO. 5.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

AT THE CROSSROADS

He stood at the crossroads all alone, the sunrise in his face;
He had no thought for the world unknown, he was set for
a manly race.

But the road stretched east and the road stretched west,
And the boy did not know which road was best.
So he took the wrong road and went down,
And he lost the race and the victor's crown,
He was caught at last in an angry snare,
Because no one stood at the crossroads there, to show
him the better road.

Another day at the selfsame place, a boy with high hopes
stood;

He, too, was set for a manly race.
He was seeking the things that were good.
But one was there who the roads did know,
And that one showed him which way to go;
So he turned from the road that went down
And he won the race and the victor's crown,
He walks today the highway fair, because one stood at the
crossroads there,

To show him the better road.

—Sent in by Thelda Haworth.

**"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my
path."—Ps. 119:105**

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Young People Everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

DECEMBER, 1931

EDITORIALS

Dear friends of the "Lighted Pathway," I am sure that those of us who attended the Assembly are still rejoicing that we were permitted to be there. What real delight it was to meet personally those whom we had known so long through correspondence. My, what a good time we had on Y. P. E. night when we saw the great company of wonderful young people march into the Auditorium and heard their voices in song together. We thought of the many dear ones who were there in spirit who could not be there in person, and offered up a prayer for them. We hope the inspiration, those who were permitted to attend will carry back with them, will set your little band of young people on fire for God and that great things will be accomplished for the Master this coming year.

When we look around and see the many young people who are professed Christians, who are holding on to the world, giving most of their time to worldly pleasures and almost none to Christ, it makes us appreciate our dear girls and boys who have left all to follow Jesus. The most precious jewel in all the world is a consecrated young man or woman determined by God's help to stand for the right regardless of what may come or go.

Leaving all to follow Jesus,
Turning from this world away,
Stepping out upon His promise,
All I have is His today.

As this number is to be a double number and we are to remember both Thanksgiving and Christmas together we have much to think

about, as just one of these great days has so much in it that our little paper can only strike the high places. But we hope to give a little touch just so we will remember and appreciate all the blessings that come to us through the celebration of these days.

We rejoice in the fact that our nation observes Thanksgiving Day. While many degrade it to a mere festival, making it a day of dissipation, revelry and fleshly gratification, it is a time when all Christian people should lift their hearts in loving adoration and praise to God for His countless gifts and tender mercies. It should be a holy day instead of a holiday, and we trust our readers will observe it in this way.

Dear Christian people, how much we have to be thankful for. Oh the riches of the grace of God in Christ Jesus! During the year we have had God the Father, full of tenderness, goodness and love; God the Son who gave His life a ransom for us, and is willing to save to the uttermost; and God the Holy Ghost who abides to comfort and help and give us power for service. How He quickens, strengthens, guides, helps and comforts us along the way! What comfort, what peace, what holy joy has been ours! Oh how can we help praising the Lord at this time!

Of course the year has brought its testings and trials, but let us not forget to thank God for these also for behind a frowning providence there hides a smiling face. Many of our greatest blessings come to us in disguise. There is nothing more wholesome in the development of Christian character than sanctified affliction. The pure gold comes out of a hot furnace. The sweetest, mellowest, loveliest Christians come up out of great tribulation. Even the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering, and if we would be like Him we must not shrink from the chastising process but receive it with joy.

While there is a special time set

apart for giving of thanks we (provided we are real Christians) are thankful at all times, especially on the day set aside to celebrate the birth of our Savior. We should thank Him for the song of the angels that rang out on that memorable night when the shepherds were abiding in the field, keeping watch over the sheep: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth good will to men." We should thank God for the wise men also who had been living so close to God and who had studied the Scripture and were able to understand the signs because they were looking for Him. Thank God for those who were looking for Jesus the first time, and thank God for those who are looking for Him to come the second time! It will be those who are looking who will behold Him when He appears. Many are saying, "Where is the promise of His coming, for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Pet. 3:4.

Christmas giving grew out of the great heart of God when He gave His only begotten Son to redeem mankind. That gift for our salvation prompted the motive that has been back of all Christmas giving. There has been the desire to express the love of the heart to the loved ones and on a plane of pure and true affection. And so it ought always to be. Whatever our Christmas giving shall be, it should be done in remembrance of the Savior whose birth we celebrate. A little girl once said to her mother, "It seems to me that everyone about our home is getting something for Christmas but Jesus. Ought we not find something to give to Him?" The mother said, "I think the present Jesus would like best to receive is our hearts," and the little girl was led to answer, after a pause "I think that must be so, and I want to give Him my heart right now." How many will do likewise at this Christmas season?

The Lighted Pathway would make a wonderful Christmas present for your boy or girl. It would make :

(Continued on page 20)

THE GREATER BLESSEDNESS

The Story of a Christmas When Self Was Forgotten in the Greater Joy of Serving Others

By Mrs. Lydia Beck Smith

"Fifteen years we have been here performing the ancient rite. and this thing never has happened before. The young people voted against a Christmas tree! I can't understand it, Nancy."

Dr. Minor gazed disconsolately out into the warm, misty dusk, thoughtlessly wrinkling the white ruffled curtain he held aside.

Fifteen years in this little village, where he had come after a nervous collapse at his prime in an important city pastorate, to accept what he had hoped would be his last charge! He had selected this place for a long, quiet ministry and a well-earned burial place among its citizens at the end. Quiet and satisfying the years had been, tonight though he felt a sense of failure.

It was Christmas Eve, but nothing in the scene before him indicated it. The narrow street was sloppy, the bumpy brick pavement moist and shining. No persons were hurrying by with packages, no boys were fighting noisily with snow. Certainly there was not the feeling of Christmas in the air.

"No Christmas tree," he went on, half to himself. "No happy little faces on the front pews, no rowdy Santa Claus, no gifts. I can't imagine why, unless it is that our young folks have wandered away. They prefer to be at home with their radios, perhaps to hear some Christmas carols sung afar off, and then to dance. Somehow I have failed to win them for the church." He turned back into the room.

Nancy switched on the light. "There, now, it looks plenty like Christmas to me, Barnett!"

And it did look festive in their small sitting-room, for Nancy had hung a wreath of holly above the mantelpiece; daringly had tied mistletoe beneath the chandelier. She stood under it now, her blue eyes twinkling up at him.

"Forty-eight Yuletides we've been married, Barnett!"

"And still you stand there provoking me?" He teased her before

He drew her to a seat by the fire. "You must feel that something is wrong, Nancy. I am too old for my work. Fifteen years I have labored among them, been a kind of godfather to all the children in the village, and now they do not want to come to the church on Christmas Eve. Have you known for long that I am too old?"

"I can't see it at all, sir. Stand up and face the light."

He did so, not in the least amused at her mockery.

"Your posture is good, very good, almost military; I should say; your hair is as yet only streaked with grey; your eyes show average intelligence; your hearing, I know, is excellent; your teeth, having served you since childhood, are still sound. Nothing about you fits the description of old age in Ecclesiastes. Isn't that a very good standard?"

"But why have I lost contact with my young people?"

"Sit down, Barnett. Now, when did you lose this contact? Ina Bowers was here to see you twice yesterday about her love affair, Joel was here last night to tell you his side of the same affair. When you had flu this fall, didn't they come at all hours bringing you all kinds of things?"

"Surely they did. That makes it all the harder to comprehend their not wanting anything at the church this Christmas. It will be very difficult for me to preach tomorrow's sermon."

She had risen and stood now behind his chair. She shook her head, for she wondered, too; still she tried to console him.

"I shouldn't worry, Barnett. Trust the young people. They do not intend to hurt us and often-times we are too sensitive."

"Sometimes I think that little Rosemary Gonce is leading them all into sheer frivolity. She is a pretty child, a real sunbeam, and surely there is nothing innately

bad about her, but she causes a deal of trouble in school."

"Just brimming with life and mischief is Rosemary. I love the child."

They had their evening meal by candle-light, according to Nancy's whim. She wore her prettiest dress for the occasion.

"It is difficult to feel the old Christmas joy with the children so far away," she remarked, when he had remained silent and depressed through half the meal. "Yet our first three years together were like tonight."

"Very beautiful and brave you are, Nancy, and I do not deserve it. Surely I am getting old."

So she gave up trying to cheer him and when they returned to the sitting-room she got her glasses and sat down with her journal near the light.

He brooded before the fire.

There was the sound of young voices singing, growing louder as they came nearer. "It came upon the midnight clear"—

"What's that?" He was like a small boy, who has heard another's whistle.

She smiled behind her paper at his eagerness. "It sounds like the boys and girls."

Just as he was going to the window there came a hearty knock upon the door.

In two strides he reached it, flung it open.

"Merry Christmas," called a chorus, "Can you come to the church with us right away, Dr. Minor? And you, Mrs. Minor? We thought we heard reindeer on the roof up there as we were passing."

"To be sure. Of course. Get ready, Mother." And he began a futile search for his overcoat and hat.

She took them from their accustomed place and handed them to him, hastily donned her own wraps and joined him, her face a-light.

"Why, if it isn't beginning to snow," he said as he guided her up the slippery sidewalk among their coterie of youngsters. "It's going to be a good Christmas after all."

"Perfectly marvelous," he heard Ina agree, walking with Joel just behind them. He squeezed his wife's

(Continued on page 18)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

EXPLANATION

Some have written in asking why I did not have six children's lessons just like I did the young people's lessons. It is for lack of space. If I had a fifty page paper, I might be able to do everything I would like to do, but I am not able to do that yet. I want to say, when you fail to get your paper in time or you do not find all the lessons you need, just see what you can do yourself along that line. Take up some Bible characters and draw your own lessons. It will do you good and give you the experience. Remember I am going to move your subscription up one month to make up for the month of November. Don't forget to pray for the
(Continued on page 20)

BIBLE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

By Flora E. Trim

OLD TESTAMENT

1st Week

What heathen giant defied the army of the living God? What youth was willing to fight him? 1st Sam. 17:32. In whose name did he come? 45th verse. He conquered a mighty warrior with a sling and stone. Read 17th chapter of 1 Sam.

This was a great victory won for God's people through a youth who loved God and His people, and had confidence in God which made him courageous.

Memory work: 2 Sam. 22:1-7.

2nd Week

Who was cast in the lions' den, and they would not eat him? Why? Who was sent to shut their mouths? Why? Read 6th chapter of Daniel.

Daniel did that which was right, and God was with him. He will always be with the children who love and obey him, and deliver them from evil.

Memory work: Jer. 1:8; Dan. 6:27; Psa. 18:17; Psa. 34:4; Psa. 56:13; Deut. 31:6; Jer. 15:21.

NEW TESTAMENT

3rd Week

One day as a blind man sat down beside the road and asked the people to give him something to eat and wear, he heard that Jesus was passing by, and cried to Him for mercy. Who was the blind man? Some thought because he was poor and blind Jesus would not do anything for him, but Jesus heard him right away. What did Jesus do for him? Mark 10:46-52. Also read 9th chapter of John.

"Bartimaeus was blind, but the Lord made him well; Oh, what a glad story he then had to tell."

Dear boys and girls, you may have eyes to see the beautiful things of this world, but do you see Jesus as your Savior? What will you have Him do for you?

Memory work: Mark 10:46-52.

4th Week

After Jesus was crucified His disciples decided to go a fishing. They toiled all night and caught nothing. In the morning who appeared unto them? What happened? Read John 21:1-14.

"The disciples came to land, thus obeying Christ's command. For the Master called to them, 'Come, come and dine.' There they found their hearts desire, Bread and fish upon the fire; Thus He satisfies the hungry ev'ry time."

Jesus lives, and will feed our hungry souls.

Memory work:

"Comes" of our Lord Jesus Christ.
"Come and see" John 1:39
"Come unto me" Matt. 11:28
"Come down" Luke 19:5
"Come apart and rest," Mark 6:31
"Come forth" John 11:43
"Come and dine" John 21:12
"Come ye blessed" Matt. 25:34
"I will come again" John 14:3

Bobby's Christmas

By L. E. Flack

"Get out, I say; get out o' here. I'm tired o' havin' you aroun'."

A masterful push completed her thoughts, and the little boy, six years old, ragged, dirty and chubby, if his little face had not been so pinched and white, turned down the walk. It was a dirty walk, shabby like the house and cracks occurred at intervals throughout it. The blue eyes of the little boy were terror-stricken and filled with big tears. Probably it was this that made him stumble. Maybe it was the fact that six-year-old legs are not so strong as older ones and cannot evade wide cracks and holes so successfully. At all events he fell forward and came down with a resounding whack on the cement walk.

"Oh, my! That must have hurt the poor sidewalk," he would have said just one short year ago. But things were different now. Mamma was not there to say, "Of course Bobby dear, the sidewalk will get better. But you must walk more carefully next time, won't you, darling?"

No, there was no one to say anything now. All this went through Bobby's mind. Unless—unless—Oh, he must get up. If Mrs. McGraph should come! If she should see him! Six-year-old scrambled to his feet, and took a few steps forward. There was a bad pain in his foot, but he must hurry on. Down past the willow tree and the alley and then around the corner. Bobby was limping now. Surely he might stop an instant here. Mrs. McGraph would not see him, but then—that was the grocery where she traded. What if she should make a morning trip there now! A dark skirt could be seen at the corner. Bobby hastened on, unaware of the fact that Mrs. McGraph was at that instant.

(Continued on page 8)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

The Burden Bearers

They do not live in vain who keep
Close watches where the children sleep,
And give the stitches which repair
The little garments children wear.

Not vain those lives which seem to stay
On guard where happy children play,
And never venture far for fear
There'll come a cry they may not hear.

Tho' dull at times the tasks appear
And weariness is ever near,
There is a dream such mothers hold
Surpassing worldly fame or gold.

Beyond their dreary tasks they see
The man or woman soon to be,
And all the endless steps they take
Are suffered for the children's sake.

Nor would they say they'd lived in
vain,

Enduring weariness and pain,
If at the end their children rise
Great-hearted, gentle, true and wise.
Edgar A. Guest.

Does This Concern You?

By Lizzie M. Gregg

Recently a very interesting, yet pathetic letter came to the office of the Fireside Correspondence School from a busy wife and mother who anxiously desired to be able so to plan her work in the home that she might have some leisure time during the evenings in which to read, sew, study, or take some recreation. She asked for help and suggestions to arrange her home duties to this end. We are sure this letter voiced the desire of thousands of busy wives and mothers.

Some years ago it was my privilege to live in a home where there were five wide-awake, energetic boys and girls. From the birth of each child, the mother had made it a rule that each evening she would be free from the cares of the household. By six o'clock supper had been eaten, the younger children were bathed, they had heard their evening Bible story, prayers had been said, and they were in bed, as far as she was concerned. If they were not quite ready to settle down to sleep, they could romp and play around their own rooms, but they were not to come out to

the kitchen or dining-room. When they were tired of this, they would retire to their own cots and fall asleep. Of course, as they grew older they had their evening lessons and could look after themselves, so the mother was perfectly free to do as she wished. In this way the mother was free each evening. She could then sew, read, study, entertain her friends, or have an enjoyable evening with the father and older children.

Another of her rules was that each day she would have from ten to thirty minutes for relaxation. This little nap refreshed her and kept her young, and when evening came she was not too tired to spend it enjoyably as she wished. She joined the church orchestra, and became quite a musician, and in other ways also kept up to date.

Were the children neglected in any way? Not at all. They grew up strong and healthy. They were also taught that in helping mother about the house, and in obeying her, they were "little missionaries," and were enabling her to do missionary work for others, and would share the rewards with her when Jesus came.

This mother so planned her work that she could devote several hours each week to active missionary work, and during the years I was with her, she sold hundreds of our subscription books and circulated thousands of our tracts and papers. Unnecessary things were dropped out of the daily program. Simple, but good, substantial meals were provided, thus helping the family to keep in good health, so that she was not worn out because of sickness in the home. Her family was neatly clothed, and her house always clean and tidy. Yet she never seemed to be driven with her work.

Today she rejoices that every member of her family is carrying responsibilities in the Lord's work, some in the home field, others in foreign fields, and she, with them, is still doing her part in giving the gospel message to others.

Before the end we are told that thousands will visit their friends and neighbors, and open to them the word of life. This will be done by many busy mothers, who have prepared themselves for such work by taking time to study, and becoming personally acquainted with the Word of God.

DAILY FAMILY PRAYER

What America needs more than railway extension and western irrigation, and a lower tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have. Piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quit work a half hour earlier on Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusiness-like behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft and greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions.

What is this thing which we are worshipping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you'll find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do resist its deadly influence the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthworks in Manchuria.—Wall Street Journal.

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

CROSSING BRIDGES NEVER BUILT

By Arnold H. Lowe, D.D.

There are men and women who are forever crossing bridges which have never been built. They are not happy unless they can do this very thing. They enjoy the uneasiness and the terror of crossing bridges of which they know nothing, which they have never seen and which, as a matter of fact, have never been built.

A friend of mine told me the other day of going to see a doctor who taught her a great lesson. After the doctor's examination she was startled by a placard placed in her lap. This is what she read, "My trouble is that I have a lot of troubles which have never happened." You and I have many friends who are great worriers. Probably you and I belong to that vast legion which is always having troubles which have never happened. Many of us, no doubt, are crossing bridges which have never been built. How often we say to each other, "Don't cross the bridge until you get there," because, you see, when we do get there there may not be any bridge to cross.

We worry about so many things in life. Every experience which constitutes a problem, that is, something which has not been solved, something that may test our patience or our courage, worries us. It brings us anxiety, it fills our days with troubled thoughts, and uneasiness. It is one of those bridges which we feel we must cross. Here is a young man. He worries about his future. He worries about his possibility of success. Can he make the grade? Can he measure up to the task? Here is a student. His examinations are in the offing. Will he pass them? Will he fail? If he should fail, what will happen to him? During my years as a college teacher I found that many students "flunked" because they worried over their examinations days before they arrived.

Worry has never helped anybody to become a Phi Beta Kappa man. Here is a mother. How she worries. She worries about her home. She worries about the finances. She worries about her children. She tries to live their years ahead of them. She worries about the company they keep. She worries about the boy and girl away in college. Here is a business man. Will he swing that deal? Will he keep his health? Will he ever have a setback? Will he succeed financially?

There are a thousand and one things that bring us opportunities for anxiety. We are always crossing bridges. We are thinking about things that belong to tomorrow. We are always involving ourselves in matters that are not real at all. At least, they are not real today.

Why God's Children Suffer

"I love my child, I note his slightest need;
I long to prosper him in all his ways,
To give him quiet nights and peaceful days;
But if I do, he'll loose himself from Me,
My outstretched hand he will not wait to see;
I'll place a hindering wall before his feet;
There he will wait, and there we two will meet.
I do it not in wrath for broken laws,
Or wilful disobedience; but because I want him nearer, and I cannot wait
For him to come, for he might wander late.
My child will wonder, will not understand;
Still half in doubt he'll clasp My outstretched hand.
But when at last upon My heart he leans
He will have ceased to wonder what it means."

They have not come as yet. As far as we know, they may never come. This failure may never come. The sickness about which we worry may never come. Our children may never get into trouble. Our health may never break. We seem to have a passion to reach into the days that belong to the future. We run ahead of ourselves. There are some of us who always try to settle the future before the present has become the past.

Jesus spoke at length about this crossing of imaginary bridges. He minced no words. He spoke plainly. Said he, people worry, and people are anxious, and this worrying and being anxious, this crossing of unbuilt bridges is certainly unique among the pagans. You could not expect anything else from them. Listen to him, "Be not anxious, therefore, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink or where withal shall we be clothed; for after all these things do the Gentiles seek. Be not anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?" What else could he have meant except that a pagan must worry? He does not know any better. To him there are no spiritual realities. To him the world is one of malignant spirits. Life is but a matter of caprice. To him fate and destiny are great uncertainties. All of life, in the pagan mind, is a matter of hit or miss. There is no God. There are no benevolent interests. There can be, therefore, no faith. There can be no providence. There must be worry. There must be anxiety. But, says Jesus, you who believe in God dare not worry. Let each day take care of its own ills. Let the morrow take care of itself. Now, what are the lessons that come to us from the homely sayings of the Master?

It should be a cause for humiliation and shame that you and I should worry about unseen troubles when we think of many of our friends who are facing real trouble.

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THE COMING OF THE CHRIST CHILD

A Christmas Playlet for Sunday Schools by Barbara Koch-Harbert

Characters:

Peter (a boy about eight years of age)
 Amy (a girl about six years of age)
 The Mother
 The Teacher
 Grandmother McFeeley
 School Children
 The Christ Child
 Act 1—In the Schoolroom
 Act 2—Peter and Amy's home

ACT I.

(Peter and Amy are seated on the front row of the schoolroom. Behind them are the School Children.)

Teacher—Once there was a very strong man who could carry such heavy loads that he was called "Offero," meaning "The Bearer." He was very proud of his strength and said, "I will serve only the greatest king on earth." He found a rich and powerful king and served him, until one day he saw his master tremble. "Why do you tremble, O king?" he asked. "Because I fear Satan, who is too strong for me." "Then I will serve him," said Offero. He went at once and served Satan, until one day he noticed his new master tremble before a cross, the cross on which Christ hung to overcome the strength of Satan. Then Offero went everywhere in search of the stronger master, Christ. He found a boy who said: "Yes, Christ is the strongest King on earth or in heaven. But to find him you must cross a broad river whose current is so swift that men are drowned in trying to cross. If you serve Christ by carrying over on your strong shoulders the weak and the little ones, you shall find the Christ of your search on the other side." Offero built a hut beside the swift-flowing river, and whenever he saw a poor traveler trying to cross the stream, he bore him on his strong shoulders. One night as he was resting in his hut he heard a little child, calling, "Offero, will you carry me over this night?" A weak little child stood near the river. Offero helped him on his strong shoulders and began

to cross the flood. But the wind blew furiously, the waves rose high, and there was a roaring in his ears as if a great ocean were let loose. The burden on his shoulders became unbearably heavy but at last he reached the other bank and placed the child safely on the ground. "What have I borne?" cried Offero; "it could not have been simply a young child, for the weight was too great!" Just then the child suddenly changed into the form of the strong Christ-King, who said. "Offero, as thou didst wish to serve me, I accepted thee as my servant. Thou shalt be called the 'Christ-Bearer' and shalt serve me always." With these words the Christ-Child vanished and the staff which Offero held blossomed forth with clusters of flowers.

(Children file out slowly followed by the teacher. Peter and Amy sit in deep thought.)

Amy—O, Peter, wouldn't it be wonderful?

Peter—Yes, Amy, it would.

Amy—But Offero lived by a river and carried persons across. And then the Christ-Child came to him to be carried across. If only we lived by a river, Peter, maybe He would come to us.

Peter—No. That all happened hundreds of years ago. I guess we're foolish to keep wishing that we might see Him.

Amy—If only Mother would move to one of those little homes down by the river!

Peter—O, Amy, No! Just because once, just once, He came to a river is no sign He'll come again. I wish I were as rich as David Morrow! I would spend all my money for the Christ-Child and maybe then I might see Him.

Amy (softly)—We might see Him, Peter, don't you mean?

(Teacher returns and stands unnoticed listening to the children's conversation.)

Peter—Of course, Amy. I don't mean to leave you out. Anyway, I guess we won't see Him. We are too poor.

Amy—He was born in a manger.

He was poor. Folks who are poor never get over loving other folks who are poor.

Peter—When He died He became rich, though, Amy. God loved Him so that He must have given Him everything He wanted when He got to Heaven.

Amy—Well, I guess—I never thought of that. But Peter (brightly), maybe all poor folks become rich when they die! Peter (dubiously)—Well—maybe—

Teacher—Do you know, Peter and Amy, that you might see Him on this Christmas season?

(Children display confusion that they have been heard.)

Amy—How—how do you mean?

Teacher—I have heard that every Christmas the Christ-Child returns and visits one home upon the earth.

Amy—O, really?

Teacher—Yes, really. And now find your wraps for it is growing late and your mother will be anxious about you.

(Teacher leaves the room. Amy and Peter start to put on wraps.)

Amy—Peter, did you hear?

Peter—Yes, but I tell you, Amy, we are too poor. There are millions and billions of homes on earth—

Amy—But ours is such a homey home! I'm sure the dear Christ-Child would love it!

Peter—Yes, perhaps. But think! If King Alfred should come to-night to this city he would go to a mansion to be entertained. He wouldn't come to our little house.

Amy—O, I see! (greatly disappointed). And since the Christ-Child is a King He would go to a mansion, too?

Peter—Yes, he would.

Amy (fighting back the tears)—I'm so sorry, Peter. If we were only rich.

(They leave.)

ACT II.

(The home of Peter and Amy. The furnishings are poor and few. The Mother, Amy and Peter are decorating the small tree with a few trinkets.)

Mother—It was kind of Mr. Allen to give us the tree. I thanked him for us all!

Peter—When I am big and rich,

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Bobby's Christmas

(Continued from page four)

stant busily engaged in rolling out thick, white cookies in the kitchen of her boarding house.

The child limped slowly along, casting frequent apprehensive glances backward. But the black skirt did not follow him. All day long he stumbled on, through the streets, down where the autos were busily passing and repassing each other; where the street cars clanged and the weary pedestrians were hastening to catch cars or trains or jitneys.

On and on he went. It was getting late and he grew weary, and hungry. Not to say that he wasn't always hungry—some. Bobby had not been hungry a year ago. Mamma, and the thought again brought tears to the bright blue eyes and two drops made streaks down the dirty little face. Mamma always had had a glass of milk and some nice brown bread and butter ready for him, or an apple or bun or even a whole bag of peanuts. But now—

He turned his gaze to the appealing window before him. Little buns were arranged in a fascinating Christmas display, for it was Christmas Eve. Around them crowded pink iced cakes, and then crowning the whole was a large white cake with fourteen green candles on it, each one of them sending up a bright pink light. The bakery was celebrating its fourteenth Christmas.

Bobby saw the lighted candles but it was through a midst of tears, and he wasn't quite sure whether it was the cake or the candies that were green. Inside were steaming bowls of soup and coffee. Bobby wished, oh, so much that he could have a bowl of soup. He pulled a grimy little hand out of his pocket and held up a dirty nickle. It was all he had.

Going in, he said to the white-gowned lady, "May I have a bowl of soup, please, if this is enough," and he held out the coin to her.

She looked at the pinched little face and something very like molsture crept into her eyes.

"Yes, yes," she said hurriedly.

"You have plenty."

Bobby felt much better when he had finished his soup and crackers and the nice, big slice of bread which the kind lady had brought him on a big shining tray, and last but not least a beautiful bright pink cake. He did not hear her say pittingly as he went out the big, glass door, "Poor little lad!" nor see that the large letters in the window spelled, "VEGETABLE SOUP, 15c."

Dusk found little Bobby still trudging wearily onward. It seemed a long, long time now since he had seen the steaming soup and the little pink cakes. There was a slight fog and the air was chill. Bobby was beginning to grow frightened, and finally he stopped. He had come to a busy crossing, the most dangerous one in the city, but Bobby did not know that. He stood pressing his face against the pane of a large department store. At first nothing interested him. The crowds hurrying past, jostled and pushed him and he turned from them to look in at the magnificent display of little boys' suits. But he did not see them. He did not see anything in the great, lighted space. He was thinking of home, his home before Mamma had gone to be with Jesus. He thought about Mamma every day. She had said, "Darling, always say your prayers every evening won't you, dear! And ask God to give you a good home when I am gone," and there had been tears in her eyes. He had said, "Yes," and then she had murmured fondly, "My own big, little man!" And Bobby had felt, oh, so proud and big. But he didn't feel big and proud now. On the contrary, he felt inconspicuously small and insignificant, not that he knew the meaning of these words. But compared with the tall man in the window, he seemed such a very little boy. For, yes, there was a man in the window, and he was putting great fur coats on little boys who stood there all the time. Bobby wished that he could stand inside there in the bright light where it looked so warm, only he wondered why the little boys never moved.

There was a lady in the window, too. Bobby hadn't noticed her at

first, and then he realized that she was just stepping on to the show case to examine some of the Christmas presents displayed there. She was a wonderful lady, Bobby thought, and she had such a kind, sweet smile. Bobby was just wishing that she would smile at him, when lo and behold, she chanced to look up, and did!

Bobby's eyes were wide open now. He was not sleepy nor cold. His little face was pressed eagerly against the glass, and he waited anxiously, hoping that the beautiful lady would smile again.

"Get a move on ye. No lofin' around here," said a harsh voice and a strong hand took hold of Bobby's arm. He looked up into the eyes of a burly policeman.

Bobby was glad to hurry off when the officer released him, and he started across the most dangerous street in the city. And it was dangerous, even more dangerous than most people believed, and much too dangerous for a little six-year-old boy who had never before been alone in the heart of the city.

There was a grating sound, a shrill whistle from the policeman who guarded the traffic signal and all traffic came to an abrupt stop. Everyone leaned forward. What was the matter? Then, from under the wheels of an enormous truck two stout men extracted a limp, little figure in a mud-stained coat. All the cars on Fourth Avenue stopped for seven minutes for one little mite of a boy, just six years old. A crowd quickly gathered as usual. The truck man offered to take the child to the hospital.

"I couldn't help it," he explained. "The first I saw him he was right in front of my car, and I couldn't get it stopped in time. Do you think he is badly hurt? Is he alive?"

A doctor stepped out from among the crowd.

"Yes," he said, as he felt Bobby's pulse. "He is alive, but in a very critical condition. He should be removed to a hospital at once. His back is badly injured. Here, sir, will you help us out?" and he turned to a man in a luxurious car. "The little fellow couldn't stand the truck," he explained.

(Continued on page 17)

Our Exchange ~

According to promise we will give you a few suggestions in regard to how to manage and conduct a business meeting which we have advocated in the little booklet on "How to Organize and Conduct a Y. P. E. meeting." This little booklet has been examined and advocated at Headquarters, but for fear some one might not know just how to make this meeting profitable we are hoping to make it plain to you.

You know, of course, that everything that is worth while must be done in a business-like way. Some people think that you must run everything but the Lord's work in a business way but that the Lord's business should just run along itself. This is a mistake. If anything should have system and order about it, it is the Lord's work. Paul said, "Let every thing be done decently and in order." This is why we have advocated this business meeting. If your Y. P. E. is a success and your groups are doing good work, you need to come together and talk over the work, and each group should give a report of its work each month. To do this it is best to hold these meetings separate from your regular meeting, so as not to interfere with the spiritual effect of your devotional meeting. We hope to have a plan for you soon by which you can keep a record of your month's work and bring to this meeting. We believe this will be an incentive to better and more efficient work among the groups.

Here is the program for these meetings: First, take up the business of the society and talk over any problem which might come before you. Let the groups report their work and have roll call. You might ask the young people to recite a verse of scripture when their name is called. Have some singing. You might take up new songs and learn them at these meetings. Many wonderful songs go to waste just

because no one takes the time and interest to learn them.

After your business is over you may spend some time profitable in recreation consisting of Bible drills and contests. This will help your young people to memorize scripture. And will help them in getting acquainted, and this is as important as any part of our work. If you are not friendly and sociable, those who are hungry for friends will go where they can get friends. Many of our young people are only babes in Christ and must be cared for very tenderly until they become grown up in the spiritual life. Some of our young people are only in the kindergarten grade and others are in college, spiritually speaking. Let us not forget and try to feed our babes too much meat and choke them.

Here are some contests: Divide your young people in two groups by choosing out like a spelling match. Ask each one to say a verse of scripture and if any one misses, let them take their seat. Keep this up till they have all been seated. The one who can stand up longest is the winner of the contest. One girl in Knoxville, after this had been used for awhile, could recite over a hundred scripture verses.

For another meeting you could have all the young folks bring their Bibles and ask them to find the verse as you call for it. Change from one part of the Bible to the other and see who can find the verse first. You will find some of them looking in the New Testament for Genesis and Numbers, and some in the Old Testament for Jude and Revelation. But before you have had many of these meetings you will see a change in what they know.

Here is something else that I think is good: Take the verse John 3:16 and write half of it on one slip of paper, and the other half on another. Have two boxes to hold them, and put the first half in one

box and the other half in the other, then write out another verse the same way, and put half in one box and half in the other, and so on, until you write out half as many verses as you have young people. This will make enough half verses for all. Have your boxes marked 1 and 2. Put the first part of the verses in No. 1 and the second part in the box No. 2. Divide your young people in two groups and pass out the slips in No. 1 box to one group and the slips in No. 2 box to the second group. Then get them to pin these slips of paper on their shoulder and let them find the other part of their verse. This is very interesting and will help you in your Bible memorizing work and you will enjoy it also. Be sure to get your young people mixed up good before you start them out to find their verse. I wish I could meet with all of you, I believe I would enjoy these contests. Don't you?

Fortunate is the young people who have a pastor and wife who take an interest in them. Your pastor and wife and your superintendent should always sponsor these meetings. You may have these meetings in the church or at the homes as your pastor suggests. May the Lord bless and guide you in your work.—By the Editor.

In our Endeavor at Oneonta, Ala., we have a reading contest between the two groups (for we have only two) and consider it necessary to learn as we read. We have adopted the plan of taking one chapter each week as a study chapter. Let every one study this chapter. Have one appointed to take the chapter. If a younger student, tell in the meeting what they have learned by reading it; if one who is older or further advanced, let them comment on the Scripture as they feel led. Then give the opportunity for any one who wishes to comment on the chapter. We began with the 2nd chapter of Matthew and have taken each chapter down to the 8th. The plan seems to be splendid.—J. M. Magouirk.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

(This simple dramatization has been effectively used by the author and may be easily reproduced by any Sunday School group)

By Rev. C. V. Brown

SCENE I. At The Inn

(The scene opens with Joseph and Mary on their way to Bethlehem.)

Joseph: Keep up courage, Mary, we shall soon be in sight of Bethlehem now.

Mary: Yes, Joseph; I can make it very nicely, I'm sure.

J.: It has been a long journey for you and you are showing a great deal of courage. Surely God hath given you strength.

M.: Indeed, he hath, my beloved husband. And, too, your kindness and thoughtfulness have been very strengthening to me. I hope we shall be able to find comfortable lodging tonight.

J.: Let us hope so, my dear. And yet we have traveled slowly and shall be late arriving. The village will no doubt be full by the time of our arrival. Ho! I see smoke curling up from the chimneys of the houses in Bethlehem. That's a welcome sight.

M.: That is a welcome sight. I'm so tired. The thought of being near refreshes me. Let us hasten on.

(They come up before an inn.)

J.: Here is the inn, let us seek lodging for the night. (Knocks on the door and calls): Ho, landlord!

(A bustling landlord comes to the door.)

J.: May we have lodging under your roof for the night?

LL.: Not tonight, sir. My house is filled. Business is rushing now, you know, sir.

J.: But we have money to pay you for the night's lodging; possibly we shall remain longer.

LL.: I should like to receive you, but there is no room.

(Joseph takes the landlord to one side and carries on a whispering conversation, occasionally pointing toward Mary.)

LL.: Very well I shall see. Perhaps some young men will be willing to give up their room to you.

(Landlord hustles off and is heard to go from door to door asking if occupants would be willing to give up their room to a man with a sick wife. A gruff "No, no," is heard each time. Finally he comes to a room where two young men are staying and says:

LL. Young men, a sick woman is without seeking shelter for the night. Would you be so kind as to give up your room to her for the night?

Young men: Give up our room to a woman? NO! We have paid for this room and mean to keep it. Why should we give it up?

LL.: Oh, you have a legal right to your room all right, but how badly the world needs a great teacher to teach us to LOVE one another.

LL. (The landlord returns and says): I am very sorry but there is no room in the inn.

J. Then we must seek shelter in some out-building. Let us go in this direction. (They go to an outbuilding.)

SCENE II. The Shepherds

(Room is darkened representing night. With just a dim light shepherds are seen sleeping upon the ground, with one sitting by a small fire as guard. Suddenly a bright light begins to appear in the distance.)

First S. (shading his eyes with his hand): Hail, shepherd! What is that distant light I see in yonder sky? Arouse from your slumber! This frightens me. What can it be? (Other three shepherds, first drowsily, then alert.)

Second S. What is that light? It appears to grow brighter.

Third S.: Is that a voice I hear?

Fourth S.: Listen I hear voices. They are very beautiful voices.

First S.: A voice is speaking, let us hear!

(An angel appearing repeats Luke 2:10-12.)

Angel: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is

Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

(Followed immediately by a Christmas carol sung by the angelic band or a concealed choir. Carol: "Silent Night, Holy Night," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Joy to the World," etc.)

First S.: Ah, it is the heavenly announcement of the birth of the long looked-for Messiah!

Second S.: So it is! Praises be unto Jehovah! Deliverance hath come unto Israel!

Third S.: Said not the angel that the child is born in Bethlehem of Judea?

Fourth S.: It is true. Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

First S.: Let us go immediately. (The shepherds arise, hastily gather a few articles and set off.)

First S.: My heart is so full of joy I can scarcely contain myself.

Second S.: How wonderful it will be to bow and worship at the side of the child Savior.

Third and Fourth S.: That will be a wonderful worship for us.

(A short journey is represented.)

First S.: Here is a stable with a light within. Said not the angel that we should find the Child wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger?

Second S.: Yes, perhaps this is the place. Let us knock.

(First S. knocks and Joseph comes to the door.)

First S.: Is there a child newly born here, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger?

J.: There is.

Second S.: Ah, it is the Christ Child. Let us come in; we would worship him.

(All file in, bow deeply to Mary then kneel beside the Child and First S. relates the story of the annunciation.)

First S.: While we were watching our flocks by night there suddenly appeared a great light and an angel spake unto us concerning the birth of this child: then there suddenly appeared a great heaven

(Continued on page 18)

Young People's Bible Lessons

To those who have not used these lessons before and need instruction, we will try to help you with these few words. We prepare our lessons so that you will have about six or seven parts to hand out to your young people for a foundation for their talks. If each of you will study the whole lesson, it will make it much easier to understand the part you are to take. To the leader let me say, Divide your parts up between those who are accustomed to speaking and those who are just beginners, so that you will not have all the good speakers on at the same time. Never fail to have as many as three good speakers on your program. Give the rest to beginners. Have some good songs on the subject if possible and use them along in your program. Have some specials. Ask the young people to bring their musical instruments and use them for God.

TOPIC: THANKSGIVING

Mrs. E. Jackson, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture, Rev. 7:9, 17.

THE ESSENCE OF THANKSGIVING

Around Thanksgiving clusters the thoughts of goodness as love, peace, kindness, and blessings. We cannot accompany Thanksgiving with hatred, malice, selfishness and such like. Giving of thanks from the heart proves a pleasing fellowship on the part of the giver. In the creation of man God must have had in view the worship He would get in return and some glory due Him.

One of His first commands was, Thou shalt have no other gods before me. God surely taught Adam to worship in the beginning. His sons, Cain and Abel, learned to offer sacrifices to God. No worship is very complete without giving of thanks to God.

Thanksgiving was instituted as an observance in the Mosaic law, Lev. 7:12, 13. Ques.—What was the offering called which included the sacrifice of thanksgiving?

Since Jesus came He is the sacrifice by which we come to God. It is His blood which was offered for the sins of the world.

WORSHIP OF PATRIARCHS

After coming out of the ark Noah built an altar unto the Lord and laid an offering upon it. The Lord was pleased with Noah's worship and made a covenant with him, using the rainbow as a token that He would no more destroy the world by a flood. Gen. 8, 9. Ques.—Do you think Noah had cause to give thanks?

Abraham had an altar where he worshiped and called on the name of the Lord, Gen. 12:7, 8; 13:4. Ques.—What was the name of the place where Abraham's faith was severely tested by offering a sacrifice?

Isaac built an altar and called upon the name of the Lord, Gen. 26:25.

And Jacob said, Let us arise, and go up to Bethel; and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went. Gen. 35:3.

GIVING OF THANKS IN THE MOSIAC RITUALS

The peace offering was an offering of thanks, indicating that the offerer was reconciled to God, sometimes called the thank offering.—Bible Dictionary.

The last festival of the year called the Feast

of Tabernacles or of Ingathering was to be held in their seventh month after they had gathered in their harvest. In this feast they were to have great rejoicing among all that were within their gates, Deut. 16:13, 14.

And David appointed certain of the Levites to minister before the ark of the Lord, and to record, and to thank and praise the Lord God of Israel. 1 Chron. 16:4.

And Solomon offered a sacrifice of peace offerings, which he offered unto the Lord. 1 Kings 8:63. Ques.—How many animals did Solomon offer in this offering?

And Hezekiah spake comfortably unto all the Levites that taught the good knowledge of the Lord: and they did eat throughout the feast seven days, offering peace offerings, and making confession to the Lord God of their fathers. 2 Chron. 30:22.

GIVING OF THANKS IN THE PSALMS

Perhaps we find more expression of thanks in the Psalms than in any other book of the Bible.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness, Psalms. 30:4.

I will give thee thanks in the great congregation: I will praise thee among much people. Psalms. 35:18.

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High. Psalms. 50:14.

Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto thee do we give thanks: for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare. Psalms. 75:1.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High. (Psalms. 92:1)

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. Psalms. 95:2.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. Psalms. 100:4.

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people. Psalms. 105:1.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS

Against the decree of King Darius Daniel kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks before his God. Daniel 6:10.

At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth. Matt. 11:25.

Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. St. John 11:41.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. 1 Thess. 5:18.

We may count it a pleasure to give God thanks for what looks good to us, but how about giving thanks in all things? in misfortune? persecution? sickness? and sorrow? It takes a full consecrated life to God to have a thankful heart thru all circumstances of life. Nothing short of this surrendered life of thankfulness satisfies the Lord concerning us.

THANKSGIVING DAY

To remember Thanksgiving Day brings to mind pleasant memories of friends and loved ones. We find sweet verse and song about our Thanksgiving Day. Who does not like the verse?

Oh how we like to go to grandmother's house
Upon Thanksgiving Day;

She knows just what we like to eat,
And what we like to play.

The faith of the pilgrim fathers and mothers who landed on New England shore in search of religious freedom perhaps led to our Thanksgiving

Day. After braving storm and peril they celebrated Thanksgiving after harvest time by inviting Indian friends to their feasts.

We glory in our country founded upon the faith of our fathers. May our land continue to be bright with freedom's holy light until Jesus comes.

What is a nation that forgets God? What becomes of a nation that forgets God? What is a home that forgets God and has no thanksgiving to Him?

THE "THANK YOU" IN SOCIAL LIFE

Since one is so often judged by the way they conduct themselves, it is well for all to acquire the habit of expressing courtesy for so many little acts of kindness and helpfulness received from others with thanks. Not only will the practice bless the one who uses the "thanks" or "thank you" but makes a better feeling for all present. In the homelife as well as abroad in select company thanks rendered will go good.

Youth is the best time to form or build to the ideal in deportment. A pleasant thing, indeed, is for children to act and speak politely. Though the expressing of thanks be only one little part of being courteous, the practice belongs to the lady and gentleman.

TOPIC: THE PRAYERS OF THE BIBLE

By the Editor

Scripture: Luke 18:1-7.

THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

In our scripture lesson we find that Jesus very plainly told His disciples to pray. He knew that it would be a great temptation for His disciples to faint by the wayside and give up in the struggle, and He gave them a remedy for this temptation. Many of us know that this is the only help in times when everything seems to go wrong. Just a little talk with Jesus fixes everything all right, and we are able to go another mile rejoicing. But it takes prayer all along the way to keep the tempter from getting the best of us. Let this sink deep into our hearts and let us remember to pray without ceasing. Begin each morning with prayer, and close the day with prayer, as you work pray, and when you wake in the night pray. If you do this, you will find that Satan cannot find entrance, and that the joybells will keep ringing in your soul and those around you will hear them and you will be a mighty soul winner for Jesus.

WHAT IS PRAYER

Prayer has been well defined, the offering up of our desires unto God for things agreeable to His will, in His name or through the mediation of Jesus Christ, by the help of the Holy Spirit, with a confession of our sins and a thankful acknowledgement of His mercies. Prayer is in itself an acknowledgement of the all sufficiency of God and of our dependence upon Him. All acceptable prayer must be offered in faith, or a believing frame of mind. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given Him. But let him ask in faith nothing wavering, for let not the wavering man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord. Jas. 1:5-7. Our prayers must be offered for things agreeable to the will of God. This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask any thing according to His will He heareth us; and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him. To find

favor in the sight of God so that our prayers may be answered we must confess our sins, our shortcomings.

Thanksgiving is as necessary as confession. By the one we take shame to ourselves and by the other we give glory to God; by the one we abase the creature, by the other we exalt the Creator.

PRAYERS OF THE BIBLE

It is a wonderful study to take up the different prayers that are recorded in the Bible, so we are leading you out along this line this week hoping it may be an inspiration for you to pray more. The Bible is richer in prayers than is commonly supposed, and it may be doubted whether they have generally received the attention which they deserve. When we read how men of old prayed and how wonderfully God answered them and gave them the desires of their hearts, it naturally inspires faith in our hearts. And if there was ever a time when we need to be inspired to ask largely, it is now.

OLD TESTAMENT PRAYERS OF CONFESSION

Judges 10:10-15; 2 Sam. 24:10; Hosea;

Jer. 32:17-23.

Ezra's prayer on hearing that the Jews had intermarried with their heathen neighbors. Ezra 9:6-15.

Ezra's prayer after the people had confessed their sins. Neh. 9:6-37.

Daniel's prayer after reading Jeremiah's prophecy of the seventy years desolation of Jerusalem. Dan. 9:4-19.

THE PRAYERS OF JESUS

Intercessory prayer. Jesus praying for you and me. John 17.

Prayer for Himself in Gethesemane. Matt. 26:39; Mark 14:36.

Prayer of Thanksgiving. Matt. 11:25-26; Luke 10:21.

OTHER PRAYERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

The Publican's prayer. Luke 18:13.

Prayer of the dying thief. Luke 23:42.

Stephen's dying prayer. Acts 7:59-60.

Paul's prayer for the Ephesian Church. Eph.

3:15-19.

POWER OF PRAYER

A lawyer of influence had been attending meetings under the labors of Mr. Earle. One evening after the sermon an opportunity was given for remarks. This lawyer arose and said, "I have often heard of the power of prayer, and I don't believe one word of it; but if you have power in prayer try it on me." Before the close of the meeting Mr. Earle asked all to go to their closets at a special time and pray for Mr. O., and wished him to remember that they were praying for him. On the third evening Mr. O. was present seeking for mercy. Soon he was rejoicing in Christ. His law books were sold and he is now an eminent minister of Christ.

PRAYER FOR THE PREACHER

John Livingston once spent a whole night with his brethren in prayer for God's blessings, all of them together besieging the throne, and the next day under his sermon five hundred souls were converted. All the world has heard how the audience of the elder Pres. Edwards was moved by the terrible sermon on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," some of them even grasping hold of the pillars of the sanctuary from feeling that their feet were slipping into the pit. But the secret of that man's power

is known to very few. Some Christians in that vicinity had become alarmed, lest while God was blessing other places He should in anger pass them by, and so they met on the evening preceding that sermon and spent the whole of that night in agonizing prayer. —Dr. H. C. Fish.

NOTE: To those who have for the first time used our lessons we will give you some instructions. Appoint a leader for your meeting. He is to select from these prayers the ones he believes to be the best for your meeting and pass them out to the young people to study and use as a subject for their talk at your meeting. Ask some one to give the definition of prayer which you will find in this lesson. Have some good songs selected on prayer, and have one or two specials on the subject. We want to suggest that you do not read the comments we have given or the scriptures but may study them and tell in your own words the contents of what you read. Of course if you can't do this, you may read and offer comment, but the best way to learn to talk in public is to use your own thoughts to give your message to the people. However if you are just a beginner this may be too much to ask. But the sooner you begin to do this the sooner you will be able to express yourself in public.—Editor.

TOPIC: SPIRITUAL LIFE PROVED BY DIVINE LOVE

By Starling Smith, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture Lesson, 1 John 3:11-24.

The spiritual things which we speak of are matters of knowledge. John and Paul uses the term "we know." I have always been a firm believer in every disciple of Christ, knowing that they have eternal life abiding in them. The world always likes to believe that it is impossible to know we are converted. If you ask them, they will say, "I am not sure; I cannot tell." But the whole Bible declares we may receive and know that we have received the forgiveness of sins.

It seems to me that Satan has got out his best snare when he gets people to join churches just by being baptized or holding up a finger for conversion together with the "decision day" drive among the young folks, when Jesus says in St. John 10:1 that "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way; the same is a thief and a robber." Then He makes the statement in verse 9 that He (Jesus) is the door Himself. This makes us know with John that each disciple must know Jesus for themselves.

WE KNOW WE WERE DEAD SPIRITUALLY

We were in the condition Isaiah said in the 9th chapter and 2nd verse. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." We were without feeling when law and gospel were addressing us. Paul puts it in Eph. 2:1, 2, "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins: Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world," etc. When we were dead we were without hunger and thirst after righteousness. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved). Eph. 2:4,5. We were without power of movement towards God in repentance; had no breath of prayer, or pulse of de-

sire, and with signs of corruption; some of them most offensive, as in Isa. 1:6. We are described thus, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." But Romans 8:11 says, "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his SPIRIT that dwelleth in YOU."

WE KNOW WE HAVE UNDERGONE A SINGULAR CHANGE

Now instead of knowing we were dead it is to the reverse. One writer said, "Alive forever more." This change from a dead state to life is very hard to describe, but Jesus made an effort to do so in St. John 3 while talking to Nicodemus. He used the wind as a symbol, and said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Then the wind is used as a symbol in Acts 2:2. This change varies in each of our experiences but is essentially the same in all. We were all, like Paul, on the road to Damascus, in sins, when Jesus called us out of our dead state and sent us to straight street to be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Its course is at first painful as it leads us to a discovery of our natural weakness, our inability to help ourselves, then we come to our lowest extremity to find a personal faith in Jesus which operates on us by repentance and purification, and is continued by perseverance and sanctification until completed in joy, infinite and eternal. The period of this change is an era to be looked back upon in time and through eternity with grateful praise. I feel a praise now in my soul. Glory!

WE KNOW WE LIVE

We know we are not under condemnation any longer for "there is therefore now (present tense) no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Rom. 8:1. We know faith has given us new senses, grasping a new world, enjoying a realm of spiritual things. "Old things have passed away, and behold all things become new," new hopes, fears, desires, delights. Oh how it has changed our company, our society, a new brotherhood, and Jesus said an hundredfold brother and sister. Know God for ourselves. I used to think of God being beyond the stars, the moon, and the sun, oh, so far away, but He is brought nigh through the blood of Christ. Christ is the way from man to God. Paul says, "Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of God." With those good promises we know this life guarantees eternal bliss.

WE KNOW WE LIVE BECAUSE

"WE LOVE THE BRETHREN"

The very first temptation I had after getting up from the altar and making a profession in Christ was that Satan said I wasn't saved. I resisted him by using the above term of scripture. "We know, because we love the brethren." They that are born of God are born of love, for God is love, And we love the brethren for Christ's sake. Brethren in Christ have all one common Father, one common likeness, one object of faith, love, and duration; one blessed hope, one present employment; alike in trials, alike in prayer. We love them for the truth's sake and for their own sake, and we love them when the world hates them and persecutes them. We love them despite all their drawbacks of infirmity. We love their company, their example, their exhortations. I always liked to hear anyone exhort, it seems to do me more good than anything in the services. I love to lean upon the arm of the Lord, and go to the altar and feed at the Lord's table with all the saints. Love is the decisive test: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

NOTE: Let group No. 1, memorize scripture verses with the word LOVE in them, and group No. 2, verses with the word LIFE.

No outward mark have we to know.

Who thine, O Christ, may be,

Until a Christian love doth show

Who appertains to thee,

TOPIC: WHAT IS FAITH AND WHAT WILL IT DO FOR US?

Scripture Lesson, Heb. 11:1-13.

By A. R. York, Lynch, Ky.

THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

There is no better definition of faith than the one found in this scripture. That is a belief in something which a man cannot yet prove or see or perform. A man is convinced of the truth, the reality, the possibility, of something he cannot prove, or see, or yet know how it is to be done. It is the foundation of all friendship. One does not really see the inner man, yet he believes in it. Faith is back of all great inventions. When, after repeated trials, Watt at last saw his rude engine work he said to a friend, You see it now by the eye but long months ago I saw it work with my mind's eye. So this is the meaning of our scripture lesson. Although we cannot see God with the natural eye yet we can have faith in Him and in His Son Jesus Christ and through this faith see marvelous things worked out in our midst.

SOME CONDITIONS OF FAITH

To be able to have this faith we must be obedient to God's Word. Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God, Rom. 10:17, and obedience to God's Word will bring faith. Thy word is nigh thee

For knowledge may be reached unto,

And formal justice gained,

But till each other love we do,

Both faith and works are feigned.

—Sel.

ILLUSTRATIONS

"I do love God," said a little girl to her papa one day when he had been talking to her about loving God. "Perhaps you think so, Marie." "Oh, I do, indeed, I do, papa!" "Suppose, my child, you should come to me and say, 'Dear papa, I do love you,' and then go away and disobey me: could I believe you?" "No, papa." "Well dear, how can I believe you love God when every day I see you do things which He forbids. You know the Bible says 'If ye love me keep my commandments.'"

TRUE CHRISTIAN LOVE

A convert in India, entreated to give up the Christian religion, said, "I love Jesus Christ because He loveth me and I must obey Him. Even if I knew that heaven was full and there was no room for me, I should still love Him, and live for His honor and glory." Efforts were made to convince him by argument. He said, "Should they be able to bring sophistical arguments which I could not answer, I should not be troubled." I have an inward experience of the love of Christ which can never be shaken or removed. His relatives wept over him as going to perdition. He said to the missionary, "Threats I can bear, arguments do not shake me, but the hardest thing to bear is the persecution of tears. It almost breaks my heart to hear them: but not even for this can I leave Christ." Other converts and enquirers in his native village were told that he was about to return to his old faith. He said, "Should I go back they would all be discouraged. I thank God He has helped me to stand firm for their sakes. No if my own soul were not worth saving I would cling to Christ in order to bring them to Christ also."

LOVE IS THE MORTAR

As in the building of a house brick and stone are held together by mortar, so the Church, Christ's spiritual building, is joined together by love.

even in thy mouth and in thine heart, that is the word of faith we preach. Rom. 10:8. We must be willing to call upon the name of the Lord for He said, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed. Rom. 10:11. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Rom. 10:10.

TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD

The true secret of faith is to take God at His Word. We must first believe that God will do just What He says He will do. "Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way, thy son liveth," St. Jno. 50:51, and the man believed and obeyed and his son was healed.

He answered and said, A man called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes and said to me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash, and I went and washed and received sight, St. Jno. 9:11.

Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto Him Jesus. The eunuch said, What hinders me to be baptized? If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he said, I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and he baptized him and he went on his way rejoicing. Acts 8:35-40. We must believe on God

through Jesus Christ for all the good blessings we receive, salvation, sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

THE INVISIBLE

Faith enables one to see the invisible. It has been calculated that the human eye registers only about twenty per cent of the light rays of the world. The other eighty per cent must be seen by the aid of instruments or by the aid of faith. This is a symbol of life as a whole. We actually see very little of the realities and verities of this universe; we must believe them. And believing, we know that they are and that they are vital. As one poet has said, "We bet our lives on love, beauty, and truth." That is, we see them although they cannot be seen, and then proceed to make them real.

THE UNKNOWNABLE. Heb. 11:3

What cannot be proved by logic, demonstrated by reasoning, sensed with the physical senses, can be known by faith. Faith enables us to know the unknownable.

Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine,
By which alone the mortal heart is led

"A Merry Christmas" to all who study this lesson. Merry, because of the peace in your hearts that the angels sang about 1931 years ago. God bless every one of you and give you a great Christmas this year.

TOPIC: THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By the Editor

Scripture Lesson, Luke 2:8-16; Matt. 2:1-11.

THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

Our scripture lesson gives us a picture of the first Christmas. The angels brought to us that first morning the song that is still ringing in the earth this Christmas morning 1931. And those of us who love and worship the Savior who was given to us on that morning can feel this song, "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men, ringing in our hearts just now. And we have shown by presenting our own bodies a living sacrifice (Rom. 12:1) that we appreciate this gift, but there are thousands of people in our country who are going on enjoying the good blessings that this first Christmas morning brought to them, who never think of Him or the price He paid for them. If there are any of this kind in your meeting, as you study this lesson we hope and pray that you may surrender your life to Him who bought you with His own precious blood 1931 years ago. This is the gift that Christ is asking you for at this Christmas time.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST IN THE INN

Luke 2:7

We find by the study of the Word that the people in that day, when our Lord came the first time, were cold and heartless just as they are now. There was no room for Him in the inn. Had they known that in their midst was being born a great character like Jesus, their doors would have been opened and He would have been given a place. But they did not know. Why? Because they had not studied the scriptures, many of them, and some had studied but because of their hardness of heart had not been willing to accept God's humble way of sending His son into the world. They thought He would come in some great way, perhaps as a great king in pomp

Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

THE IMPOSSIBLE

Faith enables men to do, as one old negro preacher put it, the undoable; faith makes things which all but seem impossible of fulfillment, come true. It waves aside all objections, overrides all difficulty, surmounts all obstacles.

How oft we dreamed, yet failed to do,
Because we feared defeat;
When mighty things we could have done
With faith's assurance sweet.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Faith in Confidence, Mark 11:20-24.

Faith in Action, Jas. 2:20-26.

Faith Saves, John 3:14-18.

Faith Strengthens, Heb. 11:24-27.

Faith Comforts, 1 Thess. 4:13-18.

NOTE: Distribute these comments and these readings among your young people and ask them to comment on them. Have some good faith songs and specials. Bring your musical instruments and as David said, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord," and the musical instruments also.
—Editor.

and glory. We want you to notice especially that it was the church that turned their backs on Jesus at first and so it is in many cases today. Many of our churches today have little room for Jesus, and I doubt if He should come, if He would feel at home. The old time power is a thing of the past and those who do contend for the faith once delivered to the saints are not welcome in their midst.

JOSEPH AND MARY—Luke 1:38; Matt. 1:18-25

One of the most beautiful pictures in the Word of God is this picture of Mary's consecration, her "yes" to God when it looked like everything would be gone if she surrendered her life to God. What would Joseph have to say about it? Would he desert her? Would her other friends misunderstand and desert her? I wonder if these things disturbed her. If they did, we have no account of it, and if they did, she had grace to say yes in the face of everything that presented itself to her. I wonder how many of our young people in the face of opposition and ridicule can take the same stand. We think sometimes that our friends will misunderstand us and we will have to walk alone but we see in this case how God took care of Mary and spoke to Joseph in a dream. He can do the same for you. Perhaps God will not always work just in the same way as He did with Mary, but He will always do what is best for us if we trust Him. Our friends will not always turn and walk the narrow way with us, but if we only say yes to God, He will give us better friends than those who have left us, those who will stand by us in the battle for right. I once heard of a young woman who accepted Christ and went home to tell the good news to father and mother. They became enraged and told her she must leave home or give up her religion. They told her they would give her till tomorrow to decide. She went away to her room and wept and

prayed through to victory and then began to sing while yet on her knees,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

When she arose from her knees with face all aglow her father stood by her side with tears streaming down his cheeks. He threw his arms around her and said, "Pray for me, I want to go with you." Later her mother and the whole household were saved. It looked like all was gone, but she was willing to leave all, and Christ repaid her for her consecration. God may let you suffer the loss of all things for Him, but remember that He trod the wine press alone for you.

THE WISE MEN AND THE SHEPHERDS

These men must have been true students of the Scriptures, and they must have been looking for the Messiah. The shepherds must have had their ears open to the deep things of God for if they had not they would not have heard the songs of the angels. We have no account of any other shepherds hearing the song or going to Bethlehem to see the child. Then the wise men must have been looking for Him or they would not have noticed the star. Perhaps there were thousands of astronomers who did not see the wonderful star, and who knew nothing of its meaning, if they did see it. But the attitude of the wise men and the shepherds was such that God could reveal the meaning of these wonderful happenings to them. God help us to study the Word and keep in that attitude that will make it possible for Jesus to reveal His purpose and plan to us.

THE ANGELS

There was great rejoicing in Heaven over the coming of the Lord to redeem mankind back to God. And the angels came to make the announcement of His coming. "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord." Then they sang the most beautiful song that has ever reached the ears of man. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men." They announced His birth, where He was born, why He was born, for whom He was born, and that the results would be peace on earth and good will to men. There was nothing more to say if the people of the earth had been ready to hear and receive. It may seem to those who do not understand that the peace is not here yet, but those who have accepted our Savior have a peace the world knows nothing about. Then the great reign of peace is yet to come when the devil will be chained and the Lord and His saints will have right of way in this world. This will be the reign of peace. Men are working for this peace in their own way but we can never have it till Jesus comes and the

devil is chained. All the League of Nations can do will not take the sin out of men's hearts, and as long as the devil is loose there will be war and bloodshed in this world of ours.

SIMEON AND ANNA THE PROPHETESS

Here are two more characters who had been studying the scripture and were looking for Him. Simeon was an old saint who looked for the promise to be fulfilled. He waited anxiously for His coming, and the Holy Ghost was upon Him. And it was revealed unto him that He should not see death before he had seen the Lord Christ. Simeon went to see the Child and took Him in his arms and said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." This was the receptive attitude of Simeon.

Anna showed a similar faith to that of Simeon. She served God with fastings and prayers day and night. She gave thanks, proclaimed Him as Savior, Messiah, and Redeemer. It was an exceptional thing that a woman should be a prophetess, and here she was one of the first to speak about Christ. This ought to be good authority for women to share in giving the gospel to the world whether it be by preaching or testimony or by the printed page, even if they can not hold office in the Church. It was Eve who was first to transgress and so women should do their best to bring man back to God.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

Heb. 9:28

"And unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

Yes, Jesus is coming again, coming just as He went away. Some are looking for Him just as they were at His first coming and some are not. He says in the above scripture that those who look for Him will see Him. Scoffers are saying, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Pet 3:3, 4. Yes, come of our professed Christians scoff when you mention the Lord's coming. Remember you cannot be in the company with the shepherds, the wise men or the good old saints, Simeon or Anna, if you do not study the Word of God and keep pace with His teachings. Some of these days you will be left to go through the great tribulation. Jesus will come. Two will be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left. Two shall be sleeping in one bed, the one shall be taken and the other left. You will not know He came until you realize your loved ones are gone. Oh what an awful hour that will be. God help us to be watching. Jesus said, "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

CROSSING BRIDGES

(Continued from page six)

Our perplexities are often only imaginary. Have you ever looked at a mountain path from the distance? As you see the mountain straight ahead of you and the path winding up like a snake, you say to yourself, "I'll never make it.

How can anyone ever make it? Look how steep it is and how narrow." And when finally you get to the end of the path, you say to your friend, "Wasn't that odd? It wasn't steep at all. It ascended gradually. How deceiving that path was in the distance!" Of course it was. Trouble is always like that.

But there are friends whose troubles are real. They are in the midst of staggering perplexities. They are in the hearts of real sorrow. They are facing real difficulties. I am thinking of a mother whose son has defaulted thousands of dollars. She does not know his where-

(Please look on Next Page)

CROSSING BRIDGES

(Continued from page 16)

abouts. He is in disgrace. Their names have been dragged through the mire. She has real trouble. I am thinking of a young woman whose mother I buried the other day. For eleven months this mother was at a local hospital. During that time she underwent five major operations. The young woman, who is a stenographer, with some assistance of an aunt, paid all the bills. She received no aid from her father. He needed his money for other purposes. At the time of the burial the father came—intoxicated. She is an only child. There is real trouble. I have a friend, who confided in me the other day by telling me that he had been ruined, that a trusted employee of his had stolen almost a hundred thousand dollars. This is real trouble. There is a young widow in my parish whose husband I buried a few days ago. There are two precious little girls—and no father. There is real trouble. When I think of these friends who are face to face with gigantic problems must I not be ashamed of myself when I realize that I worry over things that are not real at all?

When we cross bridges that have never been built, and when we worry over troubles which have never happened, we cheat ourselves. We impoverish ourselves for the tasks of the present day. This day is a big day. Each day is a big day. And it is the only day I have, as far as I know. It has its own peculiar problems. It presents its own needs, and confronts me with its own necessities. There is nothing unreal about this day. Its duties are so great that it takes a big man and a big woman to measure up to them. There are the temptations of today. There are the calls for service today. There are the tasks which need me today. In the face of such things, do I have time and strength to waste on worry and anxiety over matters which have never come my way?

If I cross bridges that have never been built, I don't help myself. Worrying over things in the future does not solve problems. Said Jesus, "And which of you by being anxi-

ous can add one cubit to the measure of a stature?" I think Jesus smiled when he said that. I knew a young woman who was always worrying over the fact that she was little. It disturbed her. She always fretted over it. That was a good many years ago. I saw her recently and I noticed that she has not grown any taller. She has wasted a lot of worrying and mental energy on something which she could not change. When has anxiety and worry ever helped us? It has drained us of power. It has lessened our vitalities. It has made us inefficient. It has meant mental dissipation, but it has never solved a single problem. It has never paid any bills. It has never swelled a man's bank account. It has never brought back a man's health. It has never gotten anybody to heaven. A man who desires to solve problems needs a cool head and a stout heart. But a man who worries has neither of the two.

To cross bridges which have never been built is the result of faithlessness. It is in this connection that Jesus utters these well known words: "Oh ye of little faith." Hear what he says: "But if God so clothed the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious." To worry over unreal problems is to lack faith in him who cares and guides and provides for our needs.—The Advance.

LISTEN, YOUNG PEOPLE

The sweetest experience I can ever remember was one morning about three or four o'clock when I was awakened by the singing of Christmas Carols. I thought it must be the angels coming again to proclaim the birth of our Lord. I wonder if you wouldn't like to go out on Christmas morning and cheer the faint-hearted, the sad, and discouraged ones whose Christmas does not mean much to them. Get your autos and fill them, take your pastor with you and some other wide awake Y. P. E. worker and go out on the street corners or to any place where the people need cheer, singing about three Christmas songs,

then move on to another and sing them again. Announce, if you have a chance, what church you are from. This will be a good way to advertise your church and let people know that you are alive. Practice your songs well and have them ready. Don't say I can't rise so early. God doesn't like lazy Christians. You might go out late at night about eleven o'clock if you like, but the morning hours are more appropriate. I will suggest the songs. You can find them in any of the denominational song books. "Joy to the World," "Silent Night, Holy Night," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." You can sing by flash lights or by car lights. God help us to make Christmas ring for Jesus this year. This is a good way to do it. Take all the musical instruments you can find and use them.

GIVE

Give, give, give, give!

This is the time freely to give.

Give to the sick, give to the poor,

Give to the stranger at your door.

—Sel.

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page eight)

The man was assenting when a woman pushed her way through the crowd.

"What is it, Jim?" she asked the man in the car. "An accident?"

He nodded.

"A little shaver. Pretty badly crushed, I guess. Don't seem to have any folk along. Better get in, Mary. We're going to take him to the hospital."

Instant compassion showed on her face, and as the men came forward with the limp form, she caught a glimpse of the little sufferer.

"Why," she murmured in surprise. "It's the little boy at the window."

Then she turned quickly to the policeman.

"We'll take him to my place," she said. "This is my number, 6711 Elms Avenue. Mrs. Earnest B. Woodburn."

Note by Editor: We do not know the complete story of this little boy but we believe God answered mother's prayers.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

(Continued from page 10)

ly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." (They bow in silent worship before the child.)

First S.: But we should not tarry; let us return.

Fourth S. (as they return): This is indeed a wonderful day in our lives. We have lived to see the glory of God.

SCENE III. *The Visit of the Wise Men*

(A star appears over the stable where the child is and three Wise Men are seen approaching.)

First W. M.: We have now traveled many days following yonder star. It is leading us to the village of Bethlehem. Does that harmonize with the Scripture that the Christ-Child is to be born in Bethlehem?

Second W. M.: It does. For says the prophet: "And thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Third W. M.: Yes, the Scripture hath so spoken. And did not our interview with King Herod just now prove that the Babe is born somewhere abouts?

First W. M.: The king is certainly interested in finding the Child. He cautioned us so carefully to continue our search and bring him word again.

Second W. M.: That must be a noble king to desire to find the Child that will some day rule Israel and be the Savior of his people.

Third W. M.: Brethren, I would not be disloyal nor wrongfully misjudge, but methinks that King Herod is not entirely sincere in his desire to find the Child that he may do homage to the new-born King. But we shall leave the matter in God's hands. Look, the star is resting over a lowly building in Bethlehem. Let us hasten to our journey's end.

(Knock on the door and Joseph appears.)

First W. M.: We have followed the star for many days from the East. It has pointed to the new-born King. May we come in, present him with gifts and worship

him?

Second W. M.: Ah, the blessed Son of the Most High. At the shrine of thy lowly birthplace we worship thee. As the star of light hath guided us to thy sacred presence, so may the light of thy truth guide all mankind throughout all the ages to thee. Accept these gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh as a token of our homage.

First W. M.: And now let us away and report to King Herod. Let him have the privilege of worship.

(They arise, leave the place. On the outside an angel appears to them.)

Angel: Hail, Wise Men of the East! (They face angel.) As a messenger of the Most High, I warn you of the treachery of King Herod. Return not to inform him of the birthplace of the Christ-Child. Evil intentions are in his heart and not good. Return to your native land by another way. Go not again unto the palace of the king. Fare ye well.

Third W. M.: Ah, my feeling of suspicion is confirmed. King Herod does intend evil to the Child. Come, let us hasten from the country by another route.

First Wise Man: The treacherous king!

Second W. M.: What a wondrous kind providence protects the Child.

(The Wise Men exit in another direction.)

SCENE IV. *The Flight into Egypt*

(Two soldiers of King Herod come lurking about seeking for the child.)

First Soldier: This is indeed a wicked mission the king hast sent us on.

Second S.: I like it not. This thing of seeking for an innocent babe to slay appeals not to my sense of honor or knighthood.

First S.: It was a good thing those Wise Men from the East did not inform him as to the exact whereabouts of the Child; our bloody work would have been over e'er now.

Second S.: Well, it is far into the night; let us return and report no success and that will give the Babe a little more chance to escape. (Exit.) (Meanwhile the angel has been guarding the stable, where the child is.)

Angel: Joseph, Joseph, I would speak with thee. King Herod is seeking the life of the Child. Arise and go down into Egypt. There remain until God makes ready for the return of the Child.

(Joseph and Mary make a hasty leaving.)

Joseph (as they exeunt): What great love the Father hath bestowed upon us. He is leading our lives.

Mary: Yes, and his infinite love is protecting our Child. Surely God hath a great purpose for him. (Exeunt.)—The Advance.

THE GREATER BLESSEDNESS

(Continued From Page Three)

arm to call her attention to the happy couple.

The boys and girls stood aside for their pastor to enter ahead of them. Oh, how pretty the church was! White bells, white candles, gleaming silver stars among boughs of cedar and spruce. No red, no tinsel; what holy church! And on the rostrum was an improvised stable of rough timbers, and a manger lined with straw and overflowing with gifts. There was no sound in the church except the sweet breathing of the organ. Yet the church was filled with people. Dr. Minor looked about him. Who were these? Children poorly clad, women with shawls about their heads, men in unpressed coats? His own people were scattered among them.

He and his wife were escorted to seats near the front. Then the program began.

A tall boy read from the Scriptures in a clear, young voice that reached to the farthest corners. There were songs, readings. Not a word was spoken in the congregation, but, oh, what a feeling of fellowship pervaded the sanctuary!

The lights were dimmed save one over the door of the stable. Under this sat a beautiful young madonna. There was a strange, holy radiance upon her face, her eyes were shining, her voice like tinkling bells as she began to tell the Christmas story.

Rosemary Gonce! Dr. Minor's hand found his wife's and held it.

When she had finished the story, she explained: "Always we have

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THE GREATER BLESSEDNESS

(Continued from page 18)

received gifts from our Sunday School on Christmas and it has been more than pleasant; but we have been taught that to give is more blessed than to receive. So this year each one of us has sought out some person who has no Sunday School to remember him and we have brought our friends here to give them our Christmas presents. Also each one of us has brought a little token of our love for the two people who have given us more than they can ever know, our pastor and his wife. You see," she added in Rosemary's winning way, "they have given us themselves."

The gifts were then distributed. Dr. Minor himself wondered at the number of poor people they had brought in.

"We'll have to help, Dr. Minor," they hovered around him, taking his packages, giving him his hat.

"Come right along home with us, children. I have a little something for you," Mrs. Minor whispered.

And without one glance of apology for her husband, she brought the cake that was always his very own at Christmas and set it on the table in their sitting-room. It was a big "candy" cake, crushed peppermint candy piled thickly between the layers, and high on top of the white icing. She brought also bottles of grape juice from the cellar, and what with the crackling fire and the impish bit of mistletoe on the chandelier, they had the jolliest kind of Christmas party.

In response to the bright toasts his guests offered, Dr. Minor said, "Here's to young America! She surpasses the old in all she undertakes. May the joy of high accomplishment be ever hers!"

Rosemary hugged Ina's arm and said, "Isn't he dear?"

When the young people were gone, faint echoes of their mirth still drifted back to the manse, their pastor, who had been old, sat cross-legged in a heap of packages, his hair ruffled, his face one smiling expanse, and remarked to his joyful Nancy, "How can you let me ever doubt that 'God's in his Heaven, All's right with the world?'"

Patiently she shook her head. "For forty years, Barnett, I tried to keep you seeing it. For the last eight I've resigned you to the Lord and he always manages to show you."

Here Barnett threw back his head and displayed all his sound white teeth in a big laugh.

Bowling Green, Ky.

THE COMING OF THE CHRIST CHILD

(Continued from page 7)

Mother, I shall buy you a whole forest of Christmas trees.

Amy (laughing)—O, hurry and get rich, Peter dear.

Mother—It is pleasant to have money, no doubt, but it does not mean as much as many things you possess right now, my dear children.

(Amy and Peter exchange wondering glances.)

Amy—But Kings go to mansions; Mother.

Mother—Why of course, Amy. What a queer remark!

(A knock sounds. The Mother goes to the door.)

Amy—O, Peter, maybe that is the Christ-Child!

(Peter peers out toward door. Shades his head grimly. Grandmother McFeeley hobbles in. The Mother follows.)

Grandmother McFeeley—Ah, my dear children, and 'tis Christmas Eve. See, I have brought you some oranges and candy.

(Children clap hands and thank her.)

G. Mc—And what a fine Christmas tree. Ah, Christmas! 'Tis a blessed night! Well, I remember the Christmas Eve of my youth when I was visiting my rich friend in London and the King came for all the festivities!

Amy—O, what King?

G. Mc (testily)—Why the King of England, of course, my dear.

(Peter and Amy nod knowingly to each other.)

Mother—It's nice of you to bring us the oranges and candy, Grandmother McFeeley. We do appreciate them!

(G. Mc and Mother exit talking.)

Peter (thickly)—See, Amy. All kings go to mansions. They wear

ermine robes and golden crowns—and they live in fine palaces.

Amy—But He was born in a manger—

(Mother re-enters.)

Mother—Let us hurry and finish trimming the tree and then eat our porridge.

(They decorate hastily. A knock sounds again. Children watch eagerly. Mother goes to door.)

Mother (off-stage)—Ah, yes, Mr. Landlord. I will get the money immediately. Won't you come in? Ah, no?

(Mother enters, goes to teapot and gets money. She counts it out slowly and sadly and returns to door.)

Mother—And here is the rent: one, two, three pounds. And a merry Christmas to you, Sir! Good-night!

Peter—He comes for the rent too often, Mother.

Mother—No, my son, the time goes by quickly.

Peter—When Father was alive you did not have to work so hard. When I am a man I shall be very rich.

Mother—It is always riches you want, Peter. Why?

Amy—He could entertain the King then, Mother!

(Another knock sounds. Mother exits.)

Amy—This is the third knock, Peter, and surely it is the charm. Maybe, just maybe, it is the Christ-Child!

(Mother re-enters leading a very ragged, sweet-faced child.)

Mother—Ah, the poor waif! He is ragged and hungry. Are you not very cold, my child?

Child—Yes, I am very cold.

(Peter rubs the Child's hands to make them warm.)

Amy—And have you no home?

Peter—Did no one ask you in on Christmas-Eve?

Child (softly)—No one.

(Grandmother McFeeley enters without knocking.)

G. Mc—Ah, here is the poor child! As I was going to my rooms I saw this poor little one up on the porch of the Morrow's big home—

Peter (interrupting)—I know David Morrow. His father is very

(Continued on page 20)

THE COMING OF THE CHRIST CHILD

(Continued from page 19)

rich.

G. Mc—Yes, and shame on them! Inside the great house were lights and music. A great glittering Christmas tree stood in the largest window but bah! did not the butler turn away this poor little shivering waif? I followed him here and am glad to see that you had a bigger heart than the rich Sir David Morrow!

(G. Mc and Mother exit talking excitedly.)

Amy (bothering lovingly about the child)—You must be very hungry. Peter, fetch my supper for the dear little Child.

(Peter brings bowl and the Child eats slowly.)

Peter—Well, Amy, He didn't come. Please do not let Mother know that we entertained such a foolish notion.

(The child listens closely.)

Amy—Next year perhaps He will come.

Peter—We are only becoming crazy dreamers, Amy. Let us blow out the light and put a candle in the window to light Him on His way; then we must go to bed. This poor child shall sleep in my warm little bed and I shall make a pallet on the floor.

Amy—All right, Peter, blow out the lamp and I shall light the candle.

(Peter blows out the lamp and Amy lights the candle. Just as the flame flickers and glows from the candle unseen voices are heard singing "Silent Night" very softly.)

Amy—O, Peter, Peter! The Angels!

(Slowly they turn to look at the Child who is transformed in white robes and dazzling light. The Child lifts up his arms to heaven and a hidden voice is heard to say:)

Voice—"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(The Child disappears through

back central exit.)

Amy—O, Peter, it was the Christ-Child! (Curtain.)

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

fine one for your shut-in friend, in fact, for any member of your family. The Fathers and Mothers page would be a great help to the young parents who are just now rearing the children for the future generation. Why not give something that will bless their lives all through the years?

—O—

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We are again asking our Helpers' Club to cooperate with us in solving the financial part of the paper. We now have about forty dollars out which should be at the Publishing House. We are so anxious to get things to running smoothly so we can do better work for our paper. From now on to those who do not send in their money for the papers by the 25th of the month we will use the plan of all business houses, send a little reminder. It is very easy for the best of us to neglect or forget things of this kind. Just a little reminder will suffice. Of course this will be an expense and will take our time that we need for our paper work, but all we need is just a better understanding and we will be able to do a great work for God. Then if you do not want your roll of papers, please notify us by the 20th of the month as your name and the number of papers you want go into the Publishing House about that time, and if you send in for more papers or cancel your order after that time, it causes confusion and the papers come back to us and therefore makes a double expense. If you are sending in a new order or sending yearly subscriptions or for single copies you may send any time during the month.

May the Lord abundantly bless you as you cooperate with us for the upbuilding of His Kingdom as we work for the inspiration of our young people.

Please remember that your orders come directly to the Editor.

Thank you in advance for your cooperation.

CORRECTION

Mrs. A. B. Harrison,

Dear Sister Harrison, greetings: I notice my letter in last issue of the "Lighted Pathway" has been misprinted in some way. It stated Brother Rosenbaum and wife and Sister Zanna Wright were in Pennsylvania sleeping on the floor, etc. I, being the writer, hope our dear Pennsylvania folks will not be offended at this. I don't know how this came about. I was writing about Brother George Bloomingdale, wife and Sister Wright. I know you good, sanctified folks understand now. Brother Bloomingdale and party are in Canada. I never had to sleep on the floor in Pennsylvania. Praise God! I am sure that those who read it understand. I had a few saints to ask me at the Assembly if I left my wife in Pennsylvania. So I hope you who understand now will just send Brother George Bloomingdale some financial help to make them comfortable while they work for the Lord. Address Brother Bloomingdale at 82 Union St., Portland, Me., and his mail will be forwarded to him.—Your brother in Christ, B. O. Rosenbaum.

NOTE: We do not know how this happened but we are glad to correct it.—Editor

EXPLANATION

(Continued from page four)

editor. My hands are full and my body weak. When things are not just what you think they should be, just remember that I have done my best for you.

In this issue we have had to leave out one Bible lesson to find room for the Christmas pageants. We hope you will like them. We had so many other beautiful things for this Christmas season but for lack of space we could not give them to you. Send to the Church of God Pub. House and get "The Paramount Christmas Book" which will have plenty of good things to go with these pageants. I am giving you two kinds so you can use the one you need. I truly hope this Christmas number will be just what you need and that your 1931 Christmas will be filled with joy and blessing.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 3.

JANUARY, 1932

NO. 6.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR

I've shut the door on yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've looked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and mistakes.
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room
And furnish it with hope and smiles
And every springtime bloom.

I'll place within the loveliest things
My hands can find to do;
A happy heart, its song of cheer
Shall echo through and through.
I'll welcome you and you and you
To this dear room of mine.
The door shall ever stand ajar,
The glowing home fires shine.

No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain;
And envy, malice and distress
Shall never entrance gain.
I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away;
Tomorrow has no fears for me
Since I have found today.—Sel.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

JANUARY, 1932

EDITORIALS

A Happy New Year to the readers of "The Lighted Pathway." God bless you. I am sure we are all grateful for the privilege of entering the gateway to the new year, with its possibilities of service in the Master's vineyard. If our lives are consecrated to God, the first thing that will meet our vision will be the whitened harvest fields with a few laborers here and there, tired and worn because of the great tasks with so few to help. If you listen closely, you will hear them calling, "Come over and help us." What will your answer be? Then if you will listen again, you can hear the voice of the Master saying as of yore, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into His harvest." Again if we listen closely, we may hear the gentle voice of the Holy Spirit whisper, "Will you go for me?" Like Isaiah, will you respond, "Here am I, send me." The following poem expresses my sentiments exactly.

If I can break the fetter
That binds one captive heart;
If I can loose one debtor
Impounded in sin's mart;
If I can shoot to one who knows despair
A star of hope to re-illumine his night;
If I can set upon the golden stair
Of confidence just one who lost his might—
I shall have lived my day.

If I can be a sun
To one fog-lost in doubt;
If I can hear "well done"
From him whose lusts I rout;
If I can light the path of one lost wanderer
And see him cross the threshold of
The Inn;
Or fill the sails of some lorn sea-farer
And know that he The Harbor safe
will win—
I shall not fear the night.

—Selected.

When "The Lighted Pathway" reaches you this month, Christmas with its joy and its thrill will have come and gone. 1932 will have become a reality. Soon we will be back again into the activities of life, after the interruptions of the holidays, letting life fall back into her regular routine and natural channels—some to school, some to the shops, some to the mill, some to the stores behind the counter, and the thousand of different occupations we might mention. We hear some one say, "Oh I would like to be able to go out into the ministry or to do definite work for the Lord." There is no place in all the world that we cannot work and make our lives count for God. It may be right by your side in the store, the shop, the mill, or it may be some one in your home that God is looking to you to save through your beautiful life. The preacher perhaps could not reach them. The personal touch does more to save the world than preaching.

In Rev. 2:10 we find these words, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give you a crown of life." The test of the vitality of any beginner is seen in continuance. It is not what we start out to do that counts but whether we are faithful to the end. Life is a long distance run. Character is seen in persistency and faithfulness. A watch ticks all the time and is just as faithful on the 31st of the month as it is on the first. It is always just as faithful the 12th month of the year as the first. It is valuable because it is dependable, sure, steadfast, reliable, consistent, permanent. A watch that is spasmodic, goes by fits, starts and keeps time when it wants to, will soon be thrown in the junk heap. Such Christians as these will not be fruitbearing Christians. A good text for the year will be, "Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Let us try it.

Let us be careful this year. A single failure, interruption or careless act, is liable to discourage, and where there is lack of deep character one will stop trying and say, "What's the use." Those of charac-

ter will find in failure an incentive to greater effort. To those who are able to stand in the hard discouraging places, it is your task to encourage and help the weak. They need you. Look around for them, and ask God to help you to say and do just the thing they need to help them. Don't censure too severely the ones who have failed.

To the boys and girls who have tried and failed the past year, let me beg of you to start over again this New Year with a new and strong determination to win in the fight. There is nothing in the fleeting things of this life. Soon it will all be over. We have no promise of life for tomorrow. "Bring your burdens to the Lord and leave them there" is the call of the New Year. He will take them and give you a joy that cannot be described in their place, and make you a soul winner for Him. God bless you.

My desk is full of unanswered letters. I'm so sorry but there is no one to assist me and I must just do the best I can. Remember if I do not answer your letter, that it is impossible for one to carry on a work like this and keep up a home with the thousands of little things pressing upon them and to always do every thing well. How I would like to be able to write a personal letter to each of you, and get better acquainted. I hope you will soon make it possible for me to have a helper in this work so that I can serve you better.

In these hard times it is a great temptation to shrink our financial obligations, and think the other fellow will pay the bills. It's going to take all of us to pull the load. Your little bit may be what will push the load over the top. If The Lighted Pathway should fail because of financial support, I can hear some of you say, "Oh, what a shame. If I had known that, I surely would have helped more." Did you ever stop and think what just a little boost from each of you who appreciate the paper would do? Just one yearly subscriber from each reader of the paper would send the little

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Dear friends, God is calling for laborers for His vineyard. Perhaps the field where laborers are needed most and where our lives will count most is among our children and young people. We are going to use this page for a few months for the purpose of inspiring and sending workers out into this great whitened field for service. Come on members of the "Inner Circle" and say, Here am I, send me. Get your little band of young people around you and train them for service. Take the precious children and love them into the Kingdom. Teach them the Bible. Don't put it off. Time is short. We must hurry. Sunday School is fine but only a few moments each Sunday. Organize a Junior Endeavor, and work for the night is coming when no man can work.—Ed.

The Teacher's Prayer

By Jessie G. Redpath

"I shall not pass again this way."
Lord, teach me to be kind today;
The low mark raised a little higher
May help the dull mind to aspire.

The unkind word that is not said
May leave some glory on my head,
And judgments altered, or suppressed
Like tempered steel will be the best.

"I shall not pass again this way."
God give me wisdom day by day
To conquer faults that makeme sad;
Lord help me to be good, and glad.

"I shall not pass again this way."
And heaven is where the children
play;
Teach me to hold them in my heart
That I may enter where Thou art.

"I shall not pass again this way."
Father of all mankind I pray
For more abundant love—O make
All teachers kind, for Jesus' sake.

The Price of Being a Leader

By Erwin L. Shaver

THE PARABLE OF THE TWO TEACHERS

A certain church school had two teachers. The One said unto The Other, Come, let us attend the institute and learn how we may better do our work. So they went to the institute and harkened unto the addresses by the specialists.

And The One was enraptured by the eloquent words of the speakers and she said unto herself, Is it not wonderful to teach little children and have the glory of moulding their

lives as the potter shapes the clay? I am thrilled to be a Leader! So she returned to her church and persuaded the superintendent to order new textbooks and pretty chairs and a supply of various articles with which to amuse the children. The children gladly sat upon the pretty chairs and heard her read the stories out of the book and played with the crayons and the cards and the other things from the cupboard. For sheer joy she shouted to the other teachers, Are they not little dears? I just love to teach them. And straightway she returned home and forgot about them until the next Sabbath morning.

The Other of the two teachers asked questions in the conference period. For she reasoned thus within herself, I must know how to be a better teacher so that my boys will grow into fine Christian men. She asked this question, How can I make the lesson interesting? And the speaker answered and said, Go into the homes and the schools and the workshops of your boys and learn the things in which they are interested and then you can interpret truth to them in their own language. And she wanted to know more and she asked another question, How can I get my boys to practice the truth which is found in the Good Book? And the speaker answered again and said, Enter into play with your pupils and join with them in helping others, for in doing these things they will come to know the Master's will. And she asked still a third question, How can I persuade my boys to be reverent before God? And the speaker answered her a third time and said, Suggest to them that they plan a service of worship for their department and lead their friends in finding God's company; for boys like to

do things of their own planning, and other boys who have done these things have become more reverent before God. And she asked many more questions and the speaker made answer to her questions. And as she went from the meeting she thought thus to herself, These things the speaker saith are true, and I will do them. It will take much time and strength, and I will have to miss the bridge parties, but I want my boys to be true men after the manner of Jesus. And when she returned home, she did not say to her fellow teachers, I rejoice that I am a Leader of Youth, but straightway went quietly and did the things the speaker had suggested.

Which one of these two, do you think, was leader of those who fell to her care?

THE COST OF LEADERSHIP

Whatever else of truth this parable may contain, it should recall to mind one of the primary teachings of Jesus, namely, that leadership is a responsibility as well as a privilege. Because of the historical and customary associations of the word leadership, we are tempted, as were two disciples of old, to think too much of the rewards of Christian service. Thinking that they have followed Jesus reasonably well, they ask him, as a favor, for positions of power in his kingdom. And when he questions them, "Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink? or to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" they reply confidently but thoughtlessly, "We are able." Then he states to them the truth which every effective church school worker must learn sooner or later, "The cup that I drink ye shall drink; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized; but to

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE BIBLE

"The stones are many, the Bible so true,
That everything in it, though old, will
seem new,
And, children, if you will just read it
I know
Your love for the Bible will certainly
grow.
And then in the future perhaps 'twill
be you
The Lord will be choosing his bidding
to do—
To spread the pure gospel and tell of
His love
In sending dear Jesus to us from
above,
And cheering your friends who are
lonely and sad
By telling the story that made angels
glad."

—Selected

BIBLE LESSONS

By F. O. A. E. Trim

OLD TESTAMENT

1st Week

Happy New Year, little folks! I hope your New Years may be happy ones as long as you live. Don't you want to begin this bright New Year pure, without unkindness or selfishness, and live thus the whole year? The only sure way of being happy is to be good and true.

Read the first chapter of Daniel to strengthen and help you in your purpose.

What did Daniel purpose in his heart? V. 8. He would not do wrong and defile himself. See how God blessed these four Hebrew children in their purpose. Vs. 12, 15, 17, 20.

Oh children, purpose in your hearts to put away all evil and sin, unkindness and selfishness; and be loving and obedient to God, your parents and teachers.

Dare to be a Daniel

Dare to stand alone

Dare to have a purpose firm,

Dare to make it known.

* * *

PRAYER

"Dear Father we thank Thee
That all through the year
Thy dear hand hath blessed us
With gifts ever new.
We praise Thee for blessings
Sent down from the sky,

Thy care was about us
When danger was nigh.
Dear Father, we pray Thee
Be Thou ever near,
And give to thy children
A happy New Year.

Memory work: Psa. 141:4; Psa. 101:3; Psa. 119:104, 113; Prov. 16:32; Jer. 35:6; Prov. 1:10; Prov. 4:14.

2nd Week

Lesson 2 Chron. 34:1-33.

Who became king when only eight years old? Did he seek God when young, and do right? What effect did the reading of God's Word have on him? Vs. 19-21. Did God promise good to him, and why? Vs. 27, 28.

We see God's blessings and mercy on this good man.

Memory work: Seeking God—Deut. 4:28; Psa. 105:4; Isa. 55:6; Hosea 10:12; Amos 5:4; Zeph. 2:3; Psa. 22:26.

NEW TESTAMENT

3rd Week

Lesson: Luke 15:11-32.

The boy who ran away from home. To what extremity was he reduced in the service of sin and Satan? Did he repent? What did he decide to do? Did the father forgive, receive and love him?

So if we have sinned our heavenly Father is ready to forgive and welcome us when we are sorry for sin and repent.

Memory work: Luke 15:18, 19, 21; Luke 18:13; 2 Cor. 7:10; 1 Jno. 1:9; Eph. 1:7; Mark 3:28.

4th Week

Who knew the Scriptures from a child? What were they able to make him wise unto? 2 Tim. 3:15. What was his grandmother's name? What was his mother's name? 2 Tim. 1:5. Also read 2 Tim. 1:2-14. Paul called him his dearly beloved son. How he must have loved him, had utmost confidence in him, and com-

THE BOY THAT DID NOT CARE

"James, my son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten when you ought to be studying your lesson. You will get a bad mark."

said Mother Mason to her son.

"I don't care," said the boy, as he continued to amuse himself with the kitten.

"But you ought to care, my boy," rejoined the lady with a sigh. "You will grow up an ignorant, good-for-nothing man if you don't make use of your opportunities."

"I don't care," said James, as he raced into the yard.

"Don't care will be the ruin of that child," said the mother to herself. "I must teach him a lesson he will not easily forget."

Guided by this, the lady made no provision for dinner. When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the house, as usual, shouting "Mother, I want my dinner!"

"I don't care," said the mother very calmly, working with her needle without looking up.

"I'm hungry mother," said the boy.

"I don't care," she repeated.

James was puzzled. His mother had never thus treated him before. They were strange words for her to use, and her manner was so cold that he could not understand it. He was silent for a while, then spoke again. "Mother, I want something to eat."

"I don't care," was the cool reply.

"But recess will soon be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get something to eat."

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mitted a great work into his hands.

Dear children, may you learn the precious truths of the Bible, that they may be blessed to you, and make you a great blessing to others.

Memory work: 2 Tim. 2:14-22; 2 Tim. 3:14-17; 1 Tim. 1:15; 1 Tim. 2:22.

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

RESPONSIBILITY

He is such a little laddie
And he stands by his mother's knee,
A little life unfolding
We must answer for what he'll be.
Shall he follow the great broad highway
That leadeth the downward way?
Or climb where it's steep and narrow?
This is for us to say.

In the years that lie beyond us
The world that is to be;
Depends upon how we have helped, or
Neglected such as he.

W. B. H.

FOOLISH MOTHERS

By Helen Gregg Green

Aunt Emmy Lou and I dropped in at Nana's as she was finishing a conversation with Teddy's teacher.

"I'm so sorry you are having all this trouble with Teddy," Nana sympathized, "I can appreciate just how you feel," looking over her shoulder severely at the offender. "I just can't do a thing with him myself."

Teddy shambled from the room, as Nana said goodbye. There were tears in her eyes as she flung out, "Oh, Aunt Emmy Lou, you are so wise, tell me what to do with Teddy. He needs his father so badly."

"I'll tell you what to do with yourself, Nana Jane Luce," Aunt Emmy Lou snapped. "You'll have to make yourself over completely, if you are ever going to be a successful mother."

"Make myself over?" Nana repeated, "What do you mean?"

"Well, when Teddy was a mere baby, you began giving in to every little whim and wish. You used to say, 'He's so cute, I can't resist letting him have his way.' You were never firm with him. Always his will won out, if he only fussed long and loud enough. He realized your weakness, Nana. The idea of a child ruling his mother!"

Nana's brown eyes opened wide.

"Well, what could I do?" she asked. "His father was away so much and I wanted the baby to be good

and sweet when he came home at the week's end. If I had been fussy and cross with him all the time, what kind of a disposition would he have had?"

"I don't know; I think his disposition might have been better," Aunt Emmy Lou fairly bit off the words. "It really couldn't be any worse than it is. And I do know he would have had more character and self-discipline and a lot more respect for his mother."

"Oh, Aunt Emmy Lou,"—the usually equable Nana began to be impressed,—"surely it isn't as bad as that!"

"Didn't you just tell the teacher before Teddy that you couldn't do a thing with him?" Aunt Emmy Lou asked critically.

"Why, why—" Nana hesitated at last realizing how foolish she had been. "I believe I did. Oh, why have not I been firm? I guess you're right. What was cute in a baby is disagreeable in an eight year-old I shall have to make myself over. And I'm sure Teddy's father will help me. I can see now that he has often felt baffled by Teddy's behavior. I know what I'll do. I'll have Jim take a vacation, and we'll be gin right away."

"You're eight years too late," Aunt Emmy Lou remarked, still faintly reproachful, "but among you—you can secure his teacher's aid—you can work wonders."

Aunt Emmy Lou and I started to rise.

"I've been only an onlooker, Nana," I said encouragingly, "but I heartily approve."

"Imagine my saying, 'I can't do a thing with him,'" Nana replied, smiling.

One of the many fine articles on child welfare prepared by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

There is no book like the Bible, and if we follow its teachings we shall become more and more like Him who is revealed therein.

Do Your Children Deceive You?

By an Old-Fashioned Lady

I knew something was the matter the moment I entered my brother-in-law's back-yard and saw the children's faces white and scared, as they stood facing their father. What terrible thing can have happened? thought I.

It was not necessary for me to inquire, for their father turned immediately and explained the situation.

"Do you see these three eggs?" asked he in an awful tone. "Well, the twins stole these, yes, actually stole these from my chicken house, and put them under the old black hen that had made a nest under the currant bushes. Think of the price of eggs, and see what they've wasted!"

As the children crept off, my brother-in-law called after them. "Now, if this happens again, remember that I'm going to give you a good tanning!"

Turning to me, he added, "I never thought that I should be disgraced with such dishonest, lying children. They said at first they didn't know anything about these three eggs."

I said nothing, as I walked on out to see his prize birds. I was too busy thinking. I recalled that my nephews had confided in me how much they wanted to raise some little chickens and their father would not let them own a single one.

"We haven't a single pet, and Grandma says Father had lots of chickens when he was our age, but he won't let us raise any dear little downy chickens."

I could still see the tears that gathered in their eyes as they told me this.

"Your father's birds are so very fine," I replied. "Perhaps, he'll let

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: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

MURMUR NOT

By Clara Blanchard

Murmur not against Jehovah,
Tho' thou canst not understand
All his dealings with his children,
All the workings of his hand;
He may seem to withhold blessings,
But if thou wert wise as he
Thou shouldstest know that greater
treasures
He is laying up for thee.

Let no discontent nor doubting
Blind thee to his love so true,
Speak his words and run his errands,
Whatsoever he bids thee, do;
Others may not hear nor heed thee,
And may seem to prosper more;
Murmur not but be obedient,
Soon thy trials will be o'er.

Pain and loss and disappointment,
Chastisement, and sorrow, too,
Poverty, loneliness, weakness,
All that thou must bear or do
Shall work out a greater glory
To the soul that murmurs not;
When he comes to take his loved
ones
All thy grief will be forgot.

Tho' thy spirit groan within thee,
And thy burdens heavy be,
God is watching o'er his children,
He is listening now to thee;
Every heart-cry's heard in heaven,
And deliverance will come;
Tho' he lead thee through the furnace
He will bring thee safely home.

A Word to the Tired And Suffering Saints Of God

Beloved in the Lord Jesus, be well assured that He whose nature and whose name is love, will mete out to you the greatest possible measure of earthly happiness, and the least possible measure of earthly trial and suffering, compatible with the accomplishment of the gracious purpose of His everlasting love and with your welfare. What can you desire more than this to keep your soul reposing on your Heavenly Father's love in perfect peace? There is one verse, shining with preeminent splendor amidst a galaxy of bright and precious promises, which more persuasively than ten thousand arguments, ought to rebuke every distrustful suspicion about God's dealings, and silence every unbelieving fear about His

love. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" My brother, my sister, is not that verse worth ten thousand worlds to you? It is to me.

Do you doubt His love? What unnecessary suffering will He inflict on you, who, to save you from everlasting suffering, spared not His own Son? What real good will He withhold from you, who, withheld not Him? What real blessing will He not freely give you, who freely gave Him for you? What will He allow you to want, that is not better for you to want, who would not allow you to want everlasting salvation, though to purchase it for you, He delivered up His own, His only, His well-beloved Son to death, even the death of the Cross?

Oh! what a precious promise! How many weary pilgrims has it not already refreshed, comforted, gladdened! and it is, this moment a never-failing spring of consolation and joy, as fresh, as full as ever. It is that wondrous question, "How shall He not?" which makes it so full of Divine comfort. It is the implied impossibility, because of the implied insult to the Son of God, involved in the supposition that there is any blessing which He, who loved you well enough to give His own Son for you, does not love you well enough to give; as if there was some blessing dearer to the Father's heart, more precious in the Father's sight than His own Son! Is there any dearer or more precious in yours? Is there any you more highly prize, more earnestly

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Frosts of Affliction

E. D. Hooley

Sometimes I enjoy reading in an old autograph album which I had given to me when I was a child. A friend wrote a wish for me in this book. It was, "May your life, like the autumn leaf, grow more beauti-

ful as it fades."

Those who are privileged to walk in the woods in the autumn days, know the exquisite coloring that the maple leaves take on as they are about to fade. Many a time I have gathered these leaves with their beautiful coloring of crimson, mingled with green and gold, and waxed them in order that I might keep them in all their beauty thru the winter. They make a beautiful table decoration, placed around the edge of a white center-piece, and with smaller leaves at each plate, no prettier decoration could be desired. If you wish to be very festive, you can hang branches of the maple on the picture frames and around the room. Thus bringing the beauty of the woods into your home.

As we admire their gorgeous coloring which no artist can exactly copy, we may do well to pause and consider what gives to them the beautiful coloring which every one admires. Those who ought to know tell us that it is the frost that gives to the leaves the marvelous coloring which charms the beholder. Probably if there were no frosts the leaves could not take on their autumn beauty.

This makes us think that the frosts of affliction and sorrow that comes into our lives are designed in order to make them beautiful. If we fully realized this, it would keep us from murmuring when the frosts of affliction enter our life.

Somehow, suffering rightly borne always enriches mankind. A man of note was asked what he would like to have left out of his life if he had the chance to live it over again. After a moment spent in thought he replied, "I would not dare to omit any of the hard things, for without them I could not have attained to what I have."

The poorest person in this world is the person without friends. He may be a Rothschild or a Rockefeller in wealth, but without friends, he is a beggar.

THE INNER CIRCLE

LIFE'S MIRROR

By Madelline S. Bridges

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show,
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Contributed by Guthrie Hale, Peach Creek, W. Va.

The Right Decision

It was the beginning of vacation when Mr. Davis, a friend of my father, came to see us and asked to let me go home with him. I was much pleased with the thought of going out of town. The journey was delightful and when we reached Mr. Davis' house everything looked as if I was going to have a fine time. Fred Davis, a boy about my own age, took me cordially by the hand and all the family soon seemed like old friends. "This is going to be a vacation worth having," I said to myself several times during the evening as we all played games, told riddles, laughed and chatted merrily as could be.

At last Mr. Davis said it was almost bed time, then I expected family prayers, but we were soon directed to our chambers. How strange it seemed to me for I had never before been in a household without the family altar. "Come," said Fred, "mother says you and I are going to be bed fellows," and I followed him up two flights of stairs to a nice little chamber which he called his room. He opened a drawer and showed me a box, boat, knives, powder horn, and all his treasures, and told me a world of new things about what the boys did there. He undressed first and

jumped into bed. I was much longer about it for a new set of thoughts began to rise in my mind. When my mother put my portmanteau into my hand just before the coach started she said in a low tone, "Remember, Robert, that you are a Christian boy." I knew very well what that meant and I had now just come to a point of time when her words were to be minded. At home I was taught the duties of a Christian child; abroad I must not neglect them, and one of these was evening prayer. From a very little boy I had been in the habit of kneeling and asking the forgiveness of God, acknowledging His mercies and seeking His protection and blessings.

"Why don't you come to bed, Robert?" cried Fred. "What are you sitting there for?" I was afraid to pray and afraid not to pray. It seemed that I could not kneel down and pray before Fred. What would he say? Would he not laugh? The fear of Fred made me a coward, yet I could not lie down on a prayerless bed. If I needed the protection of my heavenly Father at home, how much more abroad? I wished many wishes—that I had slept alone, that Fred would go to sleep, or something else, I hardly know what, but Fred would not go to sleep. Per-

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Rev. E. P. Whallon

There are many worth-while matters in which we may find interest and profit apart from our regular vocational duties. We may take pleasure in them as recreation. One does not need to do foolish or hurtful things, in order to have a good time. Life has many opportunities for elevating enjoyment. The world is full of interesting and beautiful objects to see and hear, and many delightful avenues to be investigated and explored.

This is God's world after all. He "hath made all things beautiful in their season." If we will but open our eyes, we may see the lovely things that God has formed. If we will but open our ears, we may hear the charming voices that God has created to fill the world with music and song. The Holy Bible is God's Inspired Word. Nature is God's Created Word. We should study them both.

David, the Psalmist, found pleasure and profit in studying the starry heavens. As a shepherd boy, he had spent many a night alone in the fields with his flock. He saw the changes of the moon, the movements of the stars, and the procession of the planets. He was sure they were the work of God's hands. We miss a great deal if we do not know the planets and the constellations by name. We will find great delight in knowing the most prominent stars, at least, and in watching them night by night. Many find great refreshment in amateur astronomy. It is a sad loss not to count the stars as our friends, and keep track of them. It helps our religious life, too. "The hand that formed them is divine."

Then David cultivated music when a lad. He obtained a position in King Saul's court, because he could play well on the harp. We do not need to be professional

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THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

WITHOUT CHRIST

* * *

By Frances Ridley Havergal

"At that time ye were without Christ, * * *
having no hope, and without God in the
world." Eph. 2:11

I could not do without Thee,
O Savior of the lost! John 6:68

Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost, 1 Pet. 1:18,19

Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood—must be 1 Cor. 1:30

My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea. Gal. 6:14

You need not do without Him,
For He is passing by; Matt. 20:30

He is waiting to be gracious,
Only waiting for your cry,

He is waiting to receive you—
To make you all His own! Hos. 11:8

Why will you do without Him,
And wander on alone?

You could not do without Him,
If once He made you see Rom. 7:24

The fetters that enchain you
Till He hath set you free; Rom. 6:22

If once you saw the fearful load
Of sin upon your soul—Ezek. 33:10

The bidden plague that ends in death,
Unless He makes you whole! 2 Kings 5

You cannot do without Him!
There is no other name Acts 4:12

By which you ever can be saved,
No way, no hope, no claim! John 14:6

But with Him—Oh! with Jesus! Rom. 2:22

Are any words so blest? John 17:24

With Jesus—everlasting joy
And everlasting rest! Rev. 7:15-17

Why should you do without Him?—
It is not yet too late; Isa. 55:6,7

He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate, 2 Cor. 6:2

He calls you!—hush! He calls you!
He would not have you go Mark 10:49

Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so. Isa. 55:2,3

Sent in by Marion Betz.

Death of a Broken Heart

At the beginning of the last war there was a young man forced to leave his young wife and baby to go to war. As he bade them good-bye parting tears filled his eyes. He did not know that he would return to the ones he loved as dearly as his own life. He boarded the train and when he landed was at once in battle fighting for his country.

In a short time it was circulated that he was killed and as his wife

could not hear from him she grieved and troubled over him for quite awhile. She then married another man for support. In two years her first husband was freed to come back home. When he started for home the train seemed to be so slow he did not want to wait as every moment seemed like an hour to him. He was thinking how wife would like to see him and how sweet baby would look. The train sped on until it came to the station where he was to get off. When it stopped he leaped to the platform like an anxious child to see its mother. He took the path that

lead around to his home. With joy he was traveling at a rapid speed and when he made the curve he saw the light glowing once again. At home in a few minutes he heard the familiar bark of his dog. What a thrill ran through his body. It was a real cold night, snow covered the ground. He opened the gate with a nimble hand and was just ready to open the door when the thought came to him, I'll just take a peep before I go in. When he looked in at the window joy flooded his soul. The home was warm and comfortable with the fire burning brightly. How sweet wife looks and how baby has grown. At once he spied a man reading a paper sitting in the corner. He thought, Who can that be? but he said to himself, Perhaps it's wife's brother. While standing looking with tears of joy in his eyes the man rose to his feet, caught the laughing child in his arms and said, "Wife, let's go to bed." The broken-hearted father and husband turned away never to return again.

He got out of the yard and wrote the story of how he desired to have them as his own again. It was a cold night. He lay down on the
(Continued on page 19)

LIFE INSURANCE

John Drake was unaware of the presence of another person, until a cheery voice bade him good-morning. Stopping his team in the furrow which he was plowing, he looked about in the direction from whence the voice hailed him.

"Good-morning, sir," John responded, as the cheerful-looking well-dressed individual climbed over the fence and started across the field. "Nice spring morning this be about."

"Grand," replied the stranger. "To breathe the air and enjoy the beauty of such a morning makes one glad to be alive. This is a splendid farm you have. Must make on

(Continued on page 19)

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

Conducted by
HETTIE ELLEN PAYNEOne Reason I Believe
In Christianity

Part of an article written to "The Advance" by Blanche Campbell.

Before I went to college, I absolutely believed in God. I knew nothing of "higher criticism" of the Bible of my old Presbyterian forefathers. I believed literally that the whale swallowed Jonah, and that Lot's wife was really turned into a pillar of salt, and that Adam and Eve were once as real as my own mother and father. Can you imagine what a shock my sensibilities received when I heard a professor coldly explain away the resurrection, saying that Jesus possibly fainted on the cross and "came to" later? I could have felt no more horror if an octopus had seized hold of every limb of my soul, or if an ichthyosaurus had suddenly reared up in the classroom. This first creature of doubt!

In a short while, the association with this professor's peculiar form of Biblical knowledge cropped off every ramification of my faith, and like the fig tree, I withered up. How cold I was without a single spiritual garment to wrap around me! I had outgrown the clothes handed down to me, and no one provided new ones. My soul was fallow and unplanted.

One could not have called me pagan, agnostic, or infidel, for I was nothing. I was a potentiality, miserable, filled with "long, long thoughts." I spent a great deal of my leisure alone, and I determined to be something; either to be pagan, or become again, if possible, an adherent of Christianity.

One day I heard some girls talking of a certain junior in school who was an inexorable infidel. I determined to know her; and I did. Her's was truly a life without religion. She was moral and philosophical, but her scientific and Darwinian presence had about as much warmth as a northeast snow storm.

(Continued on page 17)

As this is the beginning of a new year, why not make a resolution to study your Bible more this year? A few months ago I suggested that we read a chapter each day and memorize a verse of scripture each day. How many tried it? I have found it to be a source of delight. The more you read, the more you want to read. If you will carefully read a chapter each day, you will become so interested you will want to read the next chapter.

The Bible is "soul food" for us. Just as we can't exist without food for our bodies, neither can the inner man survive long without spiritual food taken from the Word. Good sermons are fine, but they can't entirely take the place of the Bible. When we read the Bible, we are listening to God. He speaks to us thru divine inspiration. We must pray and talk to God, then there are times to let God talk to us. Young people, let's pray for more knowledge, for a deeper love for the Word, for understanding of the Word.

D. L. Moody was asked the best way to keep from backsliding. He gave these rules: (1) Read at least a chapter each day. (2) Pray every day. (3) Say something to someone each day about Christ. (4) Do something for Him each day. He gave this advice for young converts, but don't you think it good for old ones too? Let's make 1932 the best year in our Christian experience. Let us be able to say at the closing of 1932 that we know our Bible better than we did at the closing of 1931.

1. What man of heathen race slew eighty-five priests of God and destroyed their city? 1 Sam. 22:18, 19.

2. What fire was so fierce it devoured wood, stone, dust and water? 1 Kings 18:38.

3. Which is the storm psalm? Psalm 29.

4. What great writer, who was the son of a greater, composed one thousand and five songs? 1 Kings 4:32.

5. Who heard a voice in the dark tell him of an approaching doom? 1 Sam. 3:10-14.

6. Which is the saddest of all the psalms? Psalms 88.

7. Of what eight heroes of the Old Testament was it written that "God was with them"? Gen. 21:22; Gen. 28:15; Gen. 39:2; Exod. 3:12; Josh. 1:5; Judges 6:16; 1 Sam. 3:19; 1 Sam. 16:18; 1 Sam. 18:14.

8. What child carried in his name the memory of the lost glory of a nation? 1 Sam. 4:21, 22.

9. When was there a combat between twelve men on a side which resulted in the death of them all? 2 Sam. 2:15-17.

10. What wood is mentioned in the Bible as used for shipbuilding, in the temple, and for spear shafts? Ezek. 27:5; Nahum 2:3; 2 Sam. 6:5; 1 Kings 5:8.

11. What king owned nine hundred iron chariots? Judges 4:2, 3.

12. What good man had two bad sons and what became of them? 1 Sam. 2:12-17; 4:11.

13. What little boy's mother bought him a new coat once a year? 1 Sam. 2:19.

14. What ten persons were killed by a tornado while at dinner? Job 1:1, 19.

15. What psalm gives the recipe for a peaceful life? Psalm 37.

16. What man looked seven times from the top of a mountain and what did he see at last? 1 Kings 18:43-45.

17. What are the seven pentecostal psalms? Psalm 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 143.

18. What three men of three different ages were named by a prophet as the most righteous men in history? Ezek. 14:14.

19. Who was the first shepherd and who was the first farmer? Gen. 4:2; 3:23.

20. Who was granted such strength that he broke a bow of steel? Psalm 18:34.

Measured by the supreme test of friendship, Jesus Christ is the best friend man has ever found, because he is a friend to man's soul.

OUR READING CLUB

By Charlotte Higgins, Harlan, Ky.

As this is the beginning of a new year we will ask the Reading Club to make these resolutions: Study the Word of God more this year than you did the last. Study more books. We are suggesting "A Pitcher of Cream" by Bud Robinson, "The Surrendered Life" by James H. McConky, "What Every Christian Needs to Know" by Howard W. Pope, "David Livingstone." These books will be a blessing to any one who will really study them. By just reading a book we can't get much out of it, we have to study to get all the good things that are hidden between the covers of a good book. It isn't the books that we are going to read, but the books that we've read that counts. Again we will ask you to adopt 2 Tim. 2:15 as your yearly text.

This month we wish to recommend "Possibilities" by J. G. K. McClure. Mr. McClure has so many good things to say that we wish we could give them all. Here are some of the things he says:

"How are we to find our possibilities? First, we must believe that we are on the earth for a purpose. That belief we must never give up as long as we live. God has created each of us for something definite and distinct of usefulness. He did not put us into being carelessly. He had an end in view, which He expected us to meet. We have a particular mission. Each of us is a unit made for a special influence. This belief must lie down with us at night when we are utterly wearied out, and must rise with us when we, still wearied, have to face a day of difficulty. Let people despise us as people once despised Nazareth, and say that no good thing can come out of our lives, nevertheless we must hold fast to our conviction that we are in this world for as distinct a purpose as Christ Himself was in the world.

"Second, this belief must be kept in mind, when we hold it. Care must not drive it out. Merriment must not dissipate it. Whether odium or flattery is ours, still we

must think about our possibility.

"Then third, we must plod on. When we know what God wishes done, we are to do it, on and on and on, unceasingly. Endurance is more effective than brilliancy. Continued industry is what tells. They are the men and women that most bless the world who never give up. Dull plodding that does not relax will win the day from meteoric enthusiasm. Seeming failure may be the best means of final success.

"A man can never do wrong, who, looking adoringly upon Christ, takes guidance only from Him, and here is the marvelous possibility open to us, that, if we keep seeing Christ and keep reflecting this Christ that we see, there comes to us a habit of seeing and reflecting which at last causes us to be images of Christ ourselves.

"Who can possibly cherish bitterness, or discontent, and still be trying to reflect Christ? Who can be self-willed, who cowardly, and still be looking adoringly on Christ as He struggles and conquers in Gethsemane?

"Christ evidently believed that a man could be a Christian anywhere. Christianity was to conquer circumstance, not to be conquered by circumstance. Yes, Christ knew the world, knew every phase of human nature and every phase of temptation, and still He held that a man could and should carry His Christianity triumphantly everywhere.

"It is not true, nor has it ever been true, nor will it ever be true, that a human soul can be overcome of evil unless it is willing to be. Circumstances need never overpower a man. They are to be overpowered by us. Here is the liberty and the opportunity of us all. Proclaim it to every youth growing up, every child leaving home, every man of business and every woman of society. You can make yourself, circumstances need not make you. Evil and you are face to face. Evil will surely down you unless you down evil. Evil is conquered only by fighting it, and by fighting it thru putting

good in its place. To be good and not do good is to be conquered by evil.

"The best thing in this world is a good man. The greatest thing in this world is a great good man. The most blessed thing in this world is a blessed good man.

"Human life is crowded with possibilities but the best and highest of them all is that we may be delivered out of all sin and guilt and made like unto God Himself in time and for eternity."

This book may be obtained from Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago, Ill.

Make every opportunity

A gain and not a loss;

The best is yours, so do not fear

The bridge you'll never cross.

Note by the Editor:—Can you read this short cutting from this good book and not be inspired to read it? Sister Charlotte has suggested that you start the new year reading good books. Send the names of the good books you are reading and let her give them on this page to inspire others to read. Make your companions good books this year rather than to spend your time with idle young people in a frivolous way. See what effect it will have upon you at the end of the year. Read your Bible first, but remember that many of our writers today are inspired just like Paul was when he wrote to the different churches in his day. We believe that this page conducted by this consecrated girl will mean much to you.

IT IS EASIER

"To heed a handbook of etiquette than to observe the Golden Rule.

"To sit down and rest in front of an obstacle than to surmount it.

"To build a castle in the air than a bungalow on solid ground.

"To discover the faults of your neighbors than their virtues.

"To utter the foolish word you think of than to throttle it.

"To go with others, though you know they walk in an unwise way than to follow a lonely path.

"But do you really think it pays so well in the long run?"—Sel.

Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC: THE YEAR 1932 IS HERE, WHAT WILL WE DO WITH IT?

Scripture Lesson: John 9:1-7.

THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

Our Scripture lesson tells us that there is a night coming when no man can work. As we look around us and see conditions as they are and realize how hard it is to get old time conviction to the people it makes us think that that time is close at hand and that we should put in good time this coming year. The close of one year and the opening of another causes us to sum up the past, its defeats and victories, its successes and failures. Even though there be in the past, little but failures, the New Year says, "Keep trying." Let no failure daunt you. Let no mistakes stifle your efforts. Every year is a new opportunity, another chance. Learn the lessons of your failures and press on. Madame Petrova recently said, "A failure would not frighten me now. It might cause me pain, but it would not make me afraid. For I know out of my own experience that no failure need be final, and that every failure can be made a blessing in disguise, if one has the courage to press on." Let us not be cowards but let us press toward the mark and

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work mid springing flowers.
Work when the days grow brighter,
Work in the glowing sun,
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

KEEP TRYING

There is no success so dangerous as the success that makes a man satisfied with what he has done. There is no defeat so dangerous as the defeat which makes a man cease trying to do better. Paul says to forget the things that are behind and press forward. I wonder if some young man or woman has not been given a part on the program of the Endeavor and you tried and seemingly made a complete failure. You said, I'll never try again. And you have perhaps kept your word. I heard of a young minister who, when he preached his first sermon made a complete failure, forgot everything he wanted to say. He left the pulpit determined to never try again, but he got up from his fall and marched on to victory and today he is a wonderful preacher. I also knew a minister's wife who got up in a meeting to give a testimony and forgot her testimony and had to sit down. She felt then it would be her last time but she too arose to press on to victory. If this thing has happened to you the past year just remember that you have a new year before you now and God is expecting you to try again.

KEEP ON DREAMING

Regardless of failure, regardless of insurmountable difficulties, regardless of the strength of opposing forces, keep on dreaming. One of the tragedies of life is that "life should fail in looking backward." One's face should always be kept toward the future, and he should never cease to believe that his dreams will come true." Dreams are the stuff of which the

worlds are made," says the poet. Before the world was made God dreamed it. Before America was born there was a dream of men for freedom. There never was any worth while accomplishment in life that was not first a dream. Joseph dreamed of his greatness and his dreams came true. Yes, his brothers hated him and scoffed at him for his dreaming, but there was a day when their scoffing ceased. Let us dream for great things this coming year and have faith that our dreams will come true, and we will see great things come to pass.

WHAT IS MY CHURCH TO ME

Last year we had a lesson on the different departments of the church work. We are going to repeat this this year, as we feel that this is the time for us to study our work and review our mistakes of the past year and look forward into the coming year. Of course we did not make the progress we wanted to make last year. Oh no, we feel far short of it. I wonder what was wrong. What is my church to me anyway.

My church is a place where the Word of God is preached, the power of God is felt, the Spirit of God is manifested, the love of God is revealed and the unity of God is perceived. It is the home of my soul, the altar of my devotion, the hearth of my faith, the center of my affections and the foretaste of Heaven. I have united with it in solemn covenant, pledging to attend its services, to pray for the pastor and its members, to give to it support and to obey its laws. It claims the first place in my heart, the highest place in my mind, the principal place in my activities, and its unity, peace and progress concern my life in this world and that which is to come. I owe it my zeal, my benevolence and my prayers. When I neglect its services I injure its good name, I lessen its power, I discourage its members, and I chill my own soul. I have solemnly promised in the sight of God and man to advance its interests by my faithful attendance, by reading God's Holy Word, and by keeping its ordinances, by contributing to its support, by meeting with my fellow members, by watching for their welfare, and by joining with them in prayer, praise and service. This promise I this day renew before God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Here is a splendid place for new resolutions. You might give some expressions along this line if you have this on Watch Night.

PLANS FOR THE MEETING

Let this meeting be thrown open for the discussion of the different departments of the church. Appoint some one to speak for each department. Begin to think in time. Don't wait till the last minute and have nothing of interest to say. The need of each department is great and if you will ask God to reveal His will to you for the department you are to represent, He will help you to say something that will be a blessing. After you have finished with all the appointed speakers, if you have time, ask for discussion from the church in general. This will be very interesting. You might have this on Watch Night when you have plenty of time and when you can have

plenty of time to pray over your work also.

HERE ARE THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS

The Sunday School.

The Young People's Organization.

The Children's Organization.

The Women's Organization.

How to Increase Church Attendance.

The Prayer Meetings.

You will have a long meeting if you discuss this

thoroughly and I would again suggest that you have it on Watch Night. Have plenty of good special music and congregational singing and I believe you will just have to move up a notch. Send out special invitations to all the friends of the church and have a good audience. Use the topics in the first part of lesson first and then take up the departments of the church. May God bless you this coming year.

TOPIC: LIFE LIVED IN THE SPIRIT

By Starling Smith, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture Lesson: Rom. 8.

The eighth chapter of Romans is one of the most famous chapters in the New Testament. I like to study it and divide it up in all its phases. It opens with no condemnation and closes with no separation. But it does deal with our faults and infirmities. It says there is no condemnation, either in life or in death or at the judgment. A great many people live all their lifetime under the bondage of death and they fear the judgment, but if a man's life is hid with Christ in God, there is nothing to fear in time or eternity. This chapter teaches us the difference between a believer and an unbeliever. An unbeliever is living in his day and he has nothing but a long eternal night to look forward to. A Christian is now living in his night and has a grand morning that he is looking forward to.

First. Life in the Spirit brings unto us adoption, sonship and heirship.

The new birth is a moral transformation.

The new birth is an instantaneous work.

The new birth is simultaneous with justification.

The new birth is the work of the Holy Spirit.

Second. Life in the Spirit has the following marks about it as designated and set forth in Rom. 8.

1. Spirit of life. Verse 2.
2. Spiritual walk. Verse 4.
3. Spiritual mind. Verse 6.
4. Indwelling Spirit. Verse 9.
5. Quickening Spirit. Verse 11.
6. Led by the Spirit. Verse 14.
7. Spirit of adoption. Verse 15.

8. Witnessing Spirit. Verse 16.

9. Praying Spirit. Verse 26.

10. Helping Spirit. Verse 26.

Third. Life in the Spirit raises the level of life, its thinking, its purpose, its motives and activities above the natural to the supernatural. Naturalism is seen everywhere today and the supernatural is depreciated and ignored. The soul whose life is lived in the Spirit has qualities which distinguish it from the world. When Jesus received the Spirit at Jordan He came in the form of a dove. There is a sense in which all true believers should possess dove-like qualities.

The dove is clean in its nature.

The dove is gentle in manner.

The dove is constant in love.

The dove is particular in food.

The dove is swift on wing.

The dove is social in habit.

Fourth. Life in the Spirit produces a different type of man from anything that the natural, the intellectual or the cultured can produce. The kind of man begotten of the Spirit of God has the following characteristics:

1. He is God-pardoned. Col. 2:10-13.
2. He is Spirit-filled. Eph. 5:18-20.
3. He is blood cleansed. 1 John 1:7.
4. He is fruit bearing. John 15:1-8.
5. He is soul witnessing. 1 Cor. 9:16-22.
6. He is minister rendering. Matt. 20:26-28.

NOTE: This can be a very interesting lesson by giving each person his number and scripture verse.

TOPIC: EXPRESSING THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

By Vivian Haworth, Belfast, Me.

Scripture: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.

"Go into all the world," said Jesus,

"Tell them of my mighty power;

Bring your sheaves from every nation,

Bring with you the man next door."

WHAT IS THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT?

The Y. P. E. is a service organization. It exists not only for itself, but for others; not only to be blest, but to be a blessing. The true Christian spirit is indeed a missionary spirit—a desire to help others. We should bear in mind the name "Endeavor" and do all within our power to endeavor to be a blessing to others. Prov. 11:30 says "He that winneth souls is wise." There are many ways for us to express the missionary spirit and truly the greatest desire should be to win souls.

IS THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT ONLY FOR MISSIONARIES

All the followers of Christ should possess the

missionary spirit. It is that spirit that makes a person long to preach and teach His gospel to others, to help and serve mankind and bring everything in the universe under the sway of Christ. It is that spirit that makes preachers, Sunday School teachers, directors of religious education, all kinds of church workers and Christians in all walks of life. It is this spirit that causes our home and foreign missionaries to be willing to leave their homes, loved ones, and good positions, enduring hardships as a good soldier. Whether at home or abroad we should possess the missionary spirit remembering "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

EXPRESSING IT AT HOME

This missionary spirit can be and should be expressed by all Christians at home. It may be expressed by an effort to win your loved ones and your community for Christ. It may be expressed by prayer for the unsaved, by talking of Jesus, by studying His

gospel, and by serving and sacrificing for others. It can surely be expressed by giving our finance for others to use in propagating the gospel. Without this missionary spirit—this impulse to propagate one's own faith and share one's own blessing—a Christian or a church will die.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK

It is said that over sixty per cent of the population of the United States isn't touched by any church, or about seventy-five million people in this nation who are not affiliated with any church. Doesn't this make you see the need of home missionary work? Then think of the many people who are church members yet know nothing of real salvation and are not familiar with the doctrine of Pentecost. We should endeavor to do all within our power to create a missionary spirit so this full gospel message will be in every large town and city.

"Millions are in heathen darkness,

And with pleading hearts implore

For the gospel of salvation;

What about the man next door?"

Just think of the many young people who are without religious instructions of any character; and a large per cent of the children in our public schools do not attend any kind of religious school. From this great group of young people will come our leaders in commerce, industry, government and in education for the next generation. We must do something to bring the gospel to these young people. Truly we should appreciate our Y. P. E. where we can receive Christian training.

SOME THINGS TO DO

There is a great work to be done among the sick and especially in the hospitals. Hundreds of thousands of patients pass through the numerous hospitals. Some have never heard the gospel, and to some it is their last opportunity. We need consecrated personal workers to visit these patients and take them the message of salvation. Then there are thousands of prisoners, some in prison for life, who need Jesus.

Many people living in rural or mountain districts as well as some cities have not heard the full gospel. Personal work is also needed there. The young person who goes into these new fields goes as a missionary as much as one who goes to Africa. Many times the conditions under which he must live and the situations he must meet are almost as bad as in some foreign fields. These people need the gospel and it

is part of our home missionary work to send missionaries to these people. One way to better equip yourself for foreign missionary work is to be a good home missionary. Let us stand by home missions with our prayers and financial aid, as that will be the means of more churches in our homeland and more workers for the foreign fields.

EXPRESSING IT ABROAD

As our official representatives come in contact with heathens, they express the missionary spirit. Our missionaries express it in preaching, giving aid to the sick, in teaching through schools, in evangelism, in personal example. It can be expressed by our business men in dealing with foreigners in commercial, industrial and business affairs. The representatives of education give it when they share their knowledge with people of other nations. There is no limit to the number of ways the missionary spirit expresses itself. It should come into play wherever there is a follower of Christ coming in contact with one who is not a Christian.

"And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Gal. 6:9.

Suggestion: Ask the following questions—

1. How is the missionary a good will ambassador? 2. How can we help advance the good will spirit?

Have a few brief talks on the responsibility of every Christian to express Christ's missionary spirit through His particular life's work and life's contacts.

SPECIAL NOTICE: I have just recently arranged a dialogue on missions which affords a very impressive program for the Endeavor. Don't fail to order four copies—one for each main character. It takes in the whole Y. P. E. if desired. It would be fine to have this as a special program to create a greater missionary spirit. Each copy 10c. Send at once for four copies of "Endeavor by the Fireside." Order of the following address, Vivian Haworth, 44 Bridge St., Belfast, Me. Please enclose 2c postage with each order.

NOTE BY EDITOR

Make this a time of special prayer for the missionaries on the field. Especially let us remember our dear Brother Childers and family who have so recently left us for the Bahamas. They will need our prayers. Don't forget to write them. They will be lonely in this new field.

TOPIC: WALK IN NEWNESS OF LIFE

By Mrs. E. Jackson, Somerset, Ky.

Scripture: Rom. 6:4.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Great is the strength of will. If the will is in our hearts to be good, we have a foundation on which to build. The Spirit of God planted in our hearts gives us the will to be good. Life and strength for all worthy things is our divine inheritance in His will.

To keep victory in anything we must set our aim high and keep our eyes on the summit. Don't for once linger by musing on the wrongs and failures of life. Make good use of every moment, thinking of the best, the beautiful, the wonderful things of life. We need as an individual and as a church to carry a vision continually of love and victory. Do not dwell on the mistakes and failures of any life, except to help and pray them away in the spirit of love. Love

thy neighbor as thyself. Who can analyze the whole scope of this command? It covers the whole heart and conduct of life toward each other.

THE POWER OF THE MIND

To accomplish anything we first use our mind in thinking of it. If we desire success in life, we must think it possible, we must think it probable by the right kind of effort.

Does not the responsibility of our success rest squarely upon ourselves? When we can be courageous enough to accept this we soon find the solution to difficulties. Is there a good desire of the human heart that has not a legitimate and possible fulfillment? Can you disapprove "As your faith so be it unto you?" Look up the promises on faith.

We can cultivate the very good habit of thinking ourselves and all things new each morning, constant-

ly walking in newness of life. Life is only a step at a time, if guided cautiously, will lead to the desired goal. Each morning brings a new day with new life, new possibilities, new blessings. May we let it be the thought of our minds to look spiritually upward and not downward, look forward and not backward.

OVERCOMING EVIL

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. 12:21. Never mind what has been, let go the griefs, the things which you feel should never have come to you. Let not the things of the past hinder our faith at present. May our faith be linked up so much with God that we forget hinderances of the past. God knows no defeat, nothing can prevail against Him.

Let us think and talk of the good of our community, our church, our every undertaking for righteousness, our friends, and our enemies, forgetting and ignoring the undesirable. It is possible to portray the bright side of things, which is the right side, thereby helping others to get sight of it.

Who all will be sunbeams for God? God is love. Will not love cover a multitude of sins, thereby converting the erring one and saving a soul from death? 1 Peter 4:8; James 5:20; Prov. 10:12.

May we have a smile for every joy, a consolation for every grief, a prayer for every misfortune, and an encouragement for every hope.

HELPING OTHERS WE HELP OURSELVES

Just to the degree we help others in any way, we help ourselves. We may not always be able to comprehend it, nevertheless it must be true. If we give to others of our love, strength, worldly goods, a kind word or smile, good is returned to us in strength of spiritual life, if nothing else; but we believe we receive good measure from the outside.

Do we want to walk in the way of happiness? Sure, and the way is, "try to make others happy." Serve yourself by serving others. Not only are we to help our friends, but all whom we may have a chance to help. "Love your enemies," "Do good to those who despitefully use you," "Do we think, What a task? Surely this accomplished will be great gain to the soul."

PRAYER

Take Thou our minds, O Christ;

Make them Thine own.

Center our thoughts on Thee,

And Thee alone.

Empty us of ourselves;

Fill us today

With Thine own perfect mind,

Do Thou hold sway.

Thou didst surrender all

Of earth and heaven,

That we might be set free—

Our sins forgiven:

Do Thou possess what Thou,

O Lord, hast bought;

Possess us wholly—life,

And word, and thought.—Sel.

An Impossible Thing

2 Cor. 6:14-18

Communion with God without separation from an evil world is here declared to us to be an impossible thing; and how clearly is manifested here the drift of things, even among Christians, in a day like this when large liberality is supposed to be what is pre-eminent. Christian, and the love that thinketh no evil is confounded with the blindness which sees none where it manifestly exists. God's Word abides for us today, and the world abides also still in its essential character the same, the busy self-seeking world that knows not the Cross, save perhaps as an ornament on the outside.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds

Will find the healing his spirit needs,

For every flower on others' pathways strawn

Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness gives to us wonderful strength in performing tasks that otherwise might be impossible for us. Any effort to be truly worth while must be performed cheerfully. If you think you are not inclined to be cheerful, the habit can be developed, so put on cheerfulness. You are very sure to soon feel what you put on. The thought of knowing God is ever watchful over us and cares for us is enough to make us cheerful in our hearts under all circumstances.

The Apostle Paul advises, "Be filled with the Spirit * * * and make melody in your hearts unto the Lord." Eph. 5:18, 19. Being possible to make melody we are sure it is possible to make cheer.

A laugh is just like sunshine,

For cheering folks along;

The soul grows glad that hears it,

And feels its courage strong.

Young people, march, march along,

Keeping step to a cheery song,

Faces turned to The Lighted Pathway

Happy to win in eternal day.

REJOICING

In all conditions the Christian has cause to rejoice. Why? Because his name is written in heaven. Rejoicing is a good elixir for the natural life as well as the spiritual. Be thankful and rejoice for the least bit of progress you make in anything. It will serve as a help to another lift. Weep not for chances passed away but rejoice for the hope of the future. Rejoice that your life is freighted with great possibilities. Always rejoice for the great divine inheritance of being a soul, a favored creature of the omnipotent Father and God of unspeakable wonderfulness and goodness. Rejoice that the contest is still on and you have a chance to win. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright. Psa. 33:1.

If we are to know the blessedness of having the Almighty God as our Father and of being enlarged in His things, separation from the world is essential.—Anon.

A Commuter's Prayer

O GOD, who art ever a worker, be with me as I go to my tasks this day. From the hills of rest I go down to the valley of toil. Help me to carry a breath from the high places into the dusty streets. Enable me to wear a morning face in the noontide of the mart. May my heart repose in thee the while my head and hands are full of the duties of the coming hours. Bring me to the sunset and the homeward way with nothing to regret. In the Master's name. Amen.



PRAYER PAGE



PRAYER TO THE LORD OF LIFE

LORD, teach me to pray. I do not know,
How I should speak to thee—
My best desires are unexpressed in words,
But I believe that Thou dost understand.
There comes to me the consciousness
That even now Thou knowest the things
For which I crave.

LORD, hold Thou my hand. The path in which
I walk is dim to see—
But others walk it with me in the mist,
And I recall that Thou hast walked it, too.
And so I pray that I may not complain,
But on the road of Life
Help me to be brave.

LORD, keep me from sin. I would that men
Might think great things of Thee—
Because Thy power hath kept me to the end.
May I so walk that none be made to fall
Through act of mine or foolish word; instead,
May men see through my life
That thou canst save.

LORD, help me to live. Give me the power
That I to men may be—
A source of strength, as Thou wast while on earth,
Forgetting self in Thy great ministry.
Give me the love that makes men suffer long,
E'en though, like Thee, it lead
Me to the grave.

—Selected

ther meant what he said. He added: "I know not what it means, but in my prayer my mind was deeply impressed with these words 'Let them abide till the morrow.'"

Without charging their venerated parent with superstition or ignorance, the obedient sons yielded to his word, unladed their beasts, placed them in their stalls, and waited for another morning to come. That memorable night a horde of savages, with torch and tomahawk, entered Wyoming Valley and commenced their work of destruction; and it is said that before the bloody drama ended, not a house, barn, church, school or mill escaped the flames; and few of the inhabitants escaped the sudden and deadly blows of the savages. From one end of the valley to the other the settlers were butchered or burned with remorseless fury.

In the morning at sunrise, the father and sons were standing on the highest point, and lo! the valley was filled with volumes of ascending smoke and flames. The awful truth flashed on their minds.

The aged saint kneeled down with his sons on the mountain-top and in humble, adoring prayer, thanked God for the promise: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."—The Evangelist.

Other pieces on "Prayer" on page 14.

Miss Vivian Haworth has arranged a very striking dialogue on Home Missions called, "The Endeavor By The Fireside." If you wish to create more interest in Home and Foreign Missions, don't fail to have your Endeavor or Sunday School render this as a special program. It is very interesting and brings the need of missions more forcibly to the minds of the audience. If possible, order four copies, one for each of the main characters. Price 10c copy. Please enclose 2c postage with each order. Order of Vivian Haworth, 44 Bridge St., Belfast, Me.

"ABIDE TILL THE MORROW"

The beautiful valley of Wyoming on the banks of the Susquehanna river in Luzerne Co., Pa., has long been known alike to the student of history and lovers of poetry and song.

It was in the beginning of July 1778, that an aged saint who, with his four sons, lived on a mountain overlooking the valley, found that his barrel of meal was nearly exhausted, and made his sons fill their sacks with grain, and early in the morning descend the long road to the mill in the valley. As requested, before day light, each of

the boys had fed his horse, and they were all prepared by sunrise for their journey. And as the day would be too far spent to have their grain ground, they were accustomed at such times to spend the night near the mill in Wyoming.

As the Patriarch came forth in the morning from the closet of prayer and said to his waiting sons, "Not today!" the young men were greatly surprised.

"But father our supply is used up, and why should we delay?" they said as they turned and grazed over the valley, which lay in calm and quiet peacefulness before them.

"Not today, my sons," repeated with emphasis by this man of prayer, satisfied the youths that the fa-

Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

messenger over the top for Jesus. Won't you please do this for us? Couldn't you send us one each month? I am sure there are people somewhere in your community who would take it if they were approached in the right way. Then perhaps the different Y. P. E's. could give a subscription to some needy one each month, some shut-in or aged person or boy or girl who lives away out in the country with no church privileges. We have calls for subscriptions of this kind. I wonder if you wouldn't include this in your New Year resolution, that you will hold up our hands this coming year. We are doing our best for you. Will you not do your best for us? Don't say, That is the other fellow's job. If I could hand over to you some letters I have received the last few weeks and let you see how this little messenger is bringing inspiration into the lives of our young people, and then tell you how much time and effort it takes to answer other letters from discouraged hearts, and cheer them on their way and get them back into the fold, surely you would not stop until you had it in every home in your reach, or at least had tried your best to put it there. Won't you help me this year and won't you begin right now? Let us see how many we can have by the time the February issue is ready for the press so we can know how many to have published. How about each Y. P. E. appointing an agent (some one with the work at heart) and then each one of you help that agent all you can. Send for larger rolls if you can, and work outside of the church to put it into other homes. Have a rubber stamp made with the name of your church and address on it and stamp each paper and put them in outside homes as an advertisement for your church. It will pay you to advertise. Churches do not do enough of it. God bless you and may He help you to help me.

THE BOY THAT DID NOT CARE

(Continued from page four)

not get some dinner," urged James.

"I don't care."

This was too much for the boy to endure. He burst into tears. His mother, seeing him subdued, laid down her work, and, calling him to her side, stroke his hair very gently, and said:

"My son, I want to make you see the folly and sin of the habit you have of saying, 'I don't care.' Suppose I did not care for you, what would you do for dinner, for clothing and for education? You see, I must either care for you or you must suffer. And if you must suffer through my lack of care for you, don't you think you will also suffer if you don't care for yourself? And don't you see that I must suffer, too, if you don't care for my wishes?"

James had never looked on his evil habit in that light before. He promised to do better, and, after having his dinner, went to school a wiser boy.—Christian Commonwealth.

REV. E. T. WHALLON

(Continued from page seven)

musicians, but, like David, we should know something about music and singing. It will tend to make the home-life full of satisfaction.

David was a great writer, too. In many ways he was the greatest poet the world has ever seen. His poems, or psalms, have been read and sung by more persons than those of any other poet. We may find great delight in using the pen.

We ought to know the names of the birds that we see. It is a very great source of satisfaction. We ought to know the trees by name. We should know the various flowers. God made them.

A widely extended knowledge of things tends to make the life happy. Someone said that a good rule is to know everything about something, and something about everything. While we make a living, let us make life worth living. All work makes life weary. All play makes life giddy.

That which engages our attention as the main thing in life we think of as our vocation. Side-issues we think of as avocations. It is well to have these as recreation. But let us do our main work well to the glory of God. Thus life will

The Right Decision

(Continued from page 7)

haps struggles like these take place in the bosom of every one when he leaves home and begins to act for himself, and on his decision may depend his character for time and for eternity. With me the struggle was severe.

At last Fred's cry came, "Boy, come to bed." I mustered up courage to say, "I will kneel and pray first. That is always my custom." "Pray?" said Fred turning himself over on his pillow and saying no more. His propriety of conduct made me ashamed. Here I had long been afraid of him and yet he knew my wishes. He was quiet and left me to myself. How thankful I was that duty conscience triumphed. That settled my future course. It gave me strength for time to come. I believe that the decision of the Christian boy, by God's blessing, made me the Christian man, for in after years I was thrown amid trials and temptations which would have drawn me away from God and from virtue had it not been for my settled habit of secret prayer. Let every boy who has pious parents read and think about this. You have been trained in Christian duties and principles, when you go from home do not leave them behind you. Carry them with you and stand by them and then in weakness and temptation, by God's help, they will stand by you. Take a manly stand on the side of your God and Savior, your father's God. It is by abandoning their Christian birthright that so many boys go astray and grow up to be young men dishonoring parents, without hope and without God in the world.

Yes, we are boys always with tongue or pen, And sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men? Will we always be youthful and laughing and gay Till the last dear companion drops smiling away? Then here's to our boy, its gold and its gray, The stars of its winter, the dews of its May, And when we have done with our life-lasting toys, Dear Father, take care of thy children the boys.

—Sent in by Christine Sexton

be to a good purpose.—Pres. Ad vance.

DO YOUR CHILDREN DECEIVE YOU?

(Continued from page five)

me give you some common little chicks for Easter."

But their father did not wish any birds on the place except his own. He had no time to build a separate pen and would not let me have it done. So the matter was dropped by us older people, but not, as it proved, by the children.

Now, as I walked beside the angry and disappointed father, I wondered whether he realized that a little time spent in fencing in a separate yard would have saved the children and him the unhappiness they were suffering. The love of chickens and of ownership, inherited from their father, had made the temptation to take the eggs greater than they could withstand. But, who was really to blame for their wrong-doing?

That week-end, we went to the seashore. The conductor came to collect the fare. I paid mine. My brother-in-law handed in two tickets—one for himself and one for my sister.

"How old are your boys?" asked the conductor.

"Four," immediately replied the father.

The children crowded forward to correct the mistake, but their father instantly silenced them. Their mystified faces seemed to say, "Can father so soon have forgotten our birthday cake with the six candles?"

When Cousin Fred met us at the station, he must, at once, swing each child high in the air and ask their age. He always did so, no matter how often he saw his pet cousins.

"Six years old," the twins sang out. "But father forgot, and told the conductor we were four."

Cousin Fred laughed. "Oh!" he said, "that was to fool the conductor, so he wouldn't have to pay for you on the train."

With widening eyes, the twins gazed in silence at their father and at Cousin Fred.

One of the many fine articles on child welfare prepared by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

A WORD TO THE TIRED AND SUFFERING SAINTS OF GOD

(Continued from page six)

desire, or would more gratefully receive? If you shudder at the thought, will you seem, by discontent, disquietude, or distrust, to tell God that there is such a blessing—one dearer and more precious to you than Christ Himself, the want of which strips that promise of its consolation?

Whatever, then, be your trials, your sufferings, cast yourself on this one verse, this one promise, and all will be peace and rest. Whatever your trials—for I say not that trials, deep, agonizing, desolating trials, may not be sent; but I do say, that if they are, they will be sent by the Father, even as He sent His Son, in love—they will come, as Jesus came, "with healing in His wings."

The earthly props you have loved to lean upon may be all taken from you—it will only be that you may lean more confidently on the arm of Jesus. The earthly gourds, under whose shadow you so loved to repose, may all be withered—it will only be that you may rest in sweeter peace under the shadow of a Saviour's love. The earthly cisterns, out of which you so delighted to drink, may all be broken—it will only be that you may drink more deeply from the fountain of Living Waters, the only Fountain of satisfying happiness. Say of every dispensation, every trial, "It is well." "My Jesus hath done all things well." Be careful for nothing; for, for every need you have, there is a corresponding grace in Jesus. Be careful for nothing; but in a spirit of faithful carelessness cast all your care on Him, who so cares for, so loves you, that He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for you. Leave all cheerfully in His hands, receive all thankfully from His hands, and all will be well.

"Though we pass thru tribulation,

All will be well.

Ours is such a full salvation—

Al! all is well.

Happy! still in God confiding;

Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;

Holy, through the Spirit's guiding—

All must be well.

"We expect a bright tomorrow—

All will be well

Faith can sing thru days of sorrow—

All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying
All must be well."

—Armour of Light.

ONE REASON I BELIEVE IN CHRISTIANITY

(Continued from page nine)

Her soul was a cold pagan statue, on whose cheek was no glow of life. I examined her influence and became optimistic. It was too lifeless to go far. She had no friends. Girls, somehow avoided her. Her life was like the Dead Sea; nothing beautiful grew around it. Many streams poured in, but not one poured out to make glad a single plant or plain. There were no smiling champagnes of flowers near her soul. Not one eternal thought lifted its sails toward the sky and made for another shore.

At the same time, I came under the influence of another girl. I was there before I knew it. She was a student volunteer, "buxom, blith, and debonair." She had been given "the five talents," and was busy gaining others. She fairly scintillated with religion, and the happiest girl I ever knew! She was all self-renunciation and service to her fellow students. In her comradeship, one found warmth and understanding. She was a senior and her influence was felt by every underclassman.

In comparison with the former girl, her life was like the Sea of Galilee. She was the very sublimation of life. Birds sang in her soul, and all around her were flowers and palm trees. Streams poured into her life, and streams poured out, enriching and bringing life into all that touched her. She had set sail many ships that returned daily, laden with riches from other lands. To be near her was to think of blue skies and life more abundant.

She had something that I wanted, and that I prayed for I longed to be like that! I believed again! She became a Bible that I read, a sermon that I heard, a song of grace and joy.

We are judged by the friends we choose. There is no surer index to character than the kind of people we choose for our friends.



Temperance Page



The Drunkard's Dream

Why Dermott, you look healthy now,
Your dress is neat and clean;
I never see you drink about,
Oh, tell me where you've been.
Your wife and family are well,
You once did use them strange,
Oh, you are kinder to them now;
How came this happy change?

It was a dream, a warning voice,
Which heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's
curse,
Grim want and misery;
My wages all were spent in drink,
Oh, what a wretched view;
I almost broke my Mary's heart
And starved my children too.

What was my home or wife to me?
I heeded not her sighs,
Her patient smile has welcomed me
When tears bedimed her eyes;
My children, too, have oft awoke,
"O father, dear," they've said,
"Mamma has been weeping so
Because we've had no bread."

My Mary's form did waste away
I saw her sunken eye,
On straw my babe in sickness lay
I heard her wailing cry;
I laughed and sang in drunken joy
While tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep
And had this warning dream.

I thought once more I staggered home,
There seemed a solemn gloom,
I missed my wife—where can she be?
And strangers in the room.
I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's
dead.
She's led a wretched life,
Grief and want have broken her heart.
Who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

I saw my children weeping 'round,
I scarcely drew breath;
They called and kissed her lifeless
form
For ever stilled in death.
"Oh, father, come and wake her up,
The people say she's dead.
Oh, make her smile and speak once
more
We'll never cry for bread."

"She is not dead," I, frantic, cried,
And rushed to where she lay.
And madly kissed her once warm lips
For ever cold as clay.
"Oh, Mary, speak one word to me,
No more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart
Or ever drink again.

"Dear Mary, speak, 'tis Dermott's
call."
"Why, so I do," she cried.
I woke and, true, my Mary dear
Was kneeling by my side.
I pressed her to my throbbing heart
While joyous tears did stream;
For ever since I've heaven blessed
For sending me that dream.

How Joel Became a Choir Boy

Rebecca Irving

Inside St. Anne's Church the choir boys were practicing Christmas carols. Outside a little red-headed newsboy stood listening. Ever since he was a tiny shaver he had hung around church doors to hear the singing and to catch glimpses of the long train of white-robed choir boys. With all his little music-loving soul he wanted to be a choir boy. But how could that ever be? He did not know the choir master. He could sing. He knew that. Every time he heard the choir practice he listened with all his ears, then went home and sang the songs to his little brothers and sisters.

This day as the singing ended, something was said inside the church door that brought an idea into the newsboy's head. "Be sure to come early tonight, Earle," the choir master was saying to the boy soloist, "there is no one else who can reach that high C in your anthem. I wish we had another boy soprano to take your place when you are ill."

The next minute the choir master saw a newsboy striding towards him with papers under his arm. But the boy didn't ask him to buy a paper. Instead he said, "Say, Mister, I can sing his pieces. Want to hear me?"

One look at the eager little face showed the choir master that this boy was very much in earnest. "Very well," he said, and with a smile turned to the organ.

The smile gave place to surprise as the boy's clear sweet notes rose on the air. No boy in his choir could sing like that. The high C which only Earle could take, this boy took easily and clearly.

"What is your name?" the choir master asked when he had finished.

Earle, who had stayed to listen, answered, "It's Joel Reid, our news-

boy. I didn't know you could sing like that, Joel."

Joel's courage was beginning to leave him and he turned to go as
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The Flag Told The Story

Sara H. Carleton

One summer day a youth in dusty clothes was walking along the railroad tracks. He was very tired. Toward evening he saw some men haying in the fields. When they carted away their loads, some of the hay fell off. The young man gathered this and carried it to an empty shed by the roadside. "I will have a soft bed," he thought, and he settled down and slept.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by a bright light shining in his face. It was from a lamp on a carriage which had been driven into the shed. The youth found himself lying between a horse's feet. Strangely enough, he was not hurt. A gentleman got out of the carriage and, seeing the young man, he took a silver quarter from his pocket and handed it to him, saying, "Go and drink it up."

"Drink it up yourself!" shouted the youth, for he felt insulted. He never drank alcoholic liquors of any kind because he knew how much harm they can do to a person. Although he had practically no money, he would not take the quarter. However, the gentleman was pleased because he would not drink, and gave him the money to use as he liked.

The young man was then a stranger in the United States. His name was Jacob Riis. He had come from Denmark and had very little money. But he worked hard and became a noted writer. He wrote about the poor in New York City. He told about the unhealthy houses and streets in which they lived. He told about the saloons

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LIFE INSURANCE

(Continued from page 8)

feel good to possess such a valuable piece of property."

"Rather good at that," said John. "And your buildings are kept up in splendid shape," continued the stranger. "How about your insurance? I suppose you keep everything well covered with insurance?"

"Yes sir," replied John. "I had a heavy loss by fire once through lack of insurance, and I said then that would never happen again if I could possibly prevent it. Since then I have been particular to keep everything insured to the limit."

"How much do you carry on the property?"

"Four thousand on the houses, and twenty-five hundred on the barn. In addition to that I carry fifteen hundred on the furniture."

"Do you have a car?"

"Yes, and that is fully covered."

"How about yourself?"

"Insured for five thousand. That will help the wife and children in case of my death. Personally, I think I am well protected by insurance."

"You certainly are," the stranger nodded. "I'm in the insurance business, too, and thought there might be a possible chance to do some business with you."

"No chance, stranger," laughed John. "There is nothing left to insure."

"It's a splendid situation here," said the stranger, looking about on all sides, and apparently forgetting the object of his mission. "Acre after acre of productive land that will bring forth wonderful crops, barns and bins filled with plenty, buildings and personal property adequately insured, life insurance to provide for wife and children, but have you insured your soul for eternity? That is what I came to see you about. Have you ever stopped to think that temporal things will pass away, and that when your body lies down, never to rise until the resurrection, you will be launched out into an eternity of ages? Are you prepared for it?"

"Well, no," said John seriously.

"I hadn't thought much about it."

"You have taken out insurance against damage and loss by fire, theft, and death, but have neglected the most valuable possession you have. Don't you think it is about time you insured your soul against eternal death and damnation?"

"Maybe I should, but I guess I won't bother with it today."

"That isn't the way you would act if your buildings were uninsured. You wouldn't rest until the matter was settled. Why not treat this matter with the same consideration? Insure your soul for eternity by the Blood of Jesus Christ, for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Wouldn't you like that insurance?"

"I guess I would, stranger," said John, starting to unhitch the team from the plow, "and if you'll go to the house with me where you can talk to the whole family I think we can settle the matter in a few moments."

DEATH OF A BROKEN HEART

(Continued from page eight)

ground. Jesus came to his rescue and took him home leaving the frozen body on the ground. His sorrows were over. Next morning they found the body and the story. The wife said, "O God, this is the way torment will be, you can look into the windows of heaven and see loved ones in Glory while you are in outer darkness. How close home he was, if only he had come in." Jesus is just on the outside with joy and outstretched arms to receive you. Let's not think Jesus has been killed and won't return to us. Let's call on Him. This wife gave her heart to God but she grieved and troubled until God called her to join this husband. While on her death bed she looked into the windows of heaven and saw her husband in the beautiful bonds of peace. She said, "O friends, don't just look through the windows of heaven and see the beautiful city, but get ready to go in at the gate where we can enjoy the luxuries of heaven." The same Jesus that carried that frozen, broken-hearted husband home carried wife to join

him. — Mary Frances Johnson, Lynch, Ky.

HOW JOEL BECAME CHOIR BOY

(Continued from page 18)

the choir master said, "You have a good voice, Joel. We may want you to sing some time."

Earle followed Joel out. He felt a little jealous at first, but thought better of it. He decided to be friendly and walked along with Joel as he distributed his papers until they came to Earle's home.

"Come in and see my presents," he invited, and Joel accepted. He had never been inside Earle's beautiful home and he could only walk around silently and admire, until something happened that loosened his tongue.

In the dining room was a bottle of wine and glasses. Earle quickly filled two of the glasses with wine, and holding one out to Joel, said, "Here, have a drink! It's Christmas! Let's drink healths!"

But Joel started back. "No, I won't touch it," he cried, "I know what it does to people who drink it. I won't have it."

"Huh! Wine won't hurt you. See me."

But Joel didn't wait to see. He started for the door.

Earle laughed. "Huh! You're afraid of it. I'll have to drink yours too."

After Joel reached home and while he was telling his brothers and sisters all about, there was a rap on the door. When he opened it, there stood the choir master. "Joel, I want you to sing the solo tonight. Earle is sick. Can you come at once to rehearsal?"

"All right Sir," he promptly replied. "But I'm sorry Earle's sick. No wonder. Two glasses of wine. He thought it wouldn't hurt him. He ought to know better."

The choir master did not have time to ask Joel to explain. Later he understood why Earle was so often absent. Joel could always be depended upon. Then the master decided to teach the choir boys of St. Anne's another thing besides music. This was: "Let wine alone if you want it to let you alone."

THE FLAG TOLD THE STORY

(Continued from Page 18)

where the men bought and drank beer and rum, and how their wives and innocent children had to suffer for it. Some of the children drank too, because they knew no better. He was sorry for these people and tried to help them live happier lives, to provide for them better houses and to prevent the saloons from getting so much of their money for drink.

Later in his life, Jacob Riis went back to Denmark to visit his mother. He fell ill and lay for many weeks sick in bed. Sometimes he wondered to what country he really belonged. He had become an American citizen, but was he now really an American or was he different from the people who were born there?

As he lay in his bed, he could see from his window flags of all countries flying from the ships passing on the sea. Then one day a ship passed with an American flag. Jacob Riis sat up in bed. He no longer felt sick. He felt like shouting "There is my country's flag! My country! America!" He knew now that he was really an American and was proud of America as his country. And America is proud of Jacob Riis for what he did for the slums of New York in their struggle against the power of the saloon.

The Price of Being a Leader

* * *

(Continued From Page Three)

sit on my right hand or on my left is not mine to give."

Yes, leadership costs.

"It seams the face and its scars the brain,

It strains the arm till one's friend is Pain,

In the fight for man and God."

There is nothing gained and much lost, if we try to link the responsibility side of church school leadership. If we are really to make a success, as Christians should measure success, with that little group of boys and girls we call "our class," we simply must pay the

price. It means the consecration of a definite share of our energy, of our time and of our best thinking. It means that we must actually give our personal selves to this task to a degree and in a manner which no other vocation or avocation demands, for at the heart of Christian character building is fellowship. It means that many other things will have to be given up. It truly means heroism—always a heroism of the commonplace—for somehow this sort of work is classed with those values which are intangible; but occasionally, if we rise to our highest levels, a heroism like that of many a pioneer and prophet. It means above all and at its best the deepest humility; we must redeem the term leadership to denote that humble devotion to service which Jesus gave as the diamond rule of life. It means that church school workers must have the will-to-learn and grow young along with their pupils. It means that they must, to the degree to which they value their calling as Christian teachers, undergo a definite program of training in order to be "work-men that need not be ashamed."

Not long since, I gathered together a series of brief case-studies of individual church school teachers and officers who were paying the price of leadership. I wish I might describe some of them here, but lack of space forbids. Suffice it to say that I find no better way of challenging prospective and present leaders than by relating the stories of these workers who are taking earnest. There are stories of struggle against physical handicaps. of their Christian teaching task in the determined breaking down of old viewpoints and prejudices in the struggle for an open mind, if years spent in taking the units of the training course, of hard-earned money spent in attending a summer school, of correspondence work with its necessary long distance supervision, of studying books which have been sent almost across the continent because there were no libraries from which to borrow them—such stories are sufficient to convince even the most dubious of the latest qualities of consecrated Christian leadership which need

only to be awakened in order to render effective service in the teaching work of the church.

ARE YOU ABLE?

The only question which remains is: "Are you able?" Are you willing to pay the price of being a leader in the service of the Master Teacher?

"Are ye able," still the Master
Whispers down eternity,
And heroic spirits answer,
Now as then in Galilee:
'Lord, we are able.'

Our spirits are thine.
Re-mold them, make us,
Like thee, divine.
Thy guiding reliance
Above us shall be
A beacon to God,
To love and loyalty."

—Earl Marlatt.

Notice

We have had some of our Lighted Pathway papers bound into books and I am sure you would appreciate them if you could see them. The price is \$1.50. They contain twenty-one back numbers of the paper. They have about 85 Bible lesson outlines besides all the other good things each paper contains. Any young man or woman who is entering the ministry will find much in these books to help them in preparation of their messages. The book has over 350 pages of real cream. Much time has been spent in research work to find the most inspiring things for the inspiration of young people. We have had only 40 of these books made and 21 of these are already gone. If you would like one be sure to write immediately before they are gone.—Very sincerely, Alda B. Harrison, 504 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tenn.

"I must have a high-powered car," said a girl the other day. She despised a car without power, but her own character and life had no power whatever.

To have fellowship with a noble soul is an energizing and an inspirational power which no words can describe. Charles Kingsley, when asked for the secret of his beautiful life, replied, "I had a friend."

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

VOL. 3.

FEBRUARY, 1932

NO. 7.

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

BUILDERS

We are builders of roads as we journey through life;
We are building them every day,
And build them we must, for in God's great plan
There was left no other way.

They may lead through the miry swamp-lands of sin,
Or through deserts where struggling men fail,
Or through sumptuous beauties that nourish the soul
'Gainst the moments when evils assail.

Some lead fearless and straight to the end of life's trail,
Others aimlessly wind and deceive.
Some are needlessly rough with the harshness of life,
Some with smoothness our spirits relieve.

We may build as we will through iniquity's depths
Or scale heights of life's fullness sublime;
But remember that others may follow our roads,
Perhaps to the end of all time.

So build your road well as you journey along,
And the pathway your footsteps have trod
A boon to the lame and the weary will prove
And will lead wand'ring men home to God.—Selected.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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Young People Everywhere
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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
504 W. Main St.
Jonesboro, Tennessee

FEBRUARY, 1932

EDITORIALS

The Word of God is on trial today. The devil hates it more than anything else in all the world. Why? Because it is our waybill from earth to Heaven and he wants men to lose their way. When we start on a journey across the country in our automobile the first thing we do is to get a map to consult so that we will not miss the way. We were one time traveling with a person who didn't know exactly how to go. He did not get a map as he should but dozens of times he remarked, "I think this is the way." Several times I asked him to stop at some farm house and ask the way, but he only said, "Oh I feel pretty sure this is the way," and on he went. But the time came when he found he was on the wrong road and he had to spend hours in traveling to get back on the right road again. I wonder if you had ever thought that this is why so many Christians are continually having to work with themselves instead of being able to win other souls to Christ. It is the constant prayer, "Oh God forgive me and help me back on the right track." When if they would look into this waybill and let it direct them instead of just thinking they are right the time they spend on themselves could be spent on soul winning.

This is why the devil is trying to destroy men's faith in the Word of God today and he is making great headway. Men and women who were once great advocates of the Word of God are now lining up with those who are denying it. Many are becoming so broad that

they say, Well everybody has a right to his own ideas and just so they are good it doesn't make any difference what they believe. I am nauseated at this kind of teaching until I wish I could get as far as the east is from the west from it. I believe this is the kind of teaching that was before the beloved John on the Isle of Patmos when he spoke of the Leodicean Church, neither cold or hot, and because of that He said He would spue them out of His mouth. I am sure that God is getting ready to spue many so-called Christians out of His mouth, and many denominational churches.

This is just a fulfillment of 2 Tim. 3, "In the last days perilous times shall come." Please read this whole chapter. This tells us in the 5th verse that people will have a form of godliness and will deny the power thereof. Truly this is coming to pass and two great armies are lining up. Those who have a form of godliness and deny the Word of God and His power and on the other side are those who will in the face of persecution stand out boldly for the inspired Word and the power of God as the Bible teaches it. Yes the same God who sent the Holy Ghost into the lives of His disciples on the day of Pentecost and sent them forth empowered for service is just the same today and the need of this power is just as important today as it was then and He says, "It is for you and for your children and to all who are afar off even as many as the Lord shall call." He also says, "If any be sick among you, let Him call for the elders of the church: and let them pray over him anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise them up and if he has committed any sins they shall be forgiven him. I wonder when this was changed, and who changed it. Jude says for us to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. What saints does this mean? Please read Heb. 11. This is the kind of faith God expects us to contend for these days instead of going back (because we do not

measure up) and say these things are out of date. It takes too much of the world from us to be able to measure up to these things, and there is a crowd who would rather hold on to the world than to try to measure up to God's Word and so they say, The educated world is growing out of these things. We are broad and people can just believe as they please and be saved. My Bible says they will believe a lie and be damned.

There is no such a thing as living a godly life without persecution. Paul said to Timothy, "Yea all that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." So if we are going along having things easy let us examine ourselves and ask God what is the matter. There is no other way but the way of the cross.

I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
There is no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light
If the way of the cross I miss.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

Hannah Whitehall Smith, the great Evangelist, says, "A keen observer once said to me, 'You Christians seem to have a religion that makes you miserable. You are like a man with a headache. You do not want to get rid of your head but it hurts you to keep it.'" This is true and I wonder if you have ever thought just what is wrong. There are a lot of the so-called Christians who have their names on the church book and still belong to the world, they have not been born again. There are some who have in a way surrendered to Christ but are still clinging to the world. In other words they are on the fence. These are the ones who are the most miserable. The only way to be a happy servant of God on the one hand, or Satan on the other, is to serve them with the whole heart. The two do not mix. So if you are seeking happiness

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CHILDREN'S WORK

By the Editor

Once in a city court, a very small man was pushing his way through the crowd. Some one sternly inquired, "What are you pushing for?" "Why," was the instant answer, "did you not hear? I am called." Instantly all made way. Just so when the Redeemer wants you. Stand away devils, stand away doubts, stand away fears, stand away angels, everybody. Christ calls for me, stand away! I am called!"—D. F. Jacobs.

Oh how many would be called today if God could get the clamoring voices of the world shut out of our hearts so we could hear His voice. Dear ones, there are some of you whom the Lord wants to call to train the precious children the way of life. Many of the parents of our land take very little time to train their little ones. They are too busy, some of them doing church work even, to give much time to the children. I once heard of a man who was passing a church and saw a little lad standing outside the door, ragged and dirty, with a sad forlorn look on his face. His heart was touched and he inquired of the little fellow what was wrong. He replied, "I am hungry and there is no one at home to get me anything to eat." "Where is your mother?" he asked. "Mother is in there sewing for the heathen." Yes, we often forget the great mission God has for us to fill in this world when He has permitted us to be mothers and fathers. The sweetest time of my life was when I gathered my little ones around me and taught them the Bible. Bless their hearts. They may wander far away from God but they will not forget those times, nor will they forget the Word taught to them. May I say to the mothers who are just now rearing their little ones: Don't let anything stand in your way of training them for God from their infancy. The sooner the better.

Listen Christian friends, there is a great work for us to do for the little ones who do not have Chris-

tian friends to train them. Look around you and see the whitened fields of service along this line of work. What are you doing for the children in your church or community, to interest them in the Word of God? Start a children's meeting in your church. Do not confine it just to your own church but invite all the children in your community. You may have to have a little bait once in awhile in order to get them and hold them. Tell them you are going to have a treat at the church for them. After you have had your service give them a little candy or cake.

When we were in Knoxville we had charge of the children and once each month some of the mothers baked a cake or two and we gave the children a birthday surprise for all who had a birthday that month. They were honor guests. I wish you could have seen their eyes shine. Each month they looked forward to the birthday meeting. This was a little trouble but how much better it is to give a little time than to see the little fellows running the streets. Some of these times we are looking for Jesus to come and those who are ready will go up to meet the Lord, and some must go through the great tribulation. Many will not be able to be in the rapture of the saints but oh, what it will mean for those of our loved ones to know God's Word if they fail to go up! It will help them to stand in the face of the persecution that must try the people through that awful time. What is your church doing for your girls and boys? What are you doing individually? Listen! do you hear the call?

What are you providing for your girls and boys to read that will elevate and fill their minds with good wholesome thoughts. The Lighted Pathway is a paper that will help your children to a higher life. It is our aim to start thousands of young people on the upward climb through this work, and to help others to keep on climbing. By the letters you can find elsewhere in this paper you can readily see that it is fulfilling its purpose. Will you not help us increase the circulation of the paper? There are many good

books that will help the children. If you will watch the Reading Club page you may see recommended many of these books. Send to the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. and get a catalog of their books and be sure that anything they have will be an inspiration to you.

I am using a clipping for this page that ought to stir you to do something for the children around you. Could we not be big brother or big sister to the neglected boys and girls in our community and gain their confidence so that they can bring their troubles to us to help them solve them? Are you looking around for the nicest, cleanest boy you can find to be a big brother to? Why not search for the dirty, ragged, deserted boy with no home training and make it your special work to win him for God? Jesus said, Go out in the highways and hedges and bring them in. Thousands of our criminals could have been saved if they had been met at the crossroads by a good friend in childhood. Let us see how many Jr. Y. P. E's we can organize in the next ten months or till the next Assembly. Send me your name when you organize and let me record your work. We will report occasionally how many we have. Here is the clipping for you to study. We hope it will inspire you to greater service.

POISONING THE YOUTHFUL MIND

So susceptible is a child to the influence surrounding it, even from the earliest months, that character becomes largely a product of environment. Frequently the smallest and apparently the most insignificant happenings may mean a starting point in life toward either good or evil.

In this connection, I often think of the most dangerous young criminal ever brought to me according to the statements of the police. He was a quiet, shy boy of twelve, who had been arrested living alone in a cave in a hillside. He had broken into a dozen or more stores and houses, and the cave was filled with the plunder he had taken. The un-

(Continued on page 16)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"When God makes a lovely thing
The dearest and completest,
He always makes it little,
For little things are sweetest.

The little flowers and little birds,
The diamonds and the pearls,
But the dearest things on earth
Are little boys and girls."—Sel.

BIBLE LESSONS

By Flora E. Trim
OLD TESTAMENT

1st Week

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED

Lesson: Psal. 1:1-6

Dear children, see the contrast of the righteous and wicked in this chapter? You should not listen to bad boys and girls, nor do as they do, for I am sure you want to keep pure and good and please the Lord.

Have you ever noticed how beautiful the trees grow along the river? Water is the life of every plant and tree. What shall we be like? Jesus is the water of life to our souls. Do you not enjoy being on the river bank on a hot day in the shade of trees and drink of the cool spring water? How delightful! So the Lord will make those happy who love His law (the Bible) and study and obey it. He will delight in them and they will be a blessing to others.

What shall become of the ungodly?

Memory work: Psal. 1:1-6; Psal. 119:11.

2nd Week

A LITTLE CAKE

Lesson: 1 Kings 17:8-16

What prophet was told of the Lord to go to Zarepath? Whom did he find there? What was she doing? What did he tell her to make him first? What was God's promise to her? V. 14. If Elijah had refused to be fed by a widow woman what would have been the result? What if she had supplied her wants

first and not obeyed the prophet?

God wants the first of our money. (Prov. 3:9); the first of each day for studying His Word and thinking about Him (Psal. 5:3); and the first of our lives given to Him (Eccl. 12:1). What will be the result? Rom. 11:16.

Memory work: Prov. 3:9; Psal. 5:3; Mal. 3:10; 1 Chr. 29:9; 2 Chr. 31:6; Deut. 16:17; Rom. 11:16.

NEW TESTAMENT

3rd Week

THE CANDLE SERMON

Lesson: Matt. 5:13-17

Text: Ye are the light of the world—Matt. 5:14.

Jesus is talking about us being spiritual lights to the world. That is what Christians are for, to give light to the world. We are of no use unless we give light.

Suppose we have some little white candles, colored candles and large candles. They do not give any light unless they are lighted. Light the beautiful colored candles and they do not give any more light than the plain white ones. Neither do fine clothes, elegant houses or money take the place of light giving. The little candles give light when lighted, so none can say, 'I am too little or too young to shine for Jesus.' The little lighted tapers are of more use than the big unlighted candles. You might take a little taper and light the big one. So by God's grace little children can sometimes lead their parents to God. If we try to hide our light it will go out.

Jesus also said, "I am the light of the world." We must first go to Jesus to get light, then we can give it to others.

Sing—

Jesus bids us shine,
With a clear pure light.
First of all for Him,
Then for all around.

Memory work: Matt. 5:13-17; Acts 13:47; Eph. 5:8; Phil. 2:15;

1 Thess. 5:5; 2 Cor. 3:18.

4th Week

THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE

Lesson: John 11:1-45

How did these sisters first become acquainted with Jesus? Luke 10:38-42. Did Jesus love them? They had been good to Him and now He comes to help them in trouble, and to do for them that which they want most of all.

Jesus, the Master, calls for us. Mary arose quickly to go to Him. Will you do the same?

"If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad;

He will give me pleasure, when my heart is sad.

If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be;

He is gently calling little ones like me."

Memory work: John 11:20-29.

12 Reasons Why Children Should Be Converted while Young

1. Because children are sinners and may be lost.

2. Because children receive the truth in more simple faith than adults.

3. Jesus may come at any time and they will have no time to repent.

4. Because never having had the love of the world, they do not feel the scorn and contempt of breaking away from it.

5. Because those converted early in life make the best and most useful Christians.

6. Because it is Divine order and carries with it God's greater premium, Matt. 6:33. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God *** and all these things shall be added unto you."

7. Another very special promise (Continued on page 17)

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PAGE

I read a little story the other day of a couple that had lived a beautiful Christian life together for a great many years. In the golden glow of the summer evening these two beautiful old people nearing the sunset of life's day would place a record on the Edison and sit and listen to John McCormack sing:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er
I'm nearer home today
Than I have been before.

"Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great White Throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down.
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer gaining the crown."

Smiling through the mist in their eyes, they would say one to the other: "Yes, it will be only a little while, just a little while."

Oh, I think that was beautiful! Such an ending of life as that is grand and glorious!

The sands of life were swiftly passing and they knew it; and their hearts found comfort in the Cross of Jesus; the Cross linked their souls with God and Heaven. The Cross whispered to their souls the words of Jesus: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."—Sel.

Putting the "We" Into Song and Prayer

By Jones McPherrin

Walter and Mary Price sat by the fire waiting for the clock to strike ten. They were alone, but not lonely, for they had many happy memories to cheer them as they "tobogganed down hill together." It was

Walter's way of describing it. The elderly couple had seen their children grow up and go away to homes of their own. They were left to "grow old along with" one another. They chatted over old times, and agreed that it would not be right to say the former days were better than these, for they really believed these were better and "the best was yet to be."

Mary had her "Teacher's Manual" lying on her lap, for she taught a class in the little Sunday School at the crossroads where the minister from town came and preached Sunday afternoon in the school-house, and where Walter made the fire with wood that he and the neighbors brought with them when they came to meeting.

Walter finished cracking the nuts for Saturday's "nutbread," and laid the hammer on the hearth just as the old grandfather's clock began to strike the hour of ten.

"Well, mother, it's bedtime. What hymn shall we sing to close the day with? Seems to me my heart's been singing most all day, just quietly to myself, to be sure, but there's been melody there, too, as the Bible says."

"Let us sing Charles Wesley's hymn," said Mary. "I often wish, dear, that Jesus had been asked by his disciples to teach 'em how to sing as well as how to pray. I do believe he'd 'a' done it, too."

"They already had the Psalms," suggested Walter.

"Yes, and maybe that's why the disciples thought they knew enough about singing. But I think the Master would have told them something new if they had been keen to learn. In the things of the spirit we have to hunger and thirst before our souls are filled."

"Nothing's truer than that, mother, and why not ask him every day to teach us new things, just as his mercies come new every morning and fresh every evening?"

"Last Sunday it come over me all

of a sudden, while the folks were singing this very hymn of Wesley's that they won't singing it right. Now, I think if Jesus had made that hymn, or one like it, he'd have made it the same way he did the prayer he taught his disciples."

"What way do you mean, mother?"

"Why, I mean like this. He taught them to say 'Our Father,' and not 'My Father' as if each one was to pray it all by himself. They were to say the prayer in common, like they were social beings. All the way through it is like that. We don't go off and pray each for his own private needs, but we come close to one another and share with our fellow-Christians the petitions for daily bread and forgiveness, and we ask that our Heavenly Father will not lead us into temptation, but will deliver us from evil; for we are all alike tempted and need deliverance. It seems to me that hymns the whole congregation is to sing ought to be like the Lord's Prayer: we should sing 'em with a 'we' instead of an 'I,' and 'us' instead of 'me.' It'd bring us closer together, and we'd know then 'how blest is the tie that binds' when we use the very words that make us feel while we sing that we really 'share our mutual woes' and that 'our fears, our hopes, our aims' are truly 'one.'"

"That must be the reason why I love to hear that good old hymn," said Walter, "because it gathers us all up in one bundle of life, as the Bible says, and we are like David and Jonathan, our souls are knit together as one."

"Well, I've got to the point where I can't sing one of those 'I' hymns with any comfort when I'm singing along with other folks. I can sing it all right when I'm alone, for it is natural then to say 'I' to my dear Lord in praise, as it is natural to say 'My Father' when I pray in

(Continued on page 17)

: HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED :

The Refiner's Fire

He sat by a furnace of seven-fold heat,
As he watched by the precious ore,
And closer He bent with a searching
gaze
As He heated it more and more.

He knew He had ore that could stand
the test
And He wanted the finest gold,
To mold as a crown for the King to
wear,
Set with gems of price untold.

So He laid our gold in the burning
fire,
Tho' we fain would say Him; "Nay;
And watched the dross that we had
not seen,
As it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter and yet
more bright,
But our eyes were dim with tears
We saw but the fire—not the Master's
hand,
And questioned with anxious fears.

Yet our gold shone out with a richer
glow
As 't mirrored a form above,
That bent over the fire, tho' unseen
by us,
With a look of ineffable love.

Can we think it pleases His loving
heart
To cause us a moment's pain?
Ah, no! but He sees thru the present
cross
The bliss of eternal gain.
So He waited there with a watchful
eye,
With a love that is strong and sure;
And His gold did not suffer a bit more
heat
Than was needed to make it pure.—
Sent in by Thelda Haworth, Walters,
Okla.

The Song of The Muddy Brook

One day as I was walking along
a country road, I came to a little
bridge, and was charmed to hear
the pleasant lapping of water
among stones in the stream below.
As I listened to its limpid music
my mind formed a picture of the
clear water, the bright pebbles, and
perhaps the grassy bank beneath,
and I resolved to turn aside to see
it.

But on looking under the bridge,
I beheld none of the beauty that I
had visualized. The bank was un-
attractive mud, the water was not
clear, no pebbled bottom was in evi-
dence. Half a dozen slabs of stone

rejected by the builders of the
bridge formed a haphazard barrier
across the current. Everything
seemed out of keeping with the
charming melody I had heard from
above, yet the stream babbled on
quite as merrily as though its sur-
roundings made no difference.

As I climbed the embankment to
the road and went on my way, I
fell to thinking how most of us are
a little unwilling to do and be our
best amid sordid and unharmonious
surroundings. In our minds we sepa-
rate the ideal from the real. We
think that if circumstances were
different we would live on a higher
plane. Our impulse to be noble and
genuine and true are banished to
the after-while which never comes.

Resolve to do and be your best
every day, whatever your surround-
ings may be, that the music and
beauty of genuine Christian living
may gladden the heart of some
weary traveler.—Selected.

Every-Day Religion

As I was coming out of the li-
brary recently two little five-year-
olds, the tiny sons of friends, stop-
ped me and asked me to "jump
them." With little out-

God's Hold stretched hands they
on Man tried to clasp mine,
but instead I instinc-
tively put their little wrists togeth-
er, each boy's wrists in a different
hand of mine and then told them
to jump. They were on the third
step, but instead of jumping timid-
ly they surprised me by terrific
plunges which nearly took me off
my balance. When they let their
little feet go out from under them,
if I had not held them firmly, their
little heads would have hit stun-
ningly on the first hard step. All
unconscious of what they had es-
caped, they ran happily away with
their polite little "Thank You."

But the incident did not pass so
easily from my mind. What if I had
let them grasp my hand, instead of
my firmly gripping theirs. When

their feet touched the sidewalk and
they slid, they would presumably
have released their hold and two
little severely cracked heads would
have resulted. But instead I held
them fast.

What a lesson in it for us all!
When we take hold on God how of-
ten we let go too soon and suffer.
But when he takes hold of us he
never lets go. The gospel hymn is
right, "He will hold me fast."

All of us are like children jump-
ing into the unknown, little know-
ing where our feet may fall. We
take hold by faith and works out
how feeble and thoughtless we are!
Just when we should hold firmly
we let go, but when God grips us
his clasp and hold are firm.

In a day of such change and un-
certainty surely we need the Divine
hands to hold ours. Happy and
thoughtless we too run on our for-
getful way, without word of grati-
tude to him who helps us, but little
realizing what dangers and suffer-
ings his strong arms have safe-
guarded.

We often pray for strength to
hold firmly to truth and righteous-
ness. May we not pray oftener that
"The Everlasting Arms may be
round about us" and that his pro-
tecting hand may save. Should we
not thank our strong heavenly Fa-
ther for the ever constant protec-
tion which he affords us, and the
ever present Providence which up-
holds and steadies us when we slip,
and when we impulsively plunge
forward?

The old hymn comes back afresh:
"And as feeble babes who suffer,
Toss and cry and cannot rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and restless
By our sins weighed down, distressed
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best."

—The Advance.

It's a long sermon that has no
yearning—for better things, for pur-
ity, for God.

THE INNER CIRCLE

PRAYER

Take Thou our minds, O Christ;
Make them thine own.
Center our thoughts on Thee,
And Thee alone.

Empty us of ourselves;
Fill us today
With Thine own perfect mind,
Do Thou hold sway.

Thou didst surrender all
Of earth and heaven,
That we might be set free—
Our sins forgiven:

Do Thou possess what Thou,
O Lord, hast bought;
Possess us wholly—life,
And word, and thought.—Sel.

WHO WILL CARRY A MESSAGE

A big battle was being fought between the English and Dutch navies. Sir John Narborough was the English admiral, and the masts of his ship had been shot away almost as soon as the fighting began. In spite of the greatest care and the most splendid bravery, Sir John saw that the English sailors must be beaten unless he could get help.

There were a few ships some distance off to the right, but they were to act as a reserve and would not enter into the battle without a message from him. Sir John stood a moment and wondered how that message could be sent. It was not possible to signal; there was only one way—the message must be carried.

Sir John wrote his order telling the captain of the reserve to come and help him at once; then he called aloud for any one who was willing to be the messenger.

Think of the scene a moment and then you will understand a little what a brave heart was needed to carry that note.

Below was the sea; above,

around, in it there rained a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim would be trying enough, but to swim with the chance of being shot every second was terrible. Yet many sailors came forward at their admiral's call ready to risk their lives for their country's good.

They were all grown-up men and they must have stared in wonder as one of the cabin boys, Cloudesley Shovel by name, stood up among them.

"Why, what can you do, my fearless lad?" said the admiral kindly.

"I can swim, sir; and if I am shot I shall be missed less than any one else."

After a moment's hesitation the paper was handed to the boy, who put it between his teeth and sprang overboard. How the men cheered and watched him as long as he could be seen. He reached the reserve ships in safety and as they went into action at once a victory was gained by the English.

When the sun was setting Cloudesley Shovel stood once more on the deck of the admiral's ship and received his heartiest thanks.

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own," he said; and the words came true, for the brave cabin boy became Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the greatest British admirals.

The Captain of our salvation is engaged in a great warfare with Satan and his boats of darkness, and He wants everybody to come to His help. He wants messengers to go to those who are fighting against Him, or who are doing nothing to help on His cause and tell them that if they will come to Him they will receive pardon of all their sins, and that God will give them victory over sin and a glorious reward in the end. What say you, young folks, will any of you be brave enough to volunteer in this noble service?—The Youth's Instructor.

NAILED TO THE MASTHEAD

By J. W. Atteberry

A long time ago, when ships were getting ready for battle, you might have seen the sailors climbing to the top of the masts and, with hammer and nails, they would make the flag secure. They were evidencing with every blow of the hammer that the ship would not haul down her colors. She might go down in action, but she would never surrender. We may be sure that battles like these were fought to a finish. There was no lowering of colors no matter how hot the conflict.

In this ancient custom of warfare there is a valuable lesson for every boy starting out in life. He will find times when his companions will try to persuade him to do wrong, and his only safety will rest in the fact that, by a strong purpose, he has nailed certain rules of life to the masthead and has resolved to keep them there.

There will come temptations to stay away from Sunday School and church services, but a boy is safe if he has previously made up his mind to be present at all these services. His resolutions should be as firmly fixed as was the flag when the sailor had nailed it to the mast. We always admire a boy who evidences by his every word and action that he intends to remain loyal to his class and, best of all, loyal to Christ.

During the week, the world will endeavor to lead a boy to lower his standards of conduct here and there. What difference will it make if he surrenders some things that he has been holding to in the past? At the same time he feels that he will not think as much of himself if he does, and he is sure that any compromise will not be pleasing to the Christ he has promised to fol-

THE UNBELIEVER'S PAGE

NO TIME FOR CHRIST

By W. Royal Wilson

Every passing moment takes account
and onward flies,
And on these tiny records all our future
life relies.
Are you busy helping others to live
holy, true, and strong,
Or, regardless, take your pleasure as
you idly drift along?

At the close of life's brief span
At heaven's gate appeared
A haggard, wizened, crippled man
With long and tangled beard.
No more that jaunty, easy stride,
That cold, disdainful sneer,
That haughty, heedless air of pride
That knew no dread nor fear.

And at the dreary journey's end
The gracious Savior said,
"Whence comest thou, my weary
friend?
Lift up that drooping head,
Behold this great, triumphant throng,
All surging heavenward bound,
Their hearts aflame with praise and
song!

List to the joyous sound!
Right mighty works they nobly
wrought
In their Redeemer's name;
Fierce, raging conflicts have they
fought,

They feared not sword nor flame.
They witnessed faithful to the end,
Their task on earth is done.
What hast thou done, my lonely
friend?
What laurels hast thou won?"

The tottering pilgrim prostrate fell
And groveled at His feet
And tried his pounding heart to quell,
For mercy to entreat.

"All righteous Master, all my life
I spent to please myself;
I shared not in the holy strife—
I gathered fame and wealth.
I took no time to live for Thee,
I helped no needy cause,
I hated pain and poverty—
I loved the world's applause.
But now, in hunger, cold, and pain,
And tired, sick, and weak,
I have no guide, no friend, in vain
Some helping hand I seek.
Oh, could I quench this burning thirst,
This gnawing hunger ease!
And in loud, wailing cries he burst
And cringed upon his knees.
"Oh, give me time, Lord, give me time,
Let me retrieve the past
Of selfishness and sin and crime
"Till I find peace at last!"

The Lord in sorrow made reply:
"You heard the widow's plea,
The sick man's call, the orphan's cry;
You had no time to heed.
You thrust aside the beggar's cup,
Denied the debtor's prayer,
Vast earthly treasures gathered up
To rust and perish there.
The great commission you defied—
The souls of men to save,
For whom I bore the cross and died,
For whom my life I gave.
You cared not for the fearful cost,
You had no time for me.
And now your hope, and theirs, is

lost—
I have no time for thee."

'Tis but a dream, a pensive thought
That thrilled me thru and thru,
Keen, piquant sense of guilt it
brought—
What does it bring to you?

There is a strange yearning running beneath the restlessness of our time. We live in a driving age. A recent visitor to America summed up his impression of our civilization in these words: "You are not driving the machine of civilization; you are being driven." The pressure of modern life is so very great that many men carry on their work with a sense of insecurity and uncertainty. We live in a moving time. Seldom are we still. From morning to night we are on the go. Almost never are we alone. The ceaseless round of engagements and the constant appeal for diversion leaves us little time to ourselves. We have forgotten how to be quiet. We live in a noisy era. Noise and sound are on every hand. We find few places of absolute quiet, and when we arrive there it takes us some time to become accustomed to the change. So it goes—driving, moving, noisy world.

But there is a strange yearning running beneath all this restlessness. "Man may forget the strongest impulse in his nature because some other thing has become more clamant. You know, even a baby that is hungry for its mother's breast may sometimes for a little time be kept from crying by the nurse who shakes a rattle at it. But not for long. Sometimes as I look out upon my generation, it looks very like a baby, and I think someone is shaking a rattle in front of it. I think it will want its mother before long." So said Dr. Orchard, of London. And what he finds in London we find in America and New York City.

Sometimes I think that all of this driving, moving, noisy activity is an effort to get away from an insistent inner voice, an endeavor to get away from self, to evade the responsibilities of conscience. But it

cannot go on forever. A day of reckoning comes. A time of facing the facts of life moves in. Then a demand is made for an answer to such questions as these: "Why am I here? What am I doing with my life? Where am I going? What will be the end of this kind of life?" Then sober thinking takes the place of flippant indifference. The man realizes that he must have a satisfying answer to these questions if he is to know any peace. Instinctively he knows that the answer is found in God.

Only God can satisfy these deep longings of the human heart. And that is why Jesus came into the world—to show men the way to God. He knew what was in the heart of man. He knew that some of man's greatest desires are hidden within. He knew that the deepest longing of man's soul is a hunger and a thirst after God. So he says: "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink." And what did he mean by that save his ability to lead us to the Source of all living water—even God himself. And he is not far from any one of us. He stands at every door and knocks. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." Let a man do this and he will find God and be satisfied.—The Advance.

JACK AND HIS SHIPMATES

A young sailor being strongly solicited by his shipmates to join them in drinking "a cheerful glass," gave the following account of his early life:

"My story is a very short one, and I can tell it in a few words. From the time of my earliest childhood, I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but

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OUR READING CLUB

WHO WAS TO BLAME

The boy was standing before the judge of a juvenile court charged with a crime that had shocked the entire community and brought grief and misery to his parents.

"Where did you get the idea of committing such a deed?" asked the judge. "I read it," replied the lad simply. The judge hesitated a moment, then turned and addressed the boy's father: "Did you ever take the pains to examine the literature your boy was reading?" "Why—er, no—that is, it never occurred to me," responded the man, cut to the quick by such a question, Who was to blame?

"Do you—teacher, mother, father—realize the tremendous influence on character building which is represented by the literature which is falling into the hands of your boys and girls? Are you seriously and sympathetically trying to guide your boys and girls toward literature which you are certain will create clean and healthy attitudes? Don't ever put yourself in the position of the father who had to acknowledge that such matters had never occurred to him.—Selected.

OUR READING CLUB

By Charlotte Higgins

We wish to recommend the book of "David Livingstone." This book can be obtained at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. for 75c.

Here are a few extracts we hope will encourage the Reading Club to read more:

David Livingstone was born on the 19th of March, 1815, at Blantyre. The hum of the busy cotton factory was the most familiar sound of his early years. He sprang from an humble race, and personally knew in his youth what it was to go "forth to his work and to his labor until the evening," in order to earn his daily bread. His father, a small tea-dealer, his mother a hard working house wife, and neither with any time to educate their merry lad, it is not surprising that David should have reached the age of ten without giving any special sign of future greatness, or affording any reason to his parents for not gaining his living by his hands. And so the boy was put to work in this cotton factory as a "piecer," and began to contribute his share to the support of the family.

A change in one's life not infrequently brings new possibilities and other hopes before us. This daily life of manual labor would seem to have enlarged the horizon of David's outlook, for he has himself recorded that with a portion of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin grammar. This he placed upon the loom, and, as he

passed to and fro at his work he would catch, now a word, and now a sentence from its open page. With learning came the appetite for learning, and every evening, after the factory work was done, the lad would pore over his books till midnight, and even later.

Livingstone was about nineteen years of age when he determined to prepare for the life of a medical missionary. He attended the University of Glasgow two years, that he might get the benefit of the Greek, divinity, and medical lectures. His first session was in the winter of 1836-37.

During his second session at Glasgow (1837-38) Livingstone forwarded his application to the London Missionary Society, and, as it contains a clear definition of his views of a missionary's duty, it will be well to quote a portion of it here. "The missionary object," he wrote, "is to endeavor, by every means in his power, to make known the Gospel by preaching, exhortation, conversation, instruction of the young, improving, so far as is in his power, the temporal condition of those among whom he labors, by introducing the arts and sciences of civilization, and doing everything to commend Christianity to their hearts and consciences."

On the 20th of November, 1840, in Albion Street Chapel, Livingstone received his formal commission to preach the Word. Less than a month afterwards, he was sailing southward on the Atlantic, bound for the Cape of Good Hope. He had received general orders from the Society to proceed first to Kuruman, the headquarters of the Mof-

fats, and then to advance northward into the interior.

In one of his visits to Kuruman he capped a fond attachment to Mary, the oldest child of the Mof-fats, by proposing marriage and being accepted. Mary Moffat soon afterwards became Mary Livingstone, and the two settled down to a busy life among the natives.

Throughout the most laborious journeys, in the days of pain and disease, as well as those of vigor and health, he made a regular practice of reading the Bible to his native followers, and explaining to them the blessings of that Universal Fatherhood which regards all men as brothers. To the revelation of such a life as that of the Great Physician they would listen with the amazement of children, and be lost in wonder at Him who laid down His life for enemies and friends alike. For it is not the ruling idea of Christianity which is a stumblingblock to the native; it is his inability. After ages of moral darkness, to entirely eschew the evil and cleave to the good, Livingstone, in his compassion, made allowance for this; and those who have taken up his work do well to remember it. Is the "civilized" Christian so consistent that he can afford to cast a stone at the stark heathen?

On the 21st of April, 1862, Mrs. Livingstone fell ill—on the 27th she died. The blow was crushing, and for awhile Livingstone was quite bewildered. Gradually his old courage returned, and Duty, as he saw it, beckoned him into the interior, led him on to further labor.

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LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Extract from a letter from Vivian Haworth, Belfast, Me.

The people here surely do like The Lighted Pathway. And the volume of Pathways you have just sent me is rich. My, what a treasure! I prize it very highly. I find wonderful helps in it for the Junior Endeavor that I've just started. It is very encouraging to read the pieces over and over again. I wish every young person could have one in their home.

My dear Sister: I think of you and pray lots for you. It seems like you are so close to me. I enjoy reading your little paper more than ever. I surely do appreciate your kind encouraging letter.

I have been working hard for the paper and have several who promised to pay me for subscriptions after Christmas, so I'll send you a few subscribers. I'm sending \$1.50 for my book. Oh! it's wonderful. Grandma enjoys it so much.

I'll write a letter to The Lighted Pathway some of these days soon. I'm not very good in doing such but if I could only get others to see how wonderful your 1931 book of Lighted Pathways is and also show what the paper means to us! It certainly is wonderful.

Now, dear, I'll close, wishing you the best Christmas you've ever had and a most prosperous new year.—With love, Alice Myers, Olney, Ill.

NOTE: Alice didn't know she was writing a letter to The Lighted Pathway this time. I know you'll forgive me, Alice.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Bless your dear heart. I pray the Lord will lighten your burdens and lift this financial load. I am sure the paper is being made a great blessing. So much has been done for the young people since you started this paper. I feel the Church needs to be more awakened to the work among the children for so much can be done in this way. It has been on me for some time to start a children's meeting.

I received the bound Lighted Pathways and am delighted with the book. I was surely surprised and happy to get it. I love you.

The Lord abundantly bless you.—As ever, lovingly yours in Jesus, Flora Trim.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I will try to drop you a few lines to tell you how well I like The Lighted Pathway book. It surely is grand. I think I will get another one soon as I gave that one to a friend for Christmas. She said that she liked it better than all the other presents she got put together.—Guthrie Hale, Peach Creek, W. Va.

NOTE: The above letters express what the bound Lighted Pathway books mean to those who have received one of them. These books contain 21 papers. They contain about 85 Bible lesson outlines with all the other good reading that will inspire you. This book has over 350 pages of good reading without one word of foolishness in it. Not a single advertisement has ever found its way into The Lighted Pathway. Hours and hours of study and research work have been given in selecting and preparing the most inspiring things to bless the lives of the young people who like to read. Don't you think you would like to put one of these in the home for your boy or girl. Price \$1.50.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I just want to tell you how I enjoyed the Young People's program at this last Assembly. It was fine. I enjoyed it so much. I feel that you are doing a great work for God working with our young people. I do love the little paper, The Lighted Pathway, and in my evangelistic work I will do my best to get this little paper among the young people, and at every church we hold a revival, if they haven't a Y. P. E., we will organize one. I'm interested in the young people myself and like to see them working for the Lord.

May the dear Lord bless you is my prayer.—Pauline Jackson, Walhalla, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

As our subscription for The Lighted Pathway has expired I am inclosing one dollar which will renew it. It surely does help in our programs and we just couldn't do without it.—Your brother in the Lord, Albert Thompson, Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

How my heart swells with gratitude and praise to God this morning for the many, many things we have to thank Him for, and one of the things I thank Him for especially this morning is "The Lighted Pathway" which brings us comfort and encouragement each month.

Our Y. P. E. at Plant City is growing and the Lord is blessing. We are putting on a missionary program for Friday night. The name of one of our plays is "The Missionary Barrel."

As I stand here and look at your picture on one of the old papers I think of the burden you have for the young people and such good thoughts and words of encouragement in each paper. Oh! it gives me new zeal and makes me want to do more for the paper and for the Lord.

May the dear Lord bless you and help you and supply your every need to keep The Lighted Pathway going. Pray for me.—Lovingly yours for a more faithful worker, Eunice White, Dover, Fla.

Dear friend, I am twenty-two years old and have to stay in bed most of the time. My friends have been very kind in sending a lot of reading material. Among some that arrived last night was a copy of The Lighted Pathway. I read every word in that copy and enjoyed it so much I am enclosing a money order of \$1.00 for a year's subscription.

I have had several young people's Christian magazines in the past but none of them have been near as interesting or as helpful as The

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Young People's Bible Lessons

TOPIC: GUIDANCE THROUGH CIRCUMSTANCES

Vivian Haworth, Belfast, Me.

Phil. 4:13, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Leader: At the beginning of this new year no doubt many of us have wondered what the future holds for us. Some may say, "The circumstances are such that I wonder if I will accomplish anything for Christ." Others may say, "There are so many difficulties of life to combat against." Many times we are too quick to make our plans when we should seek His guidance. God does not always show us the whole plan and we must often be content to follow one step at a time. Even though the way is not clear, if we but hold to our purpose, continue preparation and trust God we may be assured that He will make the way plain. In circumstances which are beyond our control we may sometimes find His will.

SEEKING GOD'S WILL

"Show me thy way" should be the prayer of every young person. The important thing is not "our way" but His. We realize the secret of success lies in the words "with Christ." He said, "Without me ye can do nothing." With Him we can do all things. We need to yield ourselves to Him and let Him use us. When we accept Christ we surrender our wills. This is what Charlotte Elliott meant when she wrote, "Just as I am without one plea." She surrendered all to Christ—a noble surrender.

We are like instruments—some keen and some dull. If we seek the will of God we shall live more usefully than if we do not. There is work for each to do and our duty is to find it. The useful life is a helpful life. Let the Master Musician guide your hand over the keys of life.

TEMPTATIONS

Just recently we made a personal visit to encourage a new convert who had been missing the services. She said, "The life of a Christian is a hard life," telling of her temptations in public life. True it would be if we were to try to stand alone. But when we lean on our Savior's arm and claim His promises the way is made easy. Jesus said, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Storms arise in the experience of every Christian, even when Christ was in the boat as in Luke 8:24. But Jesus calmed the storm when the disciple called on Him. So it is with the Christian—sometimes we have our severe trials; then is when we should call upon our Master in earnestness and hear Him say, "Peace be still." Oh what a calmness, joy and peace in our hearts after the storm has ceased. We then take new courage as conquerors in a battle and are now able to overcome the next trial. One writer said, "It is the out-and-out Christian who must drink the bitter cup." Just think what Jesus bore for us. Even though we have trials, the joy we receive here and through eternity will more than repay us. One young woman when testifying to her conversion said, "It is the first time in my life I have really been happy." Neh. 8:10 says, "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

BE THANKFUL

Are we grateful for everything? One writer says, "In everything give thanks." In the natural it is sometimes hard to be thankful for everything then we think of the words, "All things work together for good to them who love the Lord." If we are in His will and obeying Him we should realize that He will work out some good through us in all our difficulties.

Two boys gathered grapes from a vineyard. One was happy because he found them, the other was unhappy because they contained seed. One day when it rained a man said, "This will make mud." Another said, "This will lay the dust." How much more pleasure the latter received from the rain than the former. So it should be with the Christian when trials "beat hard" upon us. If we are only faithful through it all we will come out more beautiful. Think of the leaves of the forest. When bitten by the frost in early fall what a beautiful color scheme they afford, the beauty of which no artist can picture so real. How beautiful is the life of an overcoming Christian, after going through some hard trial when they march forward rejoicing in Jesus thanking Him for the victory, realizing the (frost) trial has beautified their lives.

COURAGE

These were the words spoken to Joshua, "Be of good courage." All thru the Scriptures we find that God uses those who have courage and not those who are looking for defeat. I never knew a case where God used a discouraged person to accomplish any great thing for Him. Let a minister go into the pulpit in a discouraged frame of mind and it becomes contagious. So it is with the Sunday School teacher and the leader of the Endeavor.

If your efforts in the Endeavor at any time seem to be useless don't get discouraged. Just think of the great Bible character Noah. Here was a man who toiled on for a hundred and twenty years and never had a single convert outside of his own family. Yet he did not get discouraged. Much good was accomplished by his faithful efforts even though few gave heed to his warning.

If we can't engage in active work as some, we can do a good deal by cheering others. Don't be found throwing discouragement on others. Let us move forward in the name of our God and expect results.

A highland chief fell wounded in a battle. Seeing their leader had fallen the army wavered and gave the foe an advantage. The old chieftain raised himself on his elbow while the blood streamed from his wounds and cried out, "I am not dead my children, I am looking at you to see you do your duty." This roused them to new energy and courage. So when our strength fails and our hearts sink within us the Captain of our salvation cries, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world. I will never leave nor forsake thee. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD

Jesus said of a woman who anointed Him, "She hath done what she could." She could not be an apostle or a preacher or even of the company who served tables but she willingly did what she could and it was recognized by the Master.

A little girl once presented herself for membership in a London church of which Mr. Spurgeon was pastor. "Little girl," he asked, "what makes you think you have had a change of heart?" "I know," she answered quickly, "cause I sweeps under the mats now!" Thus our first duty is to put away vain regrets and dim visions of future service and "sweep under the mats," at whatever task it has fallen to us to do.

In every church, Sunday School and Endeavor there is needed part-time workers. There are the poor

and the needy of one's own community to be cared for. You can speak a word of cheer to others. How often you can cheer your pastor or the leader of your Endeavor by saying, "God bless you." Ask God to bless the words that are to be spoken. How much easier it is for the speaker who is being prayed for instead of criticized. The man who rescued the child from the burning flames took new courage when the crowd gave him cheer after cheer. He courageously snatched her from the smoke, fog and flames and brought her down in safety. Why? Because he was encouraged. Let us "be of good courage" and do our part for the Master.

"Rugged strength and radiant beauty—

These are one in nature's plan;

Humble toil and heavenward duty—

These will form the perfect man."

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE

Mrs. E. Jackson, Somerset, Ky.

INTRODUCTION

We find different types of women mentioned in the Bible as we find in the present time of the world. There are displayed in their lives righteousness, wickedness, wisdom, foolishness, bravery, humility, strategy, faith and love.

The wives and maidens of ancient times mingled freely and openly in the affairs of ordinary life.

The Hebrew women took part in public celebrations. Judges 11:34, Ex. 15:20-21. Some of them were prophetesses, 2 Kings 22:14, Neh. 6:14, Luke 2:36; and some held public offices. Judges 4:4.

The suppression of women belongs to heathenism. The more Christian a country is the more liberty and respect its women have.

We find in the New Testament Church women held official positions. Rom. 16:1, Acts 18:26. It is evident Paul recognized woman's place in the gospel. Phil. 4:3. Yet in some instances he found local conditions adverse public sentiment, that interfered with the possession of these liberties owing to heathen influences.

WOMEN OF FAITH

Much has been said and written about men of faith but not so very much about women of faith.

Heb. 11 contains a partial list of those who believed. Women of faith are referred to but only two are mentioned by name, Sarah and Rahab.

We think it due Sarah to be counted in this roll of honor, since she judged Him faithful who had promised. Heb. 11:11. And it was through faith Sarah became the material progenitor of the covenant people through Isaac, her son. Rom. 4:18, 19.

Jochebed is cited in Heb. 11 though she is not mentioned by name; she is simply one of Moses' parents, his mother. The record in Hebrews states that it was by faith that Moses was hid three months of his parents and they were not afraid of the king's commandment. Little Miriam was the most pathetic figure in the picture. "And his sister, Miriam stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him." Ex. 2:4. How her little heart must have throbbed as she waited and watched. And what joy she had at the chance to get her mother for nurse for her own little baby, Moses.

Not only did that trusting mother receive the answer to her faith but the, "exceeding abundantly." She received wages for nursing her own babe and more, for Moses not only came to know his own par-

ents and relations but also the knowledge of God Himself; and some one has well said, "The religion of the nursery can never be forgotten."

Other Bible women can be listed in the roll of faith, Deborah, Hannah, Esther, Mary, Mary Magdalene, Dorcas, the Syrophenician woman.

BRAVE WOMEN

The story of Gephthah's daughters is very sad. She dared to do what she thought was right, though it took her life in obedience to her father's rash promise or vow to God. Judges 11:29, 40.

Esther braved the probability of death in behalf of her people, the Jews. Esther was very beautiful and was as lovely in her soul as in her face. Find the story in the Book of Esther.

Deborah can be numbered in the brave list.

WOMEN OF INTELLECTUAL ABILITY

The song of Deborah and Barak assigned victory over the Canaanites in which she took the lead as chief exhibits intellectual cultivation. Read the song, Judges 5th chapter.

Read Hannah's song of thankfulness at the time she took Samuel to the temple to be trained in the service of the Lord. 1 Sam. 2:1, 10.

Read Mary's "Magnificat" assigned to her in Luke 1:46, 55 which shows her high prophetic appreciation of the divine mission of Jesus, her Son.

WOMEN WHO PROPHESED

Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, she who ruled as judge of Israel for a time, was a prophetess. Judges 4:4. Read the account of her message to Barak and the result. Judges 4th chapter.

A woman by the name of Huldah was a prophetess in time of the Kings. Where did Huldah the prophetess dwell? Concerning what were Huldah's prophecies? 2 Kings 22:14, 20.

A prophetess by the name of Noadiah was associated with the prophets. Neh. 6:14.

The first sermon concerning the Christ was preached in the temple to the people of Jerusalem by Anna the prophetess. Luke 2:36, 38.

Phillip, the evangelist, "had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy." Acts 21:8, 9.

We read in different texts of Priscilla with her husband Aquila, the name of the woman usually standing first who shared the honor of being a preacher.

The prophet, Joel declared, "On my servants and on my handmaidens, I will pour out in those days of my spirit and they shall prophesy." Joel 2:28, 29.

VIRTUOUS WOMEN

In the Book of Proverbs the position of the virtuous housewife is exalted. We find her to be righteous, industrious having wisdom and honor. The virtuous woman. Her price is far above rubies. Read Prov. 31:10, 31.

A virtuous woman has the honor of being the symbol of the fairest thing in the sight of God, that

is the pure Church, versus, a vile woman is a symbol of the apostate church, John's vision.

RUTH

We do not want to leave out the beautiful story of Ruth, found in the Book of Ruth of four chapters. Ruth an ancestress of David and of Christ is one of the four women named by St. Matthew in the genealogy of Christ.

TOPIC: THE TITHES ARE THE LORD'S

By Starling Smith, Somerset, Ky.

Scriptural Lesson: Heb. 7:1-6

Dear Y. P. E. of the Churches of God everywhere, I am coming to you in the beginning of this another happy New Year with the all important truth of Tithing, which if neglected we fail, and if practiced we stand and will be progressive. This is a much needed lesson and should be studied very carefully as our own blessing depends on how we heed this commandment. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there will not be room enough to receive it." How can we expect to be blessed when we fail to obey His command? We note the outline.

I.—TO WHOM ARE WE TO GIVE?

To the Lord.

Gen. 14:20. Heb. 7:4-6. Abraham paid tithes to Melchisedec, the Priest (Jesus).

Gen. 28:22. Jacob at Bethel pledged tithes unto the Lord.

Lev. 27:30. Tithe is the Lord's.

Acts 4:37, "Laid at apostles' feet." (Brought to God's house).

II.—WHY ARE WE TO GIVE?

(1) We are commanded to give.—John 14:15,23.

Lev. 27:30-32. Tithe is the Lord's.

Prov. 3:9-10. "Honor the Lord with thy substance."

Mal. 3:8-12. "Bring ye all the tithes."

Luke 6:38, "Give and it shall be given unto you."

(2) Because of the blessings to the giver.

Prov. 11:24-25. "Scattereth and yet increaseth."

Matt. 6:33. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

Luke 6:38. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Acts 20:35. "More blessed to give than to receive."

(3) Because it is the highest test of our love to God."

Matt. 6:19-21. "For where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

2 Cor. 8:9. "Though he was rich, yet for your akes he became poor."

John 3:16. God gave his Son for us.

(4) Because of God's judgments upon those who withhold.

Mal. 3:9. "Ye are cursed with a curse for ye have 'obbed me."

Prov. 11:24, "Withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

III.—HOW MUCH ARE WE TO GIVE?

The TITHE.

Lev. 27:30. The tithe is the Lord's.

Mal. 3:10. "Bring ye (personal and imperative) all the tithes."

Matt. 23:23. Christ endorses and commends tithe.

IV.—WHEN ARE WE TO GIVE?

1 Cor. 16:2. "Upon the first day of the week."

V.—WHO IS TO GIVE?

2 Cor. 9:6-7. "Every man."

SUGGESTIONS FOR LEADER

NOTE: Let us have a Bible reading on the subject of tithing this month. Ask your young people to bring their Bibles and have a Bible drill at the same time. Ask them to find the verses and the one who finds it quickest may read it. See who can read the most verses in the Lesson. This will help the ones who are slow in finding them to realize that they need to know more about the arrangement of the Bible. Have some special songs on giving and special prayer for enlightenment along this line. Let us pray especially for those who would like to give and are out of work and find it impossible. Just a word along the line of giving. Remember your pastor with a shower once in awhile, for just a little from each one will help him and will mean so little to you. Don't just give promiscuously but get together on this thing so that you will not all bring the same thing. See his eyes open wide when he gets it and see the smile on his face when he comes to church next Sunday. He will be able to preach better sermons.—Editor.

TOPIC: THE PATH OF LIFE

By the Y. P. E. Blue Ribbon Class, Lynch, Ky.

Scripture Verse, Psa. 16:11

A STRAIGHT PATH

The way that leads to life is a straight path. We find many ways that lead astray in sin, but if we keep in the straight path we are most sure to find life everlasting.

"Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed."—Heb. 12:13.

We notice from the above scripture that Paul was warning us to keep on the straight path lest we become crippled and be turned out of the way. When we are weak and haven't prayed like we should we find it is much easier to be tempted and

leave the straight path and find ourselves traveling in the path of sin. Are we in the straight path?

When we find a brother or sister who has turned from the straight path we who are spiritual should restore such an one and help them get back in the straight path again. We should be very careful not to do or say anything that would drive one of our brothers or sisters away from God.—Gal. 6:1.

A NARROW PATH

Matt. 7:13-14. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." When Christ came to prepare the way for us He

made the path straight and narrow. While traveling the path we must lay off the weights and run the race with patience. While Christ was living on earth, as we are now living, He did not partake of the worldly sports, deeds, amusements, etc. He was working for His Father and preparing a way for the world to follow Him and when we take on the worldly things we are not following Christ. Every Christian should be willing to help some one to find Christ. If we partake of the world and dress like the world we surely can't have any influence with the worldly people. The sinners are looking for a better life and if they see that we do just like they do, our lives will have no effect on them. We should walk the narrow path and let a light shine out to the poor sinners who are sinking in the ruts of sin. Walk the narrow path.

A PLEASANT PATH

The path of holiness is a pleasant path. Her ways are pleasant to the soul. There is joy and great peace in serving the Lord. We can know that we have eternal life abiding in us and a crown of righteousness laid up for us and when our minds reflect to the old path of sin it brings joy surpassing all words to our soul. Prov. 3:17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and her paths are peace." We should praise the Lord for a great prophet who could tell us about the ways of the Lord. We have many prophecies in the old Bible that point out the way for us today and it is a way of pleasure as long as we do as He commands. Matt. 11:28, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." When we throw off the heavy burden of sin we find a sweet peaceful rest beneath the shadow of the wing of the guardian angel. As we travel along the paths of Christ we can hear the still voice beckoning us on. When we behold the cross of Calvary and think of the shed blood as a forgiveness for our sins it brings us joy to know that His blood has not been in vain. Christ is a great pleasure in the life of any one.

AN OLD PATH

Some people call the way of holiness a new way but it is the way which was prepared for us from the foundation of the world. It is the way that the apostles trod in the days of old. Nearly two thousand years ago John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Bless His name! The old path is still being trod today by a few faithful people of God. Jer. 6:16, "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." We are now traveling in the old path which the prophet Jeremiah tells us of but he tells us that some will not walk therein. Many today are rejecting the old path and are rejecting our Christ as a Savior. When we start out on a journey we feel much safer on a path that has been trodden down by the feet of so many people. If we take a new path we are in fear of being lost. So is it in the Christian warfare. We should be glad of having the privilege to follow in the path that our Savior and all His followers have trodden before us. We are not in a new path but a very old one.

THE LIGHTED PATH

The path that leads to life and peace is a path with Jesus as its light. There are many ways that lead to destruction but only one which leads to hap-

piness. Do you realize that Jesus came to this world and suffered and died on the cross that we could have a path to travel with His glory shining on it? And, dear friends, if you are a disciple of Jesus you are walking in the lighted path of holiness and following Jesus as our light and example.

Solomon said, "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," Prov. 4:18. I believe we as Christians should let our lives shine so bright in darkness that they could see enough light to travel by. The light from our path should shine out and help those who are traveling in darkness to see the good way of holiness. How are our lamps shining? Are they giving light? They should be burning brightly for darkness is all around us. See Phil. 2:15.

Let us notice early some morning when the sun is just coming up. Oh! how beautiful and bright. The sun is placed in the heavens to light the day. And God's children are in this world of darkness to give it light. "Ye are the light of the world, a city set on a hill cannot be hid." Matt. 5:14. A true Christian's light cannot be hid, it will shine out thru the darkest hour. What path are you in tonight? The dark path or the lighted path?

LEADS TO A GLORIOUS CITY

We have been trying to describe the path of life. There are many things that can be said concerning the path of life and the beautiful city to which it leads. So we want to comment on the beautiful city which we will get to possess if we stay in the right path. "And he leads us forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." Psal. 107:7. We find that God sent Moses to Egypt to deliver Israel and lead them to the glorious land of Canaan. So He has sent the precious Holy Ghost to lead us and direct us to the beautiful city of our God. "Where there is peace and joy and happiness for He filleth the hungry souls with goodness," Psal. 107:9. "But ye are come unto the city of the living God the heavenly Jerusalem to the innumerable company of angels," Heb. 12:22. How we should strive to get to enter into that beautiful city. "He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God. I will write upon him the name of the city of my God which is new Jerusalem," Rev. 2:12. From the above scripture I begin to think how we should live and obey our precious Savior and get to live and reign with Him in that beautiful city. The people of God are going to make up that glorious city. See Eph. 5:27. Are you living in a way you can help possess this glorious city? If not, why not make a start tonight?

THE BLUE RIBBON CLASS

We are Willing Workers working for the King,
His name gets all the honor and we His praises sing;
Our class is pressing forward toward the shining goal,
Joybells of peace and victory encourage our peaceful soul;

We are working for Jesus, His errands we love to do.
We are trying to help some sinner,
O, this loyal class of blue;
We love to see our blue ribbons, we hope we are all here,

Your presence brings us gladness.

The blue ribbons give us cheer;

We are in the warfare for Jesus.

Let us to His cause be true,

We mean to raise the banner high, O, this loyal class of blue.—All.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE

"See, auntie, did you ever know of anything so absurd? Here all the girls will have such lovely gifts for valentine, and they'll ask to see mine; for everybody knows Clarence and I are engaged. I only have this plain little card, with that little verse on it, and I'm not a bit proud to show it. He might have sent something prettier; and to send this little thing after giving me only a book for Christmas! It's too bad, and I don't like it!"

My pretty niece seated herself on a hassock by my side in all the humored pouting of petted girlhood, and aroused my sympathy at once; but my years of experience enabled me to feel a sympathy that was reasonable.

"Mabel, dear," I said, "think of how much that little token tells you. Your lover has only been out of college a year, and every day counts with him now. He is working hard to provide a home for you and himself, and he tries to make the most of his earnings. You see, dearie, I'm an old woman, and a strong opposer of the custom of exchanging costly presents, even if two young people are engaged. Don't you see in his evident discretion and care in not spending so much on a costly gift a very great deal to cause you to honor and respect his good judgment and forethought all the more? You have his love. What more priceless offering could you ask? Ah, my dear, guard that treasure well. Lose sight of all minor offerings in the broad, full glory of that one, and you may never have regrets to fill your older days as some others have!"

"Why, auntie, your eyes are full of tears! I didn't mean to make you sad. What is it? Did you ever have a lover, and did he disappoint you by sending some plain little gift, when you were expecting something ever so much better?"

The eager blue eyes looked up to me as I wiped away the tear that came to my own.

"Yes, dearie, I had a lover once. I never could use words to praise him to others; they always seemed

to fall so far short of what was in my heart. We were separated; for after his graduation he went to the city, where he was slowly but steadily working to pay off the debt he had to assume to obtain an education. I stayed in my quiet village home, where I had only a happy, care-free life in my father's house, with nothing to do but perform my part in the household duties, and—think of him."

"He was lonely there in the city, for he was not one to make friends rapidly, so I wrote to him often, knowing only too well that my letters came as rays of sunshine into his lonely life there, while he plodded along in the dreary path that must be trod by one before we two could walk in it together."

"I was full of life and hope, conscious of my power, and with too great a liking to exert it. I had had all the enjoyment that can come to a pure, young girl but it was with no feeling of regret that I gave up all social pleasures with young people for the true, manly love of Frank Hand, and lived a quiet, happy life at home, awaiting the day when I should be claimed as his wife."

"My birthday was near at hand, and I looked forward to the day with something of my old, childish fervor in considering it a red-letter day. I had always been a petted child at home, and not a birthday passed without some delicate notice of it was taken in the family circle. Frank, knowing us and our ways so well, had fallen into the same habit. But owing to his limited circumstances, presents were eradicated, yet I always expected an added enjoyment of some nature when he was at home, either a longer walk than usual, a ride into the country, or a boat-ride in the evening."

"This was the first time Frank had been away on my birthday, and I looked for an extra note that week, a little birthday letter. His usual weekly letter came; but my birthday came and passed, and no word of greeting from Frank. For the first time in our sweet experience I felt myself assuming the position of injured innocence."

"While he had been free from

care, and in the first joys of love he could remember such anniversaries; but now, in the crowd of business cares, he could forget! All that was petty or censorious in my nature cried out against such a change. All the joy that otherwise would have come to me, because of the costly present father and mother gave me, vanished in the bitter selfishness of my heart. I was blinded by but one fact—Frank had forgotten my birthday!"

"Two days later there came a letter—long, loving, kind. He had realized, when only too late, that in the unusual rush of work in the office that day, he had allowed the anniversary of my birthday to slip by unnoticed. The next day he had been sent out of the city on business, and had posted me that little note in explanation, feeling fully assured that his negligence would be pardoned."

"And it was. In my heart I fully and freely forgave him, but my pride was wounded, and I said: 'I'll wait awhile before I tell him that is all right. He'll appreciate it all the more if I do, and I'll just let him wonder for awhile why he doesn't hear from me.'"

"When the day for my usual letter came, I wrote it as I always did; but I kept it—did not date it, and decided to wait a little longer, and let him wonder. A little note came, asking why he did not hear from me. Not a thought entered his mind, I think, that I would let so trivial a thing as the birthday matter come between us. He thought my love was too broad, too elevated for that; and would to God it had been!"

"Well, I left his note unanswered, meaning always to send my letter 'next day,' thinking that as each one went by, it would only serve to plant deeper the lesson I would teach."

"Another note came from him, begging me to send him at least a few words, if it were impossible for me to write more, for he feared I was ill. It seemed so long since he had heard from me, he said, surely something must be the matter."

"When that note came, it touched—
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Editorials

(Continued From Page Two)

either make up your mind to pay the price it costs to go through with God or else go back and have a good time, if such a thing could be with the people of the world. But remember that a reward awaits you at the end of the way. Which kind of happiness will you choose?

NOTE OF THANKS

We want to thank all the young people and other friends for the lovely cards we received at Christmas time and the good wishes at the beginning of the New Year. Wish I could write and thank each one individually but time forbids. We are hoping that this year will be our very best, but it is going to take all the people working together to make The Lighted Pathway go over the top for Jesus. A letter came in a few moments ago from a young woman saying, "I could not bear to think of not getting The Pathway." We must go on. Just a little help from each one by sending in a few subscriptions each month will solve the problem. But it must fail if you fail. I am putting the responsibility on you. I am so willing to suffer many things to go on with the work but you must pay for it. God is willing to do His part but we are the instruments that He must use to carry on His work. Sometimes I almost fail physically on account of the burden with putting out the paper for you and being a busy housekeeper besides and all the financial burden to carry on, but I want to help you and am asking you that from now on you call it your paper. I am just a small tool that God is using to do the work. The letters published from time to time will let you see what the paper means to the people. God bless you.

CHILDREN'S WORK

(Continued From Page Three)

usual feature in the case was that he had done this alone, and not as a member of a boy gang.

We began an investigation, not as to the facts because they were

readily admitted, but as to the cause. Up to the time he ran away from home two weeks before, his record was excellent. His people were poor, but gave him a good home. In school he had been a model pupil, standing at the head of his classes. Finally, we got the story. He had lost his text book in history and was afraid to tell the school because he thought his parents could not afford to pay for a new one. He fell behind in his class and then began to play truant. On the day the truant officer called at his home he ran away. What he had stolen were merely the necessities of life—blankets to keep him warm, flash lights for light, a small oil stove and cooking utensils, food and the like. Being a boy, he had needed a knife, revolver and ammunition.

Loss of a text book had started him on the wrong road, and by getting him a new book and helping him for a week with his studies, we put him back on the right road. This is not an exaggerated case. As simple a cause frequently was found the basis of serious delinquencies.

Realizing this, I often wonder what is to be the effect upon our youth of certain evil influences now bombarding them from all sides. The influences that I have in mind are the more dangerous because they are met with the child's recreation, amusements and play. Specifically I mean the movie and much of the fictional matter, produced perhaps for adults, but which reach our young people.

This is where our adolescent boys and girls, sensitive at that period almost to a gesture, are to get their ideals of life. And one picture may sink deeper than a hundred sermons. If it is not of sex in its grossest and most exaggerated form, then one can expect to find pictures of the underworld glorified. The queen of the night club, the racketeer, the high-jacker, and other criminals, who in reality are frequently ignorant, untrained misfits or morons needing institutional care, are pictured as romantic, attractive and successful citizens.

Perhaps you don't go to the pictures, but prefer to spend a quiet

evening at home reading. You stop at your neighborhood drug store or news stand to get a magazine. They have plenty of them racked high in tiers. Most of them are devoted to stories of sex, the underworld, crime or alleged adventure about bad men who were never typical of the wildest days of the wildest west. And down in a corner hidden away under other magazines you can often find publications so pornographic that they are not displayed openly. They are filthy, vulgar things both in illustration and context.

But what of many of our magazines published for the home and family with circulations each running into millions? While in their fiction they keep out the grosser side of sex and stories of marital infidelity, yet their representations of life are frequently absurd and untrue. Especially do they portray our young people as coarse, hard-boiled, ill-mannered, looking only for pleasure and personal enjoyment. The hero is a dashing young college man with a high-powered car, a pocket full of his father's money and the mental equipment of a high grade moron. The heroine is a beautiful young daughter of a multi-millionaire father, dressing in as few clothes as possible and spending her days being impudent to her parents and her nights in questionable flirtations.

And these magazines, some of which go into almost every American home and frequently supply their only literary matter, have not hesitated to fill their pages with glorified stories of underworld heroes."—Moral Welfare.

It is exceedingly dangerous to judge always from outward appearance. Saul had the external qualifications, but his heart qualities were sadly lacking.

Collapses in human character do not come suddenly. They seem to sometimes, as did Saul's, but a brood of demons—selfishness, jealousy, and arrogant pride had been eating the nobility out of his heart for years. If we do not conquer our sins, our sins will ultimately conquer us.

12 REASONS WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BE CONVERTED WHILE YOUNG

(Continued from page four)

is, "Those that seek me early shall find me." Pro. 8:17. Later in life they may have worldly associates and unconsciously grieve away the Holy Spirit. Jonah 2:8, "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy."

8. Psa. 1:1, "Because they may lose a blessing by choosing ungodly companions and thereby walk in the counsel of the ungodly."

9. By contaminating environments they may forfeit another blessing by sitting in the seat of the scornful, or bring a curse upon themselves. Prov. 3:34, "Surely He (God) scorneth the scorner but giveth grace to the lowly." If you scorn some one else God will scorn you.

10. Because we live in a fast age where vice is transmitted to children, and if they do not overcome while very young, they may never be able to dispossess themselves of bad habits.

11. Because it is a work that brings great recompense of reward. For Jesus said, "Feed my lambs." Jno. 21.

12. Because the lambs are so dear to the heart of the Shepherd who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

Dr. A. J. Gordon encouraged children to unite with the Church while quite young and that they should be taught to pray at home very early in life.

"An angel passed on his onward flight,
With a seed of love and truth and light,
And cried, 'Oh where shall the seed be sown
That it yield most fruit when fully grown?'
The Savior heard, and He said, as He smiled,
'Place it for me in the heart of a child'."

THE BEST

A stranger visiting in a country town attended a session of the public school one day. Talking in an

undertone with the teacher, he remarked, as his eyes rested on a boy whose head was lowered over the desk:

"I have watched that boy almost from the time I entered the room, and not once have I seen him raise his head to gaze curiously around. Is he one of your best pupils?"

"The best," came back the answer quickly and emphatically. "He is a boy who is thoroughly honest and conscientious in the use of his time. In school hours he works, diligently and earnestly, in the playground he plays with all his heart. Whatever he does, he does well and in its own time, without any dilly-dallying. He is laying the foundation of a splendid character."

"Thoroughly honest and conscientious in the use of his time." Of how many boys can this be truthfully said?

And youth is the period when one should learn along with other things the importance of using time honestly, working in work hours, playing in play hours.

This is assuredly the only way to get the best and most out of each day as it unfolds.—Sel.

Putting the "We" Into Song and Prayer

* * *

(Continued from page five)

secret as Jesus told us we ought to do."

"But wait, Mary, doesn't the Twenty-third Psalm say, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want'?"

"Yes, I know, and I've been looking that up a bit, for I didn't want to be wise above what's written. I read in the commentary that when the Hebrew people used to sing the Psalms in their temple worship they felt so united that when they said 'I' they really meant 'we.' But nowadays folks are more individualistic (so the commentary says) and if they sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' the chances are that every one in the big congregation is thinking of just his own soul and no one else's, and that is why I've begun to think it isn't congregational singing at all."

"Well, mother, we'd have a hard time changing the hymn-book now

that it has been set up and printed and everybody has learned them by heart. What can we do?"

"Of course, feeling as I do, I have to sing the way it seems right to me," and Mary hummed the first line of the hymn before adding, "so I just softly sing 'our souls' instead of 'my soul,' and that lets me take in everybody round me."

"Why not?" cried Walter with enthusiasm. "I see the point, and it's good sense, too. I'm with you, mother, and I'll never sing good old Charles Wesley's hymn in the church again without changing them pronouns to suit the occasion. Let's see, now, how it goes:

'Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly,'

that's all right. But in the next line you see 'roll' don't rhyme with 'souls.'"

"Oh, that's easy," said Mary. "I just take the s from 'waters' and put it on 'roll,' and then 'rolls' goes all right with 'souls.'"

"Good! so it does. I see you have been doing some tinkering, and yet nothing's spoiled that I can see."

"While the nearer water rolls,
While the tempest still is high:

Hide us, O our Savior, hide,

Till the storm of life is past ;

Safe into the haven guide,

O receive our souls at last."

Walter forgot all about bedtime as he took up the rest of the hymn, while Mary helped to make the proper changes. The singular pronouns were all changed to the corresponding plurals. "Still support and comfort me" was altered to "Our support and comfort be," and "False and full of sin I am" to "We are full of sin and shame," which Mary declared made a better rhyme with "Just and holy is thy name."

They sang the amended hymn with a new thrill as their well-matched voices, Walter's rich bass and Mary's soft soprano, rounded the last stanza:

"Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all our sin;

Let the healing streams abound;

Make and keep us pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,

Freely let us take of thee;

Spring thou up within our heart,

(Continued on page 18)

Another Poem

* * *

Editor The News:

Little Ethel Trayman, of 40 Fourth street, Poe Mill, whose poem appeared in November 1 issue of The Greenville News, has composed another. Suffering intensely from the tubercular hip that has rendered her helpless since last May, she is now too weak to attempt to write. However, with her mother sitting by her bedside to pen the lines as they are submitted, she gave the message, her voice ever so faint and low.

As she finished, she looked into her mother's eyes and said, "The Lord has a special work for me to do ere I take my departure from this world, and I have no time to delay. I trust that this message will touch some heart that is despondent, yea, many hearts that will spread cheer and sunshine after I'm gone."

Many hearts were touched in this immediate community by her other poem. Many persons who visit her learn lessons of patience and perfect submission daily.

TRUSTING IN JESUS

I am a girl with eyes of grey;
I lie and suffer from day to day.
My leg is helpless from my left hip
down—
I try to smile and never frown.

I am trusting Jesus
And each day I pray
That Jesus Christ, my Lord,
Will have His own way;
And that He soon will call me
Away to Heaven's shore,
Where there will be no suffering
Or sorrow any more.

I have so many friends
Who bring me lovely flowers—
They seem to fall upon me
In such abundant showers —
That as I look upon them
And think of Heaven's shore,
It seems that there is happiness
For me, forever more.

I have so many friends
While others have so few—
May God's richest blessings
Rest upon them, too.

May God bless those who suffer
And ease their aching pain,
And teach them to love Jesus
And call upon His name.

Oh the flowers, the beautiful flowers!

They help me to pass away my suffering hours;

As I look upon them and distinguish them apart

I find one is the blood of Jesus,

The other, the human heart.

The red is the blood of Jesus

That cleanses from all sin—

The white is hearts of those

Where Jesus dwells within.

—Sent in by Brother Zeno Tharp.

NOTE: The young girl who wrote this is a member of the Y.P.E. at Greenville, S. C. I wonder if some of our young people wouldn't like to write her a cheery letter and give her a word of encouragement. May God bless you, Ethel, and supply all the grace you need. We are praying for you.

(Clipping from Greenville, S. C. News.)

NAILED TO THE MASTHEAD

(Continued from page seven)

low. How comforting to feel that his rules of life are securely nailed to the masthead, and that the Master will help him to keep them there!

The world will soon learn that it is no use to attempt to lead a boy like this away from the path of duty. The Bible tells us of a boy named Daniel, who was carried captive down into the wicked city of Babylon. He had formed the habit of praying to his God every day, and someone might have said, "Why be so different down here in this heathen city? Why not lower your flag of conduct and conform to the customs of the people about you?" However, Daniel had purposed in his heart that he would not neglect his daily devotions, and while his purpose took him down into the den of lions, he did not surrender. We know the story of how he became a great leader among the people, all because the banner of loyalty to God was nailed to the masthead.

One Summer afternoon, a well-known Christian lecturer came to

the front of the platform at the close of a Chautauqua session, and while seated there, a crowd of boys gathered about him, for his friendly face seemed to attract them. As he talked to them in an informal way he said, "Boys, I made up my mind a long time ago, that when I am sure a certain course of conduct is right I will stay with it, even if I have to stand alone."

His very word seemed to have the ring of the hammer strokes of the sailors when they were getting ready for battle. No doubt, the boys will remember the great lecturer's words during years to come when they are tempted to deviate from the path of duty. They will keep the flag of righteousness floating at the masthead.

PUTTING THE "WE" INTO SONG AND PRAYER

(Continued from page 17)

Rise to all eternity."

They did not think it necessary to change the line next to the last, for in the glow of spiritual desire they felt their hearts beat as one.

"The hour is late, and we'll not read any Scripture, if you say so, mother. And I feel like just saying the prayer my mother taught me."

They knelt, and after a moment's pause the prayer was raised with blended voices:

"Now we lay us down to sleep;
We pray thee, Lord, our souls to keep;

And should we die before we wake,
We pray thee, Lord, our souls to take;

And this we ask for Jesus' sake.

AMEN."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Each Endeavor should not fail to order four copies (one for each main character) of "The Endeavor by the Fireside," a stirring dialog on Missions which affords an impressive program. Order at once of the composer, enclosing a two cent stamp for mailing. Address Vivian Haworth, 44 Bridge St., Belfast, Me.

It is far better that our prayers be not answered than that they be answered contrary to the wisdom of our heavenly Father.





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